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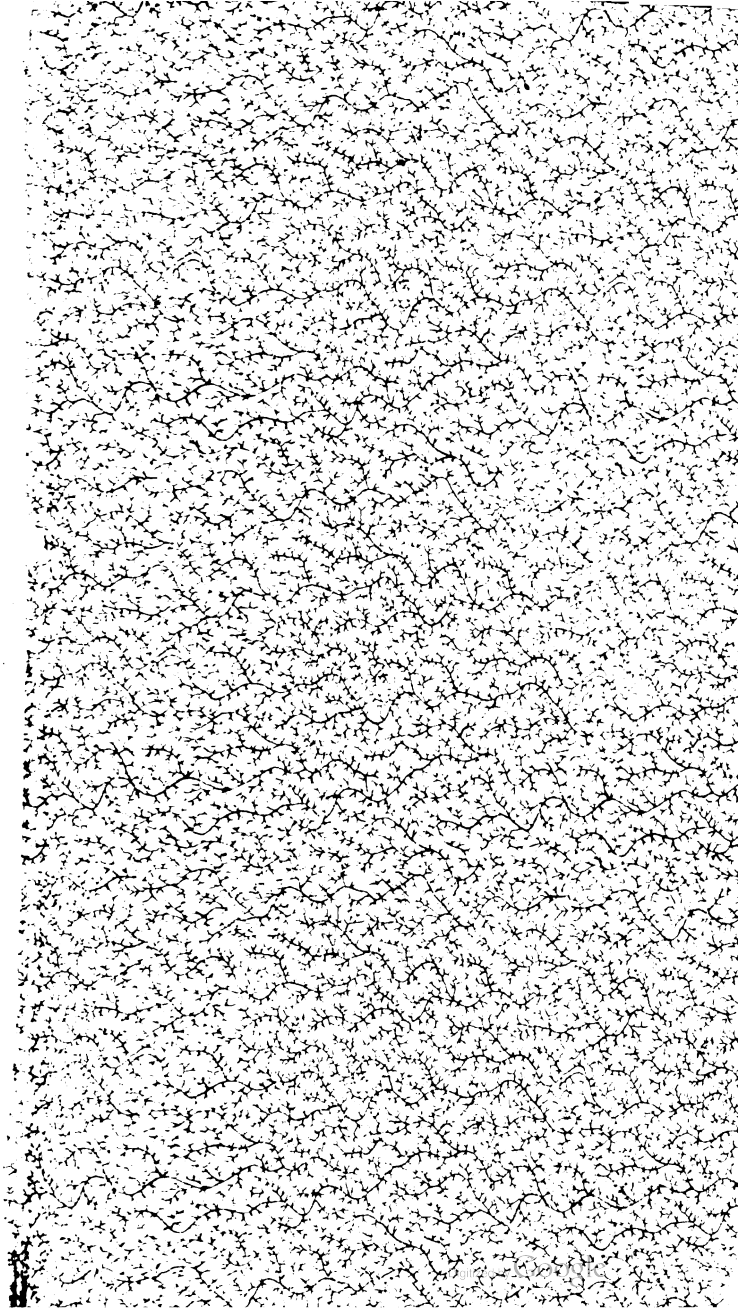


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Anna Palmer Draper
Fund
to the memory of
her father
Courtlandt Palmer, Sr.

78



NCA

The
YORKSHIRE LITERARY ANNUAL.

Dedicated by Permission

TO

Lord Viscount Napier.

EDITED BY

C. F. EDGAR.



HAREWOOD CASTLE.

MDCCCXXXII.

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THE
YORKSHIRE
LITERARY ANNUAL,
FOR 1832,

EDITED

BY C. F. EDGAR.

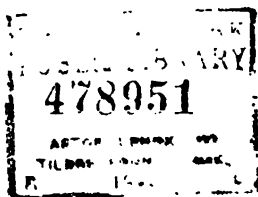
"Alas! the monuments we build are frail,
Even as their builders,—but they are our trust,
Our fond reliance that the withering gale
Of chance and change, that wafts away our dust,
Will still leave something, even although the rust
Of age should stain it!"

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, & GREEN.

MDCCCXXXII.

CHR



NEW YORK
JULY 1951
478951
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

TO
LORD VISCOUNT MORPETH,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S OBEDIENT SERVANT,

W. G. W.

THE EDITOR.

W. G. W.

WYVWA
WVWV
WVWV

INTRODUCTION.

IN presenting to the Public the "Yorkshire Annual," the Editor begs leave in the first instance to refer to a previous announcement of its being conducted on a plan not altogether original. The Reader may occasionally recognise in the following pages incidents borrowed from some of our Transatlantic productions and other esteemed publications ;—but at the same time he is conscious, that by far the larger proportion of its contents, are original contributions, and now, for the first time, meet the public eye.

It has been the Editor's endeavour, in preparing this selection for the Press, to afford amusement for the leisure hour, and to promote the hilarity of the Winter's evening, by a diversity of subject ; and to dispose it in such a manner, as to form a combination at once pleasing to the eye, and gratifying to the taste.

Such has been the design in the production of the Yorkshire Annual. How far the Editor may have accomplished his object the Patronage of the Public will eventually decide.

And now unagitated by any violent hopes or fears, he respectfully submits the work to the judgment of those best calculated to form an opinion, and whether or not he shall be adjudged by lenient or rigid criticism, he feels confident that to the best of his abilities, no exertions have been spared, to render the volume worthy of the title it assumes, and of the support with which his labours have been crowned.

The Editor cannot conclude without acknowledging himself under peculiar obligations to the distinguished, and highly respectable correspondents, for their valuable communications ; and, to the Subscribers, he begs also, to express his unfeigned gratitude.

“ Stories of the Craven Dales,” “ The Rose of Arncliffe,” and “ The Stranger,” reached the Editor too late for insertion.

C. F. E.

Park Lane, Leeds, 1831.

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ADDRESS
OF THE
YORKSHIRE ANNUAL.

BY LORD MORPETH, M.P.

Be not our title scorned : if wide domain,
If smiling nature, if triumphant art,
If high tradition, vindicate the strain,
Yorkshire may claim, and will maintain her part.

List, doubting jester—if there be that jest—
While with a faltering voice, and trembling hand,
I call proud names from their historic rest,
And point to all the beauties of our land.

Go, where the Don's young waters brightly glide,
Mid tufted woods, and legendary caves ;
No Dragon* prowls on Wharnccliffe's sylvan side,
Or scares the current of the peaceful waves :

* The Dragon of Wantley is the subject of a well-known legend.

Then onward Sheffield's busier haunts survey,
Where art and industry their power reveal,
The power that moulds with well-adjusted sway
Each pliant form of adamantine steel.

Pass not the lordly pile of Wentworth's line,
To patriot worth, and social friendship dear ;*
There love yet gilds Fitzwilliam's mild decline,
And gentle virtues weep round Milton's† bier.

Where Wakefield rears her fair and lofty spire,
‡ No bannered roses float o'er fields of gore ;
Gay villas mid their clustering groves retire,
And golden Ceres piles her massive store.

* A Mausoleum is erected in Wentworth Park, to the memory of the Marquis of Rockingham, containing the busts of his principal associates and friends.

† Viscountess Milton, Obt. 1830.

‡ A Chapel of "small and delicate proportion," upon the bridge at Wakefield, still commemorates the decisive battle between the Yorkists and Lancastrians. The town is now the chief place for warehousing corn in the North.

The Muse, less daring than the Argive raft,
Shrinks from the classic region of the Fleece ;*
How vain an artless rhymester's idle craft,
To hymn the trophies of Britannia's peace !

Still, Commerce, thine unfettered track pursue,
Court torrid zephyrs, brave the icy gale,
Rivet Creation's severed links anew,
With thy light rudder, and thy roving sail.

Crowned with the myrtle, vine, and olive leaf,
Before thy peaceful keel chase gory strife,
Waft to each want, that visits man, relief,
The lamp of knowledge, and the Cross of Life.

But thou, coy Maiden of the rustic shell,
Hie from yon peopled haunts, where †Airdale leads
Thy silent step, o'er tangled brake and dell,
Through wooded slopes, and intermingled meads :

* Here begins the great woollen district of which Leeds is the centre.

† In this most pleasing valley stands the picturesque ruin of Kirkstall Abbey.

Or where romantic Wharf, mid wilder steeps,
Tosses the gladness of his torrent spray,
Round Bolton's shrine with softer murmur creeps,
Then winds through opening plains his ampler way :

All lovely Bolton ! though no incense roll
O'er cloistered courts by holy footsteps trod,
Where from earth's thousand altars, could the soul
Hold a more rapt communion with its God ?

As Clifford* erst, in Barden's neighb'ring tower,
The Shepherd Lord, unscathed by civil jars,
Undazzled by the blaze of sudden power,
Trained his meek spirit mid the silent stars.

Vaunt not Helvetian hills, Ausonian vales,
Vaunt not each painted, each poetic scene,
Still, still I cling to Craven's past'ral dales,
Their purple heather, and their emerald green.

* The History of Henry, the Shepherd Lord, may be found in the 2d vol. of Sir James Macintosh's interesting abridgment of the History of England, p. 46.

Pause, my bewildered harp, nor leave unpraised,
 Farnley's green upland, Harewood's stately glade,
 The antique pile* by mail-clad Templars raised,
 Hackfall's wild glen, or Bramham's alleys shade.

Ye towers of Pomfret ! in your blighted round,
 No rose shall blossom, and no muse shall sing ;
 Blood, blood, bedews the rank and tainted ground
 Of unarmed† nobles, and an uncrowned King.‡

Nor gaze unmoved on Ebor's ancient wall ;
 § The purple Masters of Imperial power,
 Changed for its guarded hold, at honour's call,
 Their Latian mount, or bright Byzantine bower :

* Temple Newsom.

† The Earl of Salisbury, and twelve Yorkist Chiefs, after the battle of Wakefield : Earl Rivers, Lord Richard Grey, &c. upon the death of Edward IV.

‡ Richard II.

§ Adrian, Caracalla, Geta, and probably Theodosius, served—Septimius Severus, and Constantius died—Constantine was proclaimed Emperor, and perhaps was born—at York.

Our peaceful streets no stranger legions fill,
 No Eastern pomps in gay procession smile ;
 But say, can Roman power, or Grecian skill
 O'ermatch the grandeurs of our Gothic pile ?

This lyre might linger with too fond a praise,
 O'er *Vanburgh's airy domes, and sculptured halls ;
 On to the sterner works of earlier days,
 Byland's rent fane, and Gilling's ivied walls.

In Helmsley's tower no †Villiers revels now,
 On yonder hills he met untimely doom ;
 At Rivaulx' shrine no sandalled beadsmen bow,
 But nature's self has canonised their tomb.

See Fountain's yet more massive glories rise,
 On Studley's lawns see ‡spring eternal bloom ;
 Let Wensley's fertile vale arrest thine eyes,
 Richmond's gay terraces, and castled gloom.

* Sir John Vanburgh was the Architect of Castle Howard.

† George Villiers, the 2d Duke of Buckingham, died in the house of his agent at Kirby Moorside, in consequence of a cold he caught while seeing a fox dug. Helmsley Castle and Rivaulx Abbey are both in the beautiful grounds of Duncombe Park.

‡ The evergreens at Studley are particularly fine.

From Calder's fount to Cleveland's mossy hill,
 From Humber's wave to Skipton's mountain hold,
 All forms and hues the varied canvass fill,
 The rich, the soft, the fertile, and the bold.

Mark where yon rocky barrier fronts the main,
 And seems the guardian of the favoured land ;
 Oft has its iron strength repelled the Dane,
 Or the armed barks of Norway's rugged strand :

Mark Scarbro's keep, and Whitby's shattered* aisle,
 Once the proud sea-mark of the troubled deep ;
 While Mulgrave's tower still views old ocean smile,
 From its lone crag, and wood-embosomed steep.

The darker spoils domestic struggles yield,
 May not on page so light as mine be read ;
 How Yorkshire mourned o'er †Towton's crimsoned field,
 How §Fairfax triumphed, while her bravest bled :

* A considerable part of the very striking ruin of the Abbey at Whitby has fallen recently.

† At the battle of Towton, A.D. 1461, 37,000 Englishmen are said to have fallen.

§ Thomas, Lord Fairfax, a great general, and a worthy man. From a period of mutual dissensions and errors, it is pleasing to select upon either side such names as Fairfax and Falkland.

Not now the theme—may all her future years
In peace, in wealth, in freedom roll along,
Unstained by crimes, by conflicts, and by tears,
Brightened by virtue, and adorned by song.

THE PROGRESS OF AN AUTHOR.

“MODERN Authors are naturally disposed to justify themselves and others, for the addition which they make to the number of books. They are unwilling to suppose that every subject is anticipated, and that all the avenues to fame are closed ; that the knowledge acquired by study, and adorned by the expression of genius, is incapable of obtaining its proper reward, the praise of every ingenious and congenial mind. Literary productions continue therefore to multiply, and every writer finds some plausible apology for presenting to the public an additional volume.”—Dr. KNOX.

THE present may indeed be termed, with singular propriety of expression, “the book-producing age.” Every day, as the world grows older, it acquires an accession of volumes to its already ponderous and extensive collection ; and its catalogues are augmented to an almost indefinite number and illimitable length. The mania of book making is so powerful and universal in its influence, that there are comparatively few who are sufficiently wise to elude it. There is something so

fascinating and dignified in the title of **AUTHOR**, and so many delightful sensations seem to be connected with the producing of books, that we find whole hosts of scribblers emerging from their retirement, and exclaiming, if not in positive language, at least by their movements,

“ 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print ;
A book's a book—although there's nothing in't.”

These are the true sentiments of their hearts : nevertheless exceptions in this as well as in every thing else may be expected, and we cannot be so uncharitable as to suppose that many of our authors do not wish (and who cannot but wish ?) to produce what is worthy of attention ; what may prove interesting and entertaining in their works, so as to render them acceptable both to the pensive and cheerful disposition. With these prefatory remarks we shall proceed to lay before our readers “The Progress of an Author.”

LITTLE does the fastidious reader think, as he tosses from his hand the volume over which he has been casting a cursory glance, of the toil and perseverance that have been exercised, the agitation and anxiety that have been felt, in the production of this fine-spun effusion of the brain. Little does he reflect upon the time exhausted, the hope deferred, the mortification experienced, ere the Author could bring it before the public eye. Let him picture to himself a

man possessed of a strong and vigorous intellect and a lively imagination, flushed with aspiring genius, but with a purse too scanty to furnish the means of acquiring it, sitting down seriously to write a book. He fancies at the commencement of his undertaking that his thoughts will flow spontaneously from his pen, but before he has made much progress in his dubious way, he discovers that his ideas had been imperfectly arranged, that his sentences are confused and inelegant, and that he must entirely remodel his reflections.

THE formation of the volume is generally the most pleasing part of his task ; it may sometimes be irksome, but the excitement of composition is agreeable, however laborious the occupation : it is a labour of love, the completion of which is repaid with delight, for who ever finished a work of his own creation without feeling proud of the offspring he had produced ? In the fullness of his joy, in the height of his pride, he puts the precious manuscript, this literary gem, this invaluable treasure in his pocket and proceeds towards the west end of the town, with a heart beating high with exultation, like Alnaschar calculating upon the profits he shall obtain, and the fame he will acquire. As he walks up St. James's Street, with measured stride and head erect, soaring above the surrounding multitude, he looks down with a smile of conscious superiority upon the insignificant triflers around him, regarding them as objects of compassion who have

wasted their hours in idleness, when he has been so much more profitably employed. Arrived at the residence of the first Bibliopilist in the world, (for such only is worthy to be his publisher,) he enters with an assumption of dignity, but with a fluttering pulse, and inquires if Mr. ——— is at home. He is answered in the affirmative, but that at present he is particularly engaged ;—no matter, he would wait till Mr. ——— should be at leisure—when he remains for half an hour cooling his heels in the spacious repository of knowledge, looking at the title-pages of half a dozen new publications, and doubtfully revolving in his mind, which type and form would be most suitable for his own work. His patience exhausted, and the ardour of expectation somewhat abated by delay, he ventures to ask if Mr. ——— be yet disengaged, when the obedient Satellite of this Jupiter of the trade replies, “If you will tell me your business, Sir, I will go and enquire.” “I have a MS. with me, the nature of which I would wish to explain.” Supposing that the credentials in his pocket were sufficient for an instant introduction, he had scarcely tact enough to conceal his chagrin on being presently told it was impossible that Mr. ——— could see him that day. Alas ! this was but a trifle to what he had to undergo. He had to retrace his steps again and again, before he could accomplish the interview desired. It is true that it is almost as difficult to catch a glimpse of this mighty

Autocrat of all the publishing world as it is to obtain an audience of the Secretary of State ; but let not this be imputed to him as an inexcusable fault, for were he to grant a ready access to every applicant his time would be altogether occupied in hearing the verbose descriptions of uninteresting productions, or listening to the frustrated hopes and fretful expostulations of neglected authors who are daily making sad moans on account of the ill-treatment (as they suppose) which they receive.

THIS meeting, on which the fate of genius depended was at length obtained : our aspirant was ushered into "Fame's proud temple," through a spacious apartment surrounded with great cases of venerable books. Above the cases, and just under the cornice were arranged a great number of quaint black-looking portraits of ancient authors, creating a mingled sensation of depression and hope ; there was a vacancy in the wall that might, he thought, at a future time be fitly filled up. He passed on into the tasteful interior, the inner temple, the sanctum sanctorum, where sat the acknowledged High Priest of Literature, enshrined in mystery and state. About the room were placed long tables, with stands for reading and writing, at which sat many pale, cadaverous personages, poring intently over dusty volumes, rumaging among mouldy manuscripts, and taking copious notes of their contents. The most hushed stillness reigned through this mysterious chamber, excepting that you might hear the

roaring of pens over sheets of paper, or occasionally the deep sigh of one of these sages, as he shifted his position to turn over the page of an old folio, doubtless arising from that hollowness and flatulency incident to learned research. Our author having the appearance of a gentleman was received with affable condescension, which is sometimes more freezing than a direct rebuff. He displayed his mental treasure, his pearl of great price, of which he gave as unbiassed an opinion as a parent would have done of an only child, but he lacked the letter of introduction from a Lord or a Bishop, an M.P. or a living established writer, which would have saved the publisher the trouble of thinking for himself; and he was told in the politest manner that if he would be so good as to look in again in about a fortnight he should have an answer; but after calling some twenty different times and writing two or three expostulatory notes, at the end of three months he received back the MS. unopened, with the satisfactory information that Mr. ———'s hands were so full for the season, that it was impossible for him to do justice to so valuable a work. Disappointed but not dismayed, he considered what was next to be done; there was another publisher of celebrity within five minutes walk from the spot, whose ingenuity in forcing his publications into notice certainly entitles him to rank amongst the first of his profession, but then the productions that bore the imprint of his name were generally of a light and evanes-

cent description. The work in question was of a very different stamp ; the Author had soared into the regions of metaphysics as well as plunged into the profoundest depths of philosophy ; it was not an ephemeral production, but it was designed to live for ever. He therefore turned his thoughts to another channel ; and directed his footsteps towards the Wise Men of the East. Arriving in that district where the very air seems impregnated with the odour of learning he entered that gigantic Emporium of paper and print, that colossal establishment, the government of which is vested in a sort of oligarchy, and over which, from its vastness, it is necessary for many heads to preside. He there found no difficulty of admission ; the door yielded to his hand with all that facility with which the portals of enchanted castles yield to the adventurous knight errant. Time on these premises is too precious to be thrown away ; any two or three of the governors are deemed a quorum sufficient to examine witnesses and try the merits of a work, which is generally determined as if they were a Committee of Finance, by the rule of pounds, shillings, and pence ; that is, the calculation and summing up of the chances of profit and loss. And when it is considered that of the immense number of works that issue from the press, not more than one out of twenty repays the expense of publication, this mode of proceeding may be designated as more prudential than illiberal. The partners of this

respectable firm exhibit the utmost degree of caution in their contracts, sometimes almost to pitiful minuteness, nevertheless in all their dealings they are just and honourable men. Every department of this great establishment is conducted with as much regularity as if worked by a steam-engine—every individual employed has his own peculiar duty to perform with as much precision as each particular wheel in the elaborate machinery of a cotton manufactory. The whole system of arrangement is a model of ingenuity, simplicity, and correctness. Every person transacting business with this house may rest assured that he is in safe hands. The triumvirate who were there assembled declared at once that they would undertake to publish the book and divide the profits with the author; but after the usual allowance to the trade, the commission on the paper, the printing, the advertising, publishing, &c. in addition to a liberal discount upon the whole amount, attended likewise by the necessary delay in accounting for the sale, the advantages to the author appeared so dubious and distant that he declined this mode of publication. After trying half the rest of the booksellers in London without satisfaction to himself, he at length resolved to publish by subscription. He got proposals printed and distributed, advertised them in the leading papers, made personal application to some of his particular friends, wrote to others, and after several months of vexatious anxiety he mustered up a sufficient num-

ber of names to barely pay the expense of advertisements : chagrined at the selfishness of his friends and provoked at the want of taste in his acquaintances, he felt convinced that the public at large would do him justice, and he determined to print and publish on his own account. How little was he aware of the sea of trouble into which he was about to plunge. He found a Stationer to supply him with paper of the value of which he was no judge. He employed a printer of established reputation who charged him gentleman's price, and to whom from the imperfection of his MS. and his own inexperience, he had to pay nearly as much for corrections as for printing the whole substance of his book. As an accommodation to purchasers he inserted in his title page the names of a number of booksellers residing in various parts of the Metropolis, and when ready for publication, put copies into the hands of them all, in order that the extensive demand he expected might be the more easily supplied. He delivered the Subscribers' copies himself, for one half of which he never was paid. He expended many pounds before he could announce the work sufficiently to give it tolerable publicity ; and when he saw it noticed with approbation in some of the critical productions of the day, who take pretty good care not to shew an Author more favour than is absolutely due to him, and whose castigations are much more frequent than their commendations, he felt rewarded for his

toils in the well-earned praises he received and looked forward with exultation to the wealth he should undoubtedly acquire ; but woful to relate, a little empty praise was all the advantage he obtained, for after a lapse of months, on repeated application to his different Booksellers, they all agreed that the work was well spoken of, but that few copies had been sold.

FINDING authorship unprofitable, patrons deceiving, and poverty intolerable, our Author became in turn a merchant's clerk, an usher, a schoolmaster, and a strolling player ; but in each department wretchedness was his only reward, and he remains to this day an example of one of the many men of genius and talent, who, as unsuccessful authors, are several hundred pounds out of pocket, and who have half ruined themselves by MAKING A BOOK !

E.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Yes, I am rich in all excuse to mourn,
O'er broken hopes of life's deluded prime,
And many a heart-wish from my bosom torn,
And nothing left me but the scorns of time.
But my firm soul despondence spurns as crime,
And champions Fate to sterner strife, or e'er
It gives the garland up—by all sublime
And restless energies that stir to dare,
Thou shalt not conquer me, dark-blooded fiend Despair!

Though the last canvass of my hope be furled,
I was not launched to founder in the gale;
But ride the roaring waters of the world,
Till bluer skies, and happier hours prevail,
Then spread the bosom of a bolder sail:
Full many a galley at worse random cast,
That felt the billow and the blast assail,
The tempest hush'd, and all its perils past,
Has moored its weary keel on shores of peace at last.

THE EGYPTIAN MAIDEN.

BY MISS S. S. BOYD.

THE oldest of historians records a very interesting custom common among the damsels of Egypt. They would go out at nightfall to the damp banks of the Nile, to watch their little floating lamps, as they glided upon the bosom of its waters, at the same time chanting hymns of love to the appropriate goddess of the ceremony. If the light was extinguished, they departed in tears, to indulge the lonely sorrow of Jephtha's daughter, when she called on the virgins of Mizpeh to lament that her footsteps should no longer be seen upon the mountains, nor her voice be heard among the stately maids of Judah. If it passed down the tide glimmering fainter and fainter till lost in the distance, they returned with songs and gladness, for they then knew that their lovers were faithful in their absence to their early vows.

Sunset had thrown its latest smile
On the blue waters of the Nile,
And when the evening star appeared,
Woman's low trembling voice was heard :
Then came a dark-eyed maid to prove,
With beating heart, the lore of love.

She came to try a powerful spell,
The strength of plighted vows can tell ;
Her burning lamp, with odours filled,
And extracts, from fair flowers distilled,
Slow, to the eddying stream she gave,
Then sung to her who rules the wave.

“ Float on, float on, my token light,
Nor heed the cold damp dews of night ;
Float on, float on, with conscious flame,
Trace every letter of my name,
That he may know, to whom you glide,
Who placed you on the fickle tide ;
Hear, Goddess, hear, behold my tears,
Thou knowest all a maiden’s fears.

“ Keep the storm-spirit from its path,
Too weak to meet the tempest’s wrath ;
O guard it from the wild bird’s wing,
Too weak to meet the breath of spring ;
Hope lingers till that feeble ray
Fades from my aching sight away,
Then, Goddess, hear, behold my tears,
Thou knowest all a maiden’s fears.”

The distant torch seemed sinking now,
She dashed the green wreath from her brow ;

It gleamed again—then came the flush
That mantled in young love's first blush,
And ever as it rose or fell,
Answered her throbbing bosom's swell.

Slowly it passed beyond the ken,
She stood in speechless rapture then,
Her only voice—the sigh of bliss,
Brought to her cheek her lover's kiss,
And there they knelt—love's records tell,
And blessed the Goddess, and the spell.

TO A METEOR.

Phantom of beauty coldly bright,
Lost ere the eye can trace thy flight !
A gleam in air ! a ray in thought !
Quenched ere the mind its hue has caught.
How like art thou to joy below !
Which mocks the soul with transient glow,
Which shoots athwart life's troubled dream,
A formless, scarce distinguished beam ;
And having waked the soul to care,
Fades as if nought had brightened there.

APRIL.

BY H. BLACKSTONE, ESQ.

“ A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.”

WORDSWORTH.

I HAVE found violets, April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summer time.
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the caves, and drawing in
His beautiful bright neck, and from the hills,
A murmur, like the hoarseness of the sea,
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass—and so I know
That nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard
The dropping of the velvet foot of spring.

Smell at my violets ! I found them where
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank
That lean'd to running water. There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers
That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.

I love to go in the capricious days
Of April and hunt violets ; when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deem'd unmanly, but the wise
Read nature like the manuscript of heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out !
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,
And read it when the fever of the world
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life
Hath yet one spring unpoisoned, it will be
Like a beguiling music to its flow,
And you will no more wonder that I love
To hunt for violets in the April time.

THE CONTRAST.

To his gallant horse the warrior sprung,
They called and he would not stay,
And the hoof of his hurrying charger rung,
As to the battle he rushed away.
She stood aloft on the warder's tower,
And she followed him over the plain,
And she watched through many a silent hour,
But she heard not his tramp again.
They came, when the morning was cold and pale,
With a warrior on his bier,
And his banner rent like a tattered sail,
Showed he died not the death of fear.
They brought him in pride and sorrow, back
To the home he had left so gay,
When he gallantly flew on glory's track,
And to battle rushed away.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

THE DEAF AND DUMB AT PRAYERS.

If sweet it is to see the babe kneel by its mother's side,
And lisp its brief and holy prayer at hush of eventide ;
And sweet to mark the blooming youth, at morning's
purple ray,

Breathe incense of the heart to Him who ruleth night
and day ;

How doth the bosom's secret pulse with strong emotion
swell,

And tender, pitying thoughts awake, which language
may not tell ;

When yon mute train, who meekly bow beneath affliction's rod,

Whose lip may never speak to man, pour forth the soul
to God.

They have no garment for the thought that springs to
meet its sire,

No tone to flush the glowing cheek, or fan devotion's
fire ;

Yet surely to the Eternal Throne the spirit's sigh may
soar,

As free as if the wing of speech its hallow'd burden bore.

Were language their's, perchance their tale of treasured
grief and fear,

Might cold or unresponsive fall, even on a brother's ear,
So may they grave upon their mind's in youth's unfold-
ing day,

'Tis better to commune with heaven, than with their
fellow clay.

The pomp of words doth sometimes clog the spirit's
upwards flight,

But in the silence of their souls is one long sabbath light;
If God doth in that temple dwell, their fancied loss is
gain,

Ye perfect listeners to His voice ! say, is our pity vain ?

ANON.

THE BRITISH CAPTIVES AT ROME.

BY H. SIGOURNEY, ESQ.

Wrapt in their garb of skins they stood
Amid the pomp of Rome,
They who had vainly pour'd their blood
To guard their cabin home.

They who had plunged amid the tide-
That laved their native shore,
And with the invader's warrior pride
The dangerous battle bore.

They who the spear had fiercely plied
On Albion's leagued field,
And to its hilt the rude sword dyed
Despite of Roman shield.

But now, where sculptured columns glow,
Where sparkling fountains glide,
They trace with eye of wondering woe
The Eternal City's pride.

Their pure cheek's flush with gallant blood,
Their fair locks wildly wave,
And there 'mid gazing crowds they stood,
The beautiful, the brave.

The music of those echoing streams,
Round which their boyhood play'd
Return'd, and freedom's cherish'd dreams
But deepen'd slavery's shade.

Revolting from the lash and chain,
They loath'd the name of slave,
And tyrant Cæsar learn'd 'twas vain
To bar them from the grave.

Ah ! had they 'mid their dark despair
But pierced the vale of time,
And mark'd their future offspring fair
Like princes move sublime—

Amid the scenes where now they bow'd
With yoked and fetter'd neck,
Beheld those classic glances proud
Explore the band at wreck—

Trace marble fanes of ancient birth
With ivied wreaths o'erspread,
While Rome, no longer queen of earth,
Deplored her mighty dead.

Perchance that prophet view had woke
One smile of vengeful gloom,
And they whose noble hearts were broke,
Had calmly sought the tomb.

THE CATHOLIC.

THERE is still to be seen in the village of Springfield, in Massachusetts, a house of antique and singular construction, well calculated to excite the curiosity of strangers. Within a few years it has been dismantled of some of its peculiarities; huge aboriginal elms that stood before it have been cut down; but its solid walls of brick, its angular chimneys, and a sort of puritanical disregard thrown in its position to the more modern road before it, make it appear like a thing of other times. It was evidently the mansion of one of those English gentlemen, who came with the earliest emigrants to our country; strength only was regarded in its construction; the roof was of the high and pointed form, on which the fire of the incendiary Indians would not rest; the windows frowned from beneath the projecting tiles, and in front was a portico, consisting of a chamber with a sharp roof and a chimney, supported by heavy masonry of the red stone, in which that region abounds. This last piece of magnificence has been removed, and in a few years no vestige of the original

scenery will be left, but the brook which flows through the meadow at a little distance from the door.

THE proprietor of this mansion, just before the time of Philip's war, was a son of the father of the settlement, a man whose prudence had secured the little village by conciliating the neighbouring Indians. The clergyman who accompanied him was of the English church, and his own religious faith was more than suspected of unsoundness, according to the standard of the day. Some difficulties arising from this suspicion, induced him to return to England; but he left this son who inherited his father's influence. His authority was so singular that we are tempted to describe it. He held the dignified office of magistrate, and though others were associated with him, the executive, military, and judicial authority, seems to have resided in his hands. Before him, the evil-doers with cards and dice were used to tremble; he sentenced the disturbers of the long sabbath service to the stocks or whipping-post on Monday; the names of those whose marriage was intended, were published upon his gate-post, and the clerk was once severely punished for attaching to such publication his own vain attempt at humorous rhyme. A case is yet extant, by no means a solitary one, in which a lady, whose name we deem it prudent to suppress, was brought before him, charged with "exorbitancies of the tongue;" "for the which," said he, "I sentence her to be gagged, or else dipped

in cold water, as the law provides, shee to choose which shee pleases ; shee chose neither ; I ordered her then to be gagged, and soe to stand in the streete for halfe an houre." No wonder that all was peaceful under his administration ; none ever known to complain ; and if they had little would it have availed them.

WE will not say that there was no exultation in this good man's breast, when he looked upon his little dominion, not unlike his mansion with its lordly gate and military port-holes, towering above the thatched roofs below. He sometimes enjoyed the surprise of the Indian, not the less real because not betrayed to the eye, while with his bow indolently slung upon his shoulder, he gazed upon the mighty work of art. This happiness was shared by the worthy architect, who had come from England for the purpose of erecting it, and doubtless felt that pleasure in astonishing the natives, which is not confined to any age or nation. Certainly, many a young heart was conscious of its first aspirations for greatness, when "the Major," as he was called, walked to church on the sabbath with his family in his train. When he reached the place of worship, a building of remarkable appearance, having a high sharp roof, surmounted by two towers, one for a sentry, the other for a bell, the aged men bowed respectfully, and he gravely returned their salutation. Then he walked solemnly into his pew, bowing from side to side, and followed by his wife, a lady of great simplicity,

whose stateliness was only worn on such occasions. A reverence was then paid to office, or we may say to personal merit, hardly known, at least in its external forms, to our generation.

ABOUT a year before the time of our story, the village had been agitated, as settlements of the kind are apt to be, by the arrival of a stranger. He was a man apparently in years, of a foreign aspect, and had with him a servant and two children : one a fine girl of seventeen, the other a young and playful boy. He was entirely unpretending in his appearance, though his manner was rather commanding. This would have created a favourable disposition towards him ; but the inhabitants of the village had discovered, what he was at no pains to conceal, that he was a believer in the faith of Rome. The episcopal clergyman's place was now filled by the reverend Peletiah Glover, a man of stern manners and puritanical spirit, who often took occasion to warn his people against the enormities tolerated, if not introduced, by his predecessor, and often held forth, in no gentle terms, upon the fatal corruptions of Rome. They were thus prepared to be prejudiced against the stranger ; but he had brought letters to the magistrate, who was therefore bound to protect him from insult. A small house was built for him, by a water-fall in the little river, nearly a mile below the town, where he resided with his family, seldom making his appearance in the village. Neither he nor the magistrate threw any light upon

their doubts as to the stranger's history and character ; and the villagers at last quieted themselves with the belief, probably a correct one, that some political reasons had compelled him to reside in this country, and he had chosen that place of residence where his religion would be least regarded.

THE person who seemed most acquainted with this retired family was William Cooper, an orphan, who had resided from his youth in the family of the magistrate. He was son to that Cooper who was wrecked, if we may believe Cotton Mather, while conveying supplies to the Fresh River, as the Connecticut was often called.

HIS son was left in the Major's care ; who had discharged his trust with judicious kindness, and was now quite proud of the character he had formed by his instruction and example. The young man had a small fortune, sufficient to dispense with labour, and chose to spend much of his time in hunting and fishing ; now these might be another name for idleness, then, they were among the necessary arts of life. His habits of life gave him a taste for adventure ; and he determined a thousand times, as soon as he was free from restraint, to visit the father land.

IT must not be forgotten that he had a deep hostility to the Indians, who had murdered his father after his shipwreck, as soon as he reached the shore. The worthy magistrate, though he always treated the Indians with justice and kindness, seldom failed to pray

for "the driving out of the heathen" in his morning and evening service. But the savages, if they were acquainted with this fact, were little moved by it: the worst effect of it was, that our fathers generally looked upon them with contempt. But none in that region thought of danger from them: they came freely into the village on all occasions; sometimes one would enter the church on the Sabbath, and would stand through all the service with a steady gaze of attention, that might have put even the elders to shame. So little was apprehended, that the sentry had long before left his nightly station in the church tower.

THIS young man had for some time been intimate in the family of the stranger, which had been reduced in its number and happiness by the loss of the little boy. The father, though he was often absent and thoughtful, was pleased with the society of an ingenuous youth; and the girl, in her solitude, was delighted to find any intelligent companion. It could not escape the father that a strong attachment might be the result of the young man's frequent visits; but to this he seemed to have no objection, he knew that their faith was different, but this was in his eyes a matter of very little importance. The magistrate perhaps was of the same opinion; or he might have been too much engaged with official business to notice it; and he was in the habit of expressing so little gratitude to those who interfered with matters not their own, that no one cared to remind him of the danger and his duty.

It must not be supposed that the young persons interested, had weighed or even thought of these prudential considerations. They were hardly conscious of their own friendship ; they had never dreamed of love ; they only knew that their tastes were similar, and thought this enough to account for their love of each others society. Every thing about them was favourable to romantic feeling ; and the father, who had once been an admirer of nature, went with them in their walks, and as he pointed out the beauty of the scenery, compared it with that of other lands. The situation of their house was lofty, and commanded a wide prospect. Nothing could be more beautiful than the landscape beneath in a summer evening, when the soft sunset light was in the sky and the stream—the cottage windows, and the clear outline of the church turrets glowing with its yellow radiance, and a distant mountain, whose sides were darkly tinged with purple, rising as a boundary to the scene. One evening, when they were gazing upon this prospect, on the brow of the hill before their door, they saw, as was not uncommon, the broad red glare of an Indian fire upon the skirts of the forest ; this perhaps suggested the maiden's exclamation—" How beautiful ! and what folly to change it into a wilderness again."

WILLIAM did not understand her allusion ; and in fact was unacquainted with the maturity of mind which led her to think much and justly on subjects which generally have little attraction at her age. " I see you

do not understand," she said, "and I will explain ; but first look at the cloud beyond the western hill. I have seen a cloud like that rising over the ridge in just such an evening as this, and casting a sort of midnight over the valley ; the gust swept by me like the waving of a death-angel's wing ; and then the thunder ran like a breaking wave along the whole border of the valley—or like the fire along the line of the fleet in the battle of the Solebay, when I accompanied my father."

HER father, who had not seemed to be listening, here turned to her and said, "You grow poetical, Maria ; but our friend here is I suspect little the better for your explanation." "I will give it," she said. "You know that your worthy citizens have been rather disposed to class us with the savages, and this has induced me to cultivate an acquaintance with my brethren. I have visited their cabins familiarly, and gained their confidence, as you might easily do. But your contempt of them will irritate them to madness, and bring ruin upon you all."

"If so," said he, smiling, "we shall find means to put them down." Ah ! there it is : the confidence you have built upon their forbearance. But they are beginning to be alarmed at your pretensions, and they would rise against you upon any call. Then there would be a wilderness again, where we see the smoke of the village winding upward, like the incense in some vast cathedral."

THE young man was struck with her suggestions,

which were quite new to him. They were confirmed by her father, who said that he had observed of late some mysterious agitation among the Indians, which they perhaps were less careful to conceal from him, because they knew that the villagers were unfriendly to him. William could not but feel that there was truth in what they said; the Indians, when they welcomed the first settlers, little expected that rapid increase which threatened to drive them from their lands; and he saw that if any thing should excite their revenge or even their fears, the English would find it impossible to resist their numbers. We should sin against the truth of history, if we did not confess, that his thoughts sometimes wandered that evening to the delightful vision he had left, while his guardian opened the brazen clasps of his ponderous bible, and read from the book of Nehemiah, before he commended the family, in a fervent prayer, to the care of him who "never slumbers nor sleeps."

We will not pretend to say what were the feelings which led the young man the next day to the stranger's habitation. He stood and gazed upon the waterfall, then sparkling in the dewy light of the morning, endeavouring to trace out the unformed purposes of his mind. He then turned away toward the encampment of the Indians, where they were kindling their fire with knots of pine, or candlewood as it was called, whose deep crimson light was brilliant even in the sun.

AFTER wandering all the day, he found himself

in the evening at his usual resort, and met with his usual welcome.

“ I was waiting for you to come,” said the maiden, “ to enjoy this lovely evening here. My father’s thoughts are travelling in some distant land ; but as I have had my share of wandering in the world, and shall probably have still more, I am content to rest while I may ; more especially as I do not believe that any other country has a clearer sky or finer scenery than this.” It is said that if one of two harps in a hall be struck, the other will return a similar sound. Whether it be so or not we cannot say ; but it certainly is so with the hearts of the young. There is a sympathy of soul, as Isaac Walton calls it, by which they unconsciously grow dear to each other ; and those who were so earnestly admiring the loveliness of nature that evening, did not separate, till they felt and declared to each other, that thenceforth their hearts and destinies should be one.

The clergyman and magistrate were walking that same evening, through a footpath which led from the church to the bank of the river, where, with a more delicate feeling than was common in those days, the fathers of the hamlet had always buried their dead. The place was then retired and shaded, such as suits the mourners feelings. The broad stream was transparent and still ; from its highest reach, to the woody cape where it gracefully retreated from the view, every

object was perfectly reflected ; the mighty elms that looked down in thoughtful majesty upon the abodes of death, the dark masses of foliage that overhung the opposite shore, the gilded clouds floating in the upper sky, were doubled in the deep mirror below. Even Master Glover, though little prone to such emotions, thought fit to notice it, and remarked that this was indeed “ a land of rivers and fountains, of valleys and hills, and the blessing of God was upon it from the beginning to the end of the year.”

“ MY thoughts,” said the magistrate, “ are carried back to the fair land of our fathers, where the blessing of God was made of none effect by the tyranny of man. I know not that I ever saw any thing there resembling the fanciful colours of these leaves.”

THE mention of tyranny, however, had awakened the feelings of the clergyman, who went on in a fierce denunciation of the backslidings of those whom God had brought, so mercifully, out of the house of bondage. “ And truly” said he, “ I marvel at your father, who not content with entertaining a priest of the corrupt church of England, even bade God speed to some who had been ensnared by the Jesuits, and driven out from our stricter towns.”

THE magistrate saw that the censure was meant for himself, but such freedom was common in that day. He contented himself with simply asking the clergyman if he knew aught against the strangers.

HE answered that it was enough to know that they were of the church of Rome. "I know not this foreigner, but nearly a year ago he lost a boy. I thought it my duty to visit the family, though they never appear in the congregation. The father was absent, but the maiden was weeping, with her face hidden in the folds of the bed, on which the corpse was laid. I told her my errand of consolation, and she thanked me, in a voice whose tones were so mournful and sweet, that my heart was singularly moved : but I said to her, in the strength of the Lord, that I would fain restore her soul from her profane delusion ; she said that she hoped to die in the faith of her fathers ; but she trusted that in 'every nation, he that feared God and worked righteousness should be accepted with him ;' and when I would have pointed out the error of her way, she said, I pray you take it not in unkindness, if I would bear my calamity alone." The worthy man proceeded, in a calmer tone, to point out to the magistrate the danger of exposing his charge to such attractions as those of the stranger maiden. "For," said he, "you know that the professors of this faith are children of perdition, and if he were thus yoked together with an unbeliever, he must lose not only his prospects in life, but his soul."

THE guardian had never been much acquainted with the gossip of the village ; in fact there are cases recorded in his reports still extant, in his own hand-

writing, of certain individuals punished, "for being too active in that, the which concerned them not." He never had thought much of the chance of their becoming attached to each other, and of course had never reflected on the consequences. But, on reflection, he was obliged to confess, that such was the abhorrence in which the Catholic religion was held, his ward, if he bound himself to a maiden of that religion, must give up all hopes of being respected and useful, and so far as society was concerned, of being happy. As to his spiritual welfare, he had less apprehension, but he could not be entirely exempt from the prejudices of the time and country. Still he saw enough to fear without including this.

WILLIAM was now exposed to constant persecution. His guardian conversed with him like a friend, and the clergyman with the authority then universally conceded to his profession. The elders, too, thought themselves called on to interfere and give their warning. He answered them gently, but firmly; but when he had silenced their remonstrances, he found himself shunned by all; even his guardian looked on him with concern almost amounting to displeasure; for though not unacquainted with the young man's feelings, he thought that he ought not to hesitate between duty and affection. The young, though conscious of doing right, can ill bear to be treated with reserve and coldness; nothing is more distressing to them than the

altered eye of friends ; and we must acknowledge that William, though his good faith and affection never for a moment faltered, became sad and thoughtful, his countenance grew pale and wasted, and he could no longer disguise from his friend that something depressing lay near his heart.

BUT she learned the history of his suffering from another ; one of those persons who are found in every village, who delight to indulge their bad feelings under the names of duty and religion, had told her the sentiments of the friends of her lover. She blushed for one moment with indignation, for though she must have anticipated it, she never realised it till then. She felt too that if ever she returned to her own friends, she must in like manner, be disowned by them, for giving her affection to a heretic and puritan. With a decision, which the many changes of her life had made rapid almost as a decree of fate, she determined to give up what was dearest to her heart. Her lover she knew would suffer, but she could not consent to be the means of making him an outcast from society. She felt that the severest sacrifice was on her side ; she would be left in her cheerless solitude, but he would be restored to his friends, and perhaps in many future years would be useful and happy. When they met again, she told him it must be the last time ; and with a forced resolution on her part, and a despairing feeling on his, they bade each other farewell—he would not say for ever.

We are not bound to defend her resolution ; every one can judge for himself whether it was right ; that it was dictated by generosity none can question. He knew that a year at most would leave him free to act for himself, then he trusted to meet her again. But when he had left her her momentary strength was gone ; she gave way to a passionate burst of tears.

THE autumn had now come. It was one of those stormy days so common in that climate, when the wind howls for hours in advance of the tempest, the forests roar like the sea, and a sublime though comfortless desolation seems to prevail over the face of nature. In the evening the magistrate was seated with his family in an apartment which for extent and splendour of decoration was unequalled in the village. Two large wax candles, of a green colour, in mighty brass candlesticks, threw their light throughout the room, casting portentous shadows of high-backed chairs upon the floor and walls. The walls were of the colour of the wood of which they were made, and great ridges revealed those joints of the pannels which modern art is less ambitious to display. One corner of the room was taken up by a closet, glazed like a window, to display some massive silver, and sundry wine glasses, resembling tulips in form, the stalk embellished by a white spiral line. In another corner was an embroidered screen, representing a mourner leaning on an urn beneath a weeping willow ; and the family arms, ap-

parently by the same hand, garnished the wall. The mistress of the house was knitting in a great arm chair; the guardian and his ward were engaged in conversation; a child was studying the shorter catechism; and a great dog was quietly sleeping before the fire, opposite to a tortoise shell cat, who was meditating in a kind of sleepy wisdom.

ONCE or twice, as the wind shook the heavy casements, which were made to exclude more formidable enemies than the air, the dog started and seemed to listen with attention.

A moment after the clattering of hoofs was heard. The magistrate had hardly risen, when a loud knock was heard at the heavy oaken door, and the strange maiden entered the apartment, with a light cloak thrown round her. William was immediately at her side to welcome her with delight: but he saw marks of alarm on her countenance, as she begged the magistrate to pardon her intrusion. "But," said she, "the Indians are to attack the town this night: Philip and his tribe are with them." The magistrate recovering his courtesy, which was that of the day, led her to a chair with kindness, but with a deliberation which showed that he doubted her intelligence.

SHE said, however, that the alarm was given them by a friendly Indian, who would not have deceived her. The Indians had no enmity to them, and their safety was cared for; her father could not leave his home

without exciting suspicion, but she had stolen away to give the warning, favoured by the darkness of the night. A few signs, communicated by the Indian, showed that the danger was real and close at hand ; and the magistrate, who knew their truth, no longer doubted.

HE went immediately to give his orders, and directed William to secure her in her return to her home, which was out of the path of the savages. He went with her to the gate, and was preparing to return with her ; but she told him that her father had sent his servant to attend her. " I came most unwillingly," she said, " but if I can have any influence with you, I shall rejoice to have come. Keep yourself from all needless danger—there is safety in the garrison ; for my sake—yes—for my sake." As he raised her to the saddle, she could not prevent her cheek from meeting his ; and he felt her tears upon it, as she said farewell ; then after one quick pressure of the hand, she rode hastily away.

IN a few minutes the alarm was confirmed by other messengers, and a broad bright signal fire was kindled in the midst of the village. The light was reflected from the windows of the church and the neighbouring houses, while the smoke rolled away in dark red masses, driven furiously by the wind that howled through the sky. Here and there a figure might be seen coming out of the darkness into the glare, which discovered the gun firmly grasped in his hand, the belt with the shot-

ponch buckled round him, and the powder-horn slung beneath his arm, his strong features expressing neither fear nor impatience, but a quiet resolution and conviction that something was soon to be done. Near these were women with children clinging to their garments, whose fears they endeavoured to hush with trembling hands and faltering voices ; young men and boys were seen arming themselves for the occasion, and trying to lose their alarm in the excitement of the scene. In the square many were already assembled, hastily asking the cause of the tumult, or leaning on their long guns and listening to some aged men, who had many years before been disciplined in Indian warfare. The magistrate soon made his appearance on the steps of the church, and called for silence in a commanding voice. He said that he had received sure advices that Philip was in that region, and was prepared to assault the town that night. Few in number as they were, they could do nothing but remove with their families into the garrison, and when they had joined in prayer, this must be immediately done. Meantime he had stationed sentinels at the outposts to prevent surprise. The clergyman then stepped forward, and there was a dead silence ; his powerful voice rose high and clear as he prayed that " God would make bare his arm ;" and the fire-light showed many a face, animated by that lofty enthusiasm inspired by perfect confidence in heaven.

THE magistrate was much surprised at the conduct of his young friend on this occasion. He had never been tried by exposure, and this was his first alarm. Since he had ceased visiting at the stranger's too, he had seemed indifferent to every thing ; but the moment this summons came, he was at once in active and useful exertion ; visiting the outposts, taking care that every thing was safe, while he seemed only to be conversing with the sentinels, or assisting the aged to the garrison, and sometimes giving to the children, who looked up to him with happy confidence, assurances of that security which he did not feel. The moment this duty was done, he threw himself on a horse, and rode to the house of the stranger. No light appeared within ; though his errand required haste, he stood for a minute gazing at the dark outline of the building drawn on the black side of the forest ; when he came near the door, every thing was silent ; it was open, and the tenants were gone. For a moment he was breathless with dismay ; but his eye was attracted by the faint glittering of an object hanging near the latch ; he took it, and found that it was the golden crucifix worn by the stranger maiden, and he felt confident that she had anticipated his visit to the house, and left this as an assurance that the house was not plundered, and its inmates were gone to some place of safety. He put it in his bosom, and returned with the same haste to the town.

HE found the villagers still waiting for the assault, but uncertain when it would be made. The hours of night rolled heavily on, and some began to believe that the alarm was unfounded ; others suggested in whispers that messengers might be sent to the usual haunts of the Indians, to ascertain if it were not so : but no one dared propose to hazard his own life or another's in such a perilous service. At length William Cooper approached the magistrate, and said, " Would it not be well, sir, to send scouts to the Indian settlement ? "

" THE service is too hazardous ; no one will undertake it."

" WITH your permission, Sir, I will go upon this service immediately."

THE magistrate shuddered at the thought of exposing a life so dear to him ; and thinking that none else would offer, he said, " Alone you shall not go."

AN old man mounted his horse at the word, saying, " If the young are ready, it little becomes the old to hoard their lives."

THEY immediately rode away, followed by the anxious gaze of the multitude, and their dark forms were lost in the gloom. The silence was soon broken ; several reports of fire-arms were heard, followed by the clattering of hoofs ; then came an object that chilled every heart almost to stone. A horse darted into the square, with blood flowing from his sides, and supporting a sinking rider : his steps became less and less firm,

and when he reached the fire, he sunk down exhausted with his burden by his side. His young rider started up, and called to the people to fly ; but the words were his last !

ONE bright flame after another sprang high into the air, marking the path of destruction in which the enemy were advancing, till the skies were filled with a thick, red, and suffocating light. A constant but irregular fire was kept up by the garrison, where the villagers saw from the loop-holes and windows, their houses burned, and all their property laid waste. It was autumn, and the loss of their winter stores could not be repaired ; they were far from any who could relieve them : but as soon as the Indians were dispersed by some sudden alarm, the voice of praise was heard in the garrison, as earnest and firm as ever, blessing God that most of their lives were spared in the conflict, so remorseless, fatal, and disheartening, of civilized man with a savage foe.

Two days after, the villagers were assembled to bury their dead. A slow procession came from the brick mansion of the magistrate, which towered among the smoking vestiges of ruin, as if rising above the waters of an inundation. As they came near the place of death, they were joined by the stranger, with a veiled female figure in the deepest mourning, leaning on his arm. A convulsive shudder was observed to pass over her frame, as the dust was committed to dust in pro-

found silence, without a funeral service, or a word of prayer. As they were leaving the place, the magistrate approached her with respect and kindness, and placed in her hand the crucifix which he had taken from the bosom of the dead. The hand which touched his own was colder than marble ; but he neither saw her face nor heard her speak.

THE house of the stranger was soon found deserted ; its inmates were not seen again in the village, and the fate of the young Catholic was never known.

GEORGE BELL, Esq.

THE HOME VOYAGE.

BY THE HONOURABLE EDWARD STANLEY.

We give the white sail
To the morning gale
As yon rising sun we meet—
And those hillocks of blue
Shall fade from the view
Ere his evening beam we greet.

Tho' the blast of the north
Pour his fury forth,
As we ride on our ocean path ;
Tho' the roar of the deep
Stern concert keep ;
We smile at their mingled wrath.

Oh, the bosom swells high
With a stormy joy
As we meet them with answering pride,
As we hang o'er the bow
While our ocean plough
Flings the baffled floods aside.

We give the white sail
To the evening gale—
Tho' the night be dark and drear,
The breeze that sings loud
In our straining shroud,
Shall but further our glad career.

Though she bow to the wave
As a champion brave
Greets his foeman with courtesy due :
She shall rise again,
And in calm disdain
Unshaken her course pursue.

And every crest
On the foam's white breast,
Is gemm'd with an ocean star,
That gleams with a light
Like torches bright
Thro' vases of clouded spar.

Then give the white sail
To the rising gale—
Tho' our vessel be stout and fleet
Full many a sun
His course must run
Ere our native land we greet.

Tho' our path be known
To the Heavens alone,
And yon silent lights above—
There are hearts that e'en
Breathe for us the vow
And the wordless prayer of Love.

There are eyes that shall beam
With a tearful gleam,
There are voices, whose accents sweet
Shall yet sweeter be heard
For the falter'd word,
That our coming can scarcely greet.

Then give the white sail
To the joyous gale
Till her yards the billows kiss—
Till rapid she seem
As the kindling dream
Of Love, and of Hope, and Bliss.

SONNETS

ON THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

BY THE REV. R. W. HAMILTON.

THIS natural phenomenon forms the extreme Northern boundary of Ireland. The Causeway is composed of pillars most exactly adjusted to each other—principally pentagons—and presents all the regular insertion, though not the even surface, of a Mosaic. It runs like a pier or jetty into the sea, and no termination has been found of it. Majestic cliffs of the same pillars rise on each side of it, and distinguish at intervals a considerable line of the coast. Some of the caves, into which you row, add greatly to the grave, and almost dread, character of the scenery: the waves constantly rolling into them and awakening the echoes which often resemble the cries of living things. The influence of the whole is that of intense solemnity,—there is an awful charm, which even a smile might break! This will explain the *tone* of the following humble strain.

I.

Whence rose ye? on what basement are ye stayed,
Ye forms of wondrous grandeur? Who hath hewn
These matchless strong proportions? Who hath strewn
This mass of glorious power? Whom obeyed
Nature in rearing thee, Dread Colonnade?

Answers come sounding forth from depth and height !
While ocean bears me on, hark from these caves
A thousand echoes tell,—and as it raves
Against yon headland shores, its voice of might
Thunders the Name at which Heaven's pillars bow !
E'en ye too mean to prop his footstool-world—
Down at His presence shall ye quickly flow—
Soon from your sunless rests shall ye be hurled ;
When in one flame the Universe shall glow !

II.

Where are the deep-laid chymic cisterns, whence*
Precipitate congealed these crystals vast ?
Or what the forges, whose wild vehemence,
Fanned by the bellows of an earthquake-blast,
Into these moulds the molten mineral cast ?
O ! far from scenes like these be banished hence
Proud theory and arrogant pretence !
Memorials of a world adjudged and past !

* The Basaltic formations, it is well known, are attributed by the rival sects of Geology, the Neptunists or Wernerians, and the Plutonists or Huttonians, to aqueous causes on the one hand, to igneous on the other.

Ye solemn monuments, of nothing vain,
Over some guilty race like tombs ye rise !
Or, sweeter thought, ye shaped to Heaven's strain
Attuning mighty order from the skies,*—
The trophied architecture of a reign
With whose mysterious harmony it vies !

III.

A highway for your God ! and lo ! the Sea†
Gave way, and wondering Spectator stood ;
Its boiling fury was at once subdued,
And its waves kissed the mole, no longer free !
A highway for your God ! and suddenly
The promontory cross-way clave the flood :
And still the surge repeats that " all is good"
To the Primeval Mandate, " Let it be !"

* It seems impossible to disconnect the association of exact arrangement and music :

" From harmony, to heavenly harmony,
This Universal Frame began."

† It rather suggests the idea of " His footsteps which are in the sea," than of those Titans who are fabled to have reared it.

So, when Thy Footsteps, Lord, are still unknown
As through the waters deep Thou hold'st thy course,
Thy people onward pass, not overflown,
The wildest billows soon have spent their force,—
Soft gales just breathe where tempests long have blown,
All stilled and hushed to ocean's deepest source !

IV.

Are ye not bulwarks to this lovely Isle,—
Isle of the shamrock, of the harp, and saint ?
Where verdure doth its greenest beauties paint,
And hill, glen, lake, in each proportion smile,
Framed in by every mountain's grim defile !
What though among its legends, strangely quaint,
We trace the spread of superstition's taint,
As flaws deform thee, thou great Barrier Pile:
The trefoil twined around Life's healing tree,—
The song of holy burden filled the air,—
Wide flew the seed of the devout Culdee,*
And grateful harvests well repaid his care !
And Thou wast as the Porch to which to flee,
When Erin was Earth's purest House of Prayer !

* The Culdees were a most zealous community of Christian Ministers, allied to the old Cathari,—opponents of superstition, and missionaries of transcendant excellence. Ireland was their home.

V.

And stretches outward,—to yon Wondrous Rock, *
 In magic pillars rising from the deep,
 Of lightest cluster or with bending sweep,
 Braving the eddy's waste and billow's shock,
 As placed the works of human art to mock,—
 Stretches this platform's massive masonry,
 As if a pathway leading through the main,
 To the ne'er-closing threshold of this Fane,
 Paving the ocean's dark immensity ?
 That hidden cloister shall no eye discern :
 That sunken passage shall no plummet sound :
 There only monsters plunge who may not learn
 Why reaches on this sea-dividing bound,—
 Secrets, still Sea shall dry and Earth shall burn !

VI.

Dread Temple of the Waters ! Ocean-Shrine ! †
 Oft beneath pointed roof, through lengthened aisle,
 Of superstition's dight and columned style,

was the latest refuge of primitive christianity amid general defection and corruption, and was then indeed "an isle of saints." Why it remained not so, let the history of our Second Henry tell.

* Many have supposed that the Causeway extends by a submarine range to Staffa, on the opposite coast of Scotland. It is exactly similar, only that Hebridean wonder is more singularly developed.

† Fingal's Cave, in Staffa, exhibits the appearance of an august

The Pattern we recall of Truth divine,
And as we gaze, deplore the strange decline.

No sin *thy* self-hewn pillars can defile !

No cheat *thy* self-sprung arches can beguile !

Far nobler than where golden altars shine !

Ages have seen thee ! while the piles of earth

Have mouldered : if indeed thou wast not flung

In all thy majesty from Nature's birth :

And when the Morning Stars blest jubilee sung,

Didst thou not all reverberate their mirth ?

Here Pilgrim Waves aye bowed, and Choir-Winds
rung !

sanctuary, open to the sea, which swells and breaks in it, and symphonious with the eddy of the wind. Its sides, its roof, its tout ensemble must be seen to be estimated, but never can be described.

IMAGINATION.

Say ! why unbidden swells a sigh,
In beauty's pensive breast ?
Why clouds a tear her azure eye,
If on that page it rest ?

Perchance she reads misfortune's tale—
Of joys for ever fled—
Of orphan's tears, of widow's wail,
Of virtues early dead.

Perchance she reads of broken vow,
Of honour's injured fame.
Long days of penury and woe,
Of misery and shame.

Ah ! thus can Fancy pitying ruth,
And tears unbidden bring ;
And strike, with all the strength of truth,
The hearts responsive string.

Ah ! thus, when all around is gay,
When grief is yet unknown ;
Still will the poet's wizard lay,
Unconscious nature own.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

The girls with laughing faces
Still harp on ages traces ;
And still they cry, grow wiser,
Your glass be your adviser.
See there—the locks we cherished,
On that dear brow are perished ;
For me, nor know, nor care I,
If they depart or tarry ;
But this I know much better,
It suits me to the letter,
To prize the joys remaining
Because those joys are waining.

THE INDIAN LOVER.

They've made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true,
And she's gone to the lake of the dismal swamp,
Where all night long by a fire-fly lamp
She paddles her white canoe.

Her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear,
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree
When the footsteps of death are near. .

Away to the dismal swamp he speeds,
His path was rugged and sore,
Thro' tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Thro' many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man ne'er stood before.

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eye-lids knew,
He lay where the deadly vines do weep
Their venomous tears, and nightly steep
The flesh with blis'tring dew.

Near him the she-wolf stir'd the brake
And the rattle-snake breath'd in his ear,
Till starting he cried from his dream awake,
Oh ! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear.

He saw the lake and the meteor bright
Quick o'er the surface play'd,
Welcome, he said, my fair one's light,
And the dim shore echo'd for many a night
The name of the death cold maid.

'Till he form'd a boat of the birchen bark
That carried him off from the shore,
The winds were high and the clouds were dark,
And he follow'd the maid by the meteor spark,
And the boat return'd no more.

Yet oft from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true,
Were seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by the fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.

Δ.

Leeds.

MY CHILD.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

The morn that usher'd thee to life my child,
Saw thee in tears, whilst all around thee smil'd !
When summon'd hence to thy eternal sleep,
Oh may'st thou smile, whilst all around thee weep.

WHAT IS A SIGH ?

What is a sigh ? dost thou not know ?

It is the voice of grief ;

It is the sound of human woe,

When there is no relief :

It is the breath of tender hearts

With disappointments riven—

A prayer that wistfully departs

From souls that pant for heaven :

It is the heaving of a breast

Absorb'd in serious thought ;

A follower of the distress'd,

That still is found unsought.

'Tis like a rapid evening blast,
Among the leafy trees,
Which stops a moment—then is past,
And sinks into the breeze :

'Tis like the hollow, midnight wind,
Upon a lonely tomb ;
Whose inmate once was true and kind,
But death pronounced his doom :

'Tis like the gentle gale of morn,
Which, though it be not seen,
Now breathes among the bending corn—
Now brushes o'er the green.

It is the burst of puny fears,
Within the infant's breast ;
It shows to man in earliest years,
That " this is not his rest ;"

'It is the voice of growing cares,
That hover round young hearts—
It steals from manhood unawares,
Nor from old age departs.

E.

SONNET.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Oft have I view'd thee with a pitying eye,
Child of misfortune, tho' so young in years ;
For little know'st thou in this vale of tears,
What shall befall a hapless orphan boy !
Nurs'd in the lap of love, how hard^{*} thy fare,
To be in early infancy bereft
Of father's fond affection, mother's care,
And to the world's protection left.
But may the lib'ral hand that soothes distress,
To thee its wonted bounty ne'er deny ;
And those whom fickle fortune favours less,
Regard thee with a sympathizing eye.
And may kind heaven, who for the orphan cares,
Preserve thy youth, and bless thy riper years.

THE CONTRAST.

THERE are few sweeter pictures in human life, than the union of two lovers ; there are few more distressing than their separation. I was witness to a scene of the former description some years ago, in the capacity of brideman ; and not long after, to one of the latter, in the quality of mourner. There was a contrast between these situations so powerfully impressive, that although I had no immediate interest either in the bridal or the burial, I seldom pass an hour in solitude without an involuntary recurrence to what passed at them ; I seem but at this moment to have quitted the altar—I almost feel the fresh earth of the grave giving way under my feet. Henry —— was the dearest friend I had ever known. An attachment had subsisted between him and a very lovely girl since they had been children ; when he became of age he married her, and I was at the wedding. This ceremony, under almost any circumstances is a delightful one to behold ; but when beauty, elegance, and wealth shed their combined lustre over the scene, it is not to be paralleled on earth.

The bridegroom was in the full vigour and pride of youth ; of a noble countenance, and a manly form ; his manners were usually serious, but, on the present occasion, his eye lighted with animation, and there was a tenderness in his voice and gesture, when he addressed the fair creature who had just committed herself to his arms, that shewed how dearly he loved her. His bride without being the most beautiful, was certainly the most interesting woman it has been my chance to meet with. She was now doubly so, her cheek was flushed, her lip trembled, there was a contention between joy and modesty, and hope and fear in her looks ; but it was not difficult to collect that in her breast happiness was predominant. The bridal assembly were all life and gaiety ; the marriage feast was an uninterrupted scene of mirth and festivity. Joy was triumphant for his hour.

ABOUT a fortnight after, I received a pressing letter from my friend to go down to his seat in the country, where he was at present with his young bride. The letter was filled with descriptions of his felicity and with praises of his dear Eveline ; her beauty, her amiability, her accomplishments ; she was all that was good and fair and gracious ; he was happier (to use his own expression) than the happiest man on earth, and he besought me to “ come down and witness his beatitude.” It was impossible to resist an invitation which promised so much pleasure. On my arrival at the manor-house, I was shewn into a library, where the chaplain received

me. "If you wish to see Mr. ———, he is in that apartment," said the clergyman, pointing to an open door. I entered, and found myself in a darkened bed-chamber. Oh! one moment told me all! There was a marble figure stretched upon the bed; a heavy and overpowering smell of herbs and flowers filled the room; everything was clothed in deadly white. My friend sat by the bedside, with his hands locked, and his eyes fixed upon the statue. I approached but he took no notice of me. "Poor Eveline," said I, bending over her, "thou wert a short-lived flower!" A smile seemed to gather on the lips of the girl as I said these words, a smile between regret and resignation. She was in her wedding dress, in which, as I afterwards learned, she had desired to be buried. There was no other covering, and as I brought to my recollection her appearance on the day of her marriage, she seemed in nothing altered but that she was now still and pale. "God of heaven! if she only slept!" said I, touching the lilly hand that lay motionless beside her. A chill shot up through my arm, and froze the very blood next my heart. My involuntary exclamation roused Henry from his torpor; he gazed at me for some time, then, pointing to the body, as if to inform me of what was already too plain, "Eveline is dead," said he, "she is dead." I made no remark; consolation was premature; indeed I was unable to afford it, for my heart was flowing through my eyes. He rose, came up close

to me, and leaning upon my shoulder, asked in a tone of familiar but revolting jocularly, "if I was come to congratulate him?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued in the same strain of bitter irony, "There, there is my felicity! there is my beatitude! have I not reason to be happy? beauty and grace and goodness in my possession! am I not an enviable man?" He laughed wildly. "Aye," continued he, addressing the insensible figure, "there you lie in your wedding garments! with your chrystal cheek, and your smiling lip, fresh from the marriage ball! Look at her slender ankles, and her little feet, just as if she had lain down after the dance! and her arms there, so white and long! and her fair bosom, with the curls playing about her snowy neck! Eveline, dear Eveline, have you indeed forsaken me? Oh that this would be all a dream!—no, no—it is no dream—no dream." Here he became again insensible, and relapsed into his former attitude, his eyes fixed on the bed and his hands clenched in inexpressible despair. When they were closing the coffin, the young widower rushed from my arms into the room, tore open the lid, and threw himself upon the body. We could scarcely oblige him to let the operation proceed, whilst he incessantly exclaimed that we were burying his Eveline alive; as she lay in her bridal attire in the coffin his bewildered imagination conceived she was still living; and no force could drag him from the apartment. When the body

was carried out, he sprung to the door, and was scarcely withheld by his domestics and myself from useless opposition to the bearers. His Eveline was at length separated from him for ever ; and his grief, from being outrageous, subsided at length into melancholy and total silence. She was buried in the churchyard next to his demesne, and he was seldom to be found far distant from the grave. His pleasure was to lean on one shoulder of the slab which bears her name, and ruminate on the long grass which waves to and fro over the turf that covers her remains. A premature decay carried him off at the end of a year, and he now lies beside her in the same grave.

THE TIDE.

A THOUGHT AT SCARBRO'.

Forth from the deep, the tide again
Rolls o'er the beach its destin'd course,
Marring each trace of fashion's train
Of crazy car, and jaded horse,
And every print of folly's hand,
Effacing from the yellow sand.

Where late her rake the *bas bleu* plied,
Loud o'er the rocks the breaker raves,
Where late to folly, folly cried—
A roaring wilderness of waves,
The sun hath sought his cloudy bed,
The chill mists rise and all are fled ;

Yet still I wander on the shore,
And pensive mark the reflux wave,—
I hear a wider water's roar
A fiercer flood's resistless rave.

Ah who may shun the sweep sublime
Of that dread tide, the tide of time !

Unmov'd he hears its thund'ring shock,
Nor doth his tranquil spirit quail
Who stands on the eternal rock,
'Gainst which that tide shall ne'er prevail ;
But smiling sees its surges hurl'd
In desolation o'er the world.

So on yon ledge the sea-fowl sits
Whose rugged base the breakers greet,
Long as the eddying tide permits
A refuge for her weary feet,
Then soaring o'er the sounding spray,
Waves her white wings and bears away.

W. O. J.

Leeds, 1831.

THE ANCIENT FISHERMAN.

BY MRS. J. COBBOLD.

From rustic bow'r by nature made,
Beneath the linden's leafy shade,
That crown's the cliff, whose craggy side
Ascends abrupt from *Orwell's* tide,
Beneath whose slopes and sinuous steeps,
The broad majestic river sweeps ;
Where strays the eye delighted o'er
The gently undulating shore,
To scenes thy skill would aptly chuse,
From rustic bow'r I call thee, muse.

Nor yet the bee, to care alive,
On sounding wing hath left his hive ;
The haunt of busier man is still,
The morn beam slants athwart the hill ;
Unconscious draws the blackbird nigh,
Then starts, a stranger form to spy,

And swift, with glossy wing display'd,
Flits fearful through the shrubby glade.
Upon yon verdant canopy
All unexhal'd night's tear drops lie,
Or gently shook, with soothing sound,
In balmy dew-show'rs patter round.
Those tall acacias gliding bye,
The white sail steals upon my eye :
And ever as the loitering breeze
Moves the light boughs or waves the trees,
White cluster'd dwellings, scarcely seen,
And tow'r, and turret, peep between ;
And pennon'd mast, and gilded vane,
A moment shewn, then hid again,
All gaily in the morning ray,
Like youth's fantastic visions play ;
While ev'ry graceful form I see,
Inspires the wish to live with thee.

Oft has thy voice, in childhood's hour,
Awoke me in the norther'n bow'r,
And shall the lyre I tun'd to thee
Hang silent on the southern tree ?
Shall cares or pomps my heart control,
And chase thy pleasures from my soul ?
No : still thy voice shall soothe my ear ;
Thy harp's wild descant still be dear ;

Nor long wilt thou my claim refuse,
When to my bow'r I call thee, Muse.

Come, let us wander through the glade,
Where willows throw, in lengthened shade,
Their tangling arches o'er the rill,
That steals its source from either hill,
And gently winds its covert way,
Scarce gleaming to the eye of day.
In sooth the wild sequester'd glen
Seems little trod by mortal men :
Its lowly bow'rs of deep'ning green,
So clos'd the woody heights between,
So hid, so still, form meet resort
For fays to hold their sylvan court ;
Yet here I've mark'd the Artist stray,
Here linger out the summer day,
And with enthusiast pencil trace,
A storm or sunshine's varied grace ;
But chief when golden lights relieve
The dark and giant shades of eve,
He feels his soul to transport warm,
And fixes ev'ry fleeting charm.
And sure, in playful mood, 'tis thine,
Dear Muse! to guide his varying line,
As breathe, in ev'ry form and tone,
Strange feelings scarce to painting known ;

Effects sublime, and graces free,
That speak the soul of poësy !

Come, rest upon the beetling cliff,
And mark that little rocking skiff ;
Though measur'd true the oar's bright stroke,
Its plank is pierc'd, its gunwale broke :
Yet on it glides, and leaves behind
Yon anchor'd bark, where, to the wind,
Long trains of meshy folds display'd,
Announce the Fisher's toilsome trade.
And who is this that plies the oar,
The skiff impelling to the shore,
With squalid garments round him flung,
And o'er his bending shoulders hung
A string of perforated stones,
With knots of elm and horses bones ?
Say Muse, may this a mortal be,
Or shape fantastic drawn by thee ?
And why his look so wild, so wan ?
It is the ancient fisherman,
Who dreams that wizards, leagued with hell,
Have o'er him cast their deadly spell.
Tho' blanch'd his hair and bow'd his form,
Yet still he toils in sun and storm ;
The boat he plies, the raft he steers,
When swift the rapid whirlwind veers,

When scarce the cormorant can sweep
The surface of the foaming deep.
Tho' pinching pain his limbs endure,
He holds his life by charm secure,
And while he feels the tort'ring ban,
No wave can drown the spell-bound man.
Can Leech's hand, or Sage's skill,
His pains assuage, his troubles still ?
The ills from fancy's pow'r we feel,
'Tis fancy's pow'r alone can heal :
Then, Muse, employ thy sweetest strain,
To cure the ancient wand'rer's pain.

Holy Wells, Ipswich, 1831.

NOTE.—The "Ancient Fisherman," whose character is portrayed in these Stanzas, is not a mere creature of imagination, but an eccentric being, once resident in the parish of St. Clement's, Ipswich, by name Thomas Colson, but better known by the appellation of Robinson Crusoe. He was originally a woolcomber, and afterwards a weaver ; but a want of constant employment in both these occupations induced him to enter into the East Suffolk Militia ; and whilst quartered at Leicester, he learned, with his usual ingenuity, the art of stocking-weaving, which trade he afterwards followed. But this employment, in its turn he soon relinquished, and became a fisherman on the river Orwell. His little vessel (if vessel it might be called, for every part of it was his own handy work) presented a curious specimen of naval patchwork, as his extreme poverty did not afford him the means of procuring

proper materials : yet in this leaky and crazy vessel it was his constant custom by day and by night, in calms and in storms, to toil on the river for fish. His figure was tall and thin ; his countenance meagre, yet striking ; and his eye sharp and piercing. Subject to violent chronic complaints ; with a mind somewhat distempered, and faculties impaired ; he was a firm believer in the evil agency of wizards and witchcraft. On this subject indeed he was by no means uninformed ; and a frequent perusal of the " *Dæmonology*" of the British Solomon, King James I., operating on a gloomy and superstitious temper, soon confirmed his belief in these absurd opinions. He appeared also to have read " *Glanville's Sadducismus Triumphans*" with considerable attention ; and while arguing on this his favourite topic, his quotations from this author were just and apposite. His mind was so haunted with the dreams of charms and enchantments, as to fancy that he was continually under the influence of these mischievous tormentors. His arms and legs, nay almost his whole body, was encircled with the bones of horses, rings, amulets and characts, verses, words, &c. as spells and charms to protect him against their evil machinations. On different parts of his boat was to be seen the " horse shoe nailed," that most effective antidote against the power of witches. When conversing with him, he would describe to you that he saw them hovering about his person, and endeavouring, by all their arts, to punish and torment him. Though a wretched martyr to the fancies of a disordered imagination, his manners were mild and harmless, and his character honest and irreproachable. But however powerful and effective his charms might be to protect him from the agency of evil spirits, they did not prove sufficiently operative against the dangers of storm and tempest. For being unfortunately driven on the Ooze by a violent storm on the 3rd of October, 1813, he was seen and

earnestly importuned to quit his crazy vessel ; but, relying on the efficacy of his charms, he obstinately refused ; and the ebb of the tide drawing his bark off into deep water, his charms, his spells, and his characts failed him ; and poor Robinson sunk to rise no more !

ED.

A SKETCH.

A dream of saddest beauty : one pale smile
Its light upon the blue-veined forehead shed,
As love had lingered there one little while,
Robbed the cheek of its colour, and then fled,—
Yet leaving a sweet twilight shade, which said
There had been sunshine once. Alas ! the bloom,
The light, the hope, at Love's shrine offered !
Yet all in vain !—That altar is a tomb
Of broken hearts !—Its oracle but words of doom !

THE LOVERS' GRAVE.

BY CHARLES AUGUSTUS HULBERT.

When Evening's cautious hand had shut the rose,
I saw Consumption's lovelier daughter hie,
Where the long grass o'er Henry's bosom grows,
It seem'd, indeed the hour and place to die.

She came to pour her last and holiest sigh,
O'er him she loved her latest tear to shed,
And yet she wept not that she there must lie,
And pillow soon with his her aching head.

She cast one flower, a wounded lily, there,
It was not meant to bloom, but to decay ;
For scarce she deem'd its leaf might wither, ere
Her blighted form should be the death-worm's prey.

A murmuring zephyr wander'd o'er the leaves,
And seemed to kiss their lingering bloom away,
"It is" she cried, "his spirit which receives
My offering, and reproves my long delay!"

She sank upon the turf, the flower she press'd
With lips that scarce return'd love's fancied kiss,
Ere death had breathed upon her lily breast,
And borne her stainless soul away to his.

Their grave is hallow'd by Affection's tears,
And pride intrudes not on their lowly rest;
There village maidens blend their vows and prayers,
To love as faithfully, and die as blest.

NIGHT.

BY F. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Night ! solitary night !
Sleep on the weary, pleasant dreams for wo,
On the worn heart a freshness and delight
Dost thou bestow :
Birds on the sheltering nest,
Young flowers unfolded to the dewy air,
And thought ascending to the worlds of rest,
Thy sway declare.
With thee a shadowy hand,
Rise like remember'd music on our tears,
And vanished hope, whose arch of promise span'd
The coming years.
Night ! solitary night !
Bards of undying fame and power are thine,
Shedding rich gleams of intellectual light
Around thy shrine :

Oh, how wert thou adored,
When the Chaldean read thy bright array,
And science through the starry maze explored
Her radiant way !
Awakener of high thought,
And passion struggling with the sordid earth !
By thee mankind are eloquently taught,
Their primal worth.
Night ! solitary night !
Immortal pages glowing with deep song,
And minds inspired, outwinging human flight,
To thee belong !

York, July, 1831.

SONNET.

A tender paleness stealing o'er her cheek
Veiled her sweet smile, as 'twere a passing cloud,
And such pure dignity of love avowed,
That in my eyes my full soul strove to speak.
Then knew I how the spirits of the blest,
Communion hold in heaven, so beamed serene
The pitying thought, by every eye unseen,
Save mine, wont ever on her charms to rest.
Each grace angelic, each meek glance humane,
That Love ere to his fairest votaries lent,
By this were deemed ungentle, cold disdain,
Her lovely looks in sadness downward bent,
In silence to my fancy, seemed to say,
Who calls my faithful friend so far away ?

PETRARCH.

W I N T E R.

Hail, deadly Winter, and thy faded leaf !
I love thee drear and gloomy as thou art !
Not joyful Spring, like thee can soften grief,
Nor gaudy Summer, soothe the aching heart.
But in thy cheerless, solitary bower,
Beneath the varied shade I love to lie,
When dusky Evening's melancholy hour,
With boding clouds, obscure the low'ring sky ;
And tuneless birds, and faded flowers appear
In grief to hang their heads, and mourn the parting year.

'Tis not the gloomy sky, the parting year ;
'Tis not gay Summer's cheerful reign I mourn ;
But absent friends, and ~~one~~ than life more dear,
And joys departed never to return ;
Oh gentle Hope, that 'mid Siberia's snows
Can cheer the wretched exile's ling'ring year ;
And where the Sun, on cursed oppression glows,
Can check the sigh, and wipe the falling tear !
Thy gentle care, thy succour I implore,
Oh, raise thy heavenly voice, and bid me weep no more
E.

UN FAINEANT.

BY CHARLES FITZGERALD, ESQ.

O mortal man that livest here by toil
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And Certes there is reason for it great ;
For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy stars, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THIS is a busy world, and repose was not made for man, except in his old age. Let philosophers, who know less of themselves than they do of the world, complain of the folly of mankind, in never being satisfied with the situation in which Providence hath placed them, and thus losing the present in the anticipation of the future. Let them sneer at their baffled hopes, when arriving at the summit they have been toiling for years to gain, they find it a barren

waste, dreary and desolate, unlike the peaceful vale below. Why is it that philosophers study to become wiser than they are, since the acquisition of knowledge no more leads to the happiness of themselves or others, than does the acquisition of wealth and honours ? It is, that they may become wiser than the rest of mankind, just as man labours for wealth that he may become richer and more powerful. In short, it is that they may be happier than they are ; happier than the rest of their fellow creatures. What a dead sea of a world would this be, if we all knew to a certainty that we were quite as happy as our neighbours ? All would then be at ease, and all equally miserable. But let my story exemplify my meaning.

I WAS born and brought up in the Castle of Indolence. My father was a philosopher in his way, for he hated the world, and despised his fellow creatures, for no other reason than I could ever learn, but that having toiled the best part of his life to get rich, and finding that his wealth added nothing to his happiness, he took it in dudgeon, and quarrelled outright with this "Mundane Terrene." I have heard that his first impulse towards money-making, was the hope of gaining a young lady who had long been the object of his affections, but who disliked his poverty more than she liked his person. He married her at last, but they had waited too long. My father was forty-five, and my mother only ten years younger. At these years it

requires a good deal of rubbing to smooth the asperities of old habits. The first disappointment of my father, was in finding that he had been labouring fifteen years to get a wife, who actually sometimes contradicted him, as he verily believed, without reason. What is the use of money, said he, if it don't make a man always right ? But though he was not exactly satisfied with his bargain, he loved my mother, and when she died, he was still more disappointed than at his marriage. He shut himself up in an old garret, where he continued to exist, and his money to accumulate, till I grew almost an old man myself, when he died, leaving me a fortune I knew not what to do with, any more than a child.

I WAS about twelve years old at the death of my mother, and more than thirty when my father died almost at the period of four score and ten. From the time he shut himself up in his garret, I became in some degree my own master in all things, except spending money, which, though my father despised, he yet hoarded with the devotion of a miser. He let me just do as I pleased, provided my bills did not amount to more than was absolutely necessary. I went to school, but only when and where I pleased ; I floated about with the wind and tide like a lazy ship at anchor ; I learned no profession ; I knew nothing of the business of this world, and I did nothing, except just what I pleased—I hated company—I hated study—I hated exercise—I hated noise—and above all, I hated trouble.

I read, it is true, a piece of a book here, and a piece there, and not unfrequently I had half a dozen works in hand at once, none of which I ever finished. So variable and fastidious was my appetite for books, that I sometimes spent whole mornings at the public library, without being able to select one to my satisfaction.

IF I had any decided taste, it was for drawing ; but this, like all my other propensities, was under the dominion of a busy idleness, that would not permit of any thing like a constant attention to one object, but led me by a sort of irresistible influence, from doing nothing in one place to doing nothing in another. Sometimes after sitting for hours, in a becalmed state in my room, I would suddenly seize my hat with an effort, and sally forth in a quick step, resolutely determined to do something I knew not what ; but before I got to the next corner my impulse evaporated ; I became again perfectly becalmed, and after stopping for a while to consider where under heaven I should go, quietly returned to my room again—again to meditate another sally. It can hardly be conceived, except by a kindred spirit, what delight it was for me to have any thing to do, that did not involve either labour or trouble, both which I received with a horror insurpassable. Nay, I could not bear to see any person hard at work ; and my bones imbibed the same sympathy with his labours, that those of Sancho Panza did

with the sore bruises his sage master received in his misadventure with the Yanguesian Carriers. It was a relief to me when my pencil wanted cutting—the honing of my razor was a perfect luxury—and helping my landlady to shell peas, the delight of my soul. But these could not last for ever ; my principal resources were to consider what I should do, to do nothing, and to whistle quick tunes to make myself believe I was in a great hurry. I formed a close intimacy with a middle-aged person who had left off business, and had much to do to live without it, for the sole purpose of having an antagonist at backgammon ; and we used to spend whole days in playing and disputing whether chance or skill had most to do in winning the game, taking different sides just as luck happened to be in favour of one or the other. This was a great relief to me while it lasted, but one day my antagonist gammoned me six times in succession. This was the most serious misfortune that had ever yet befallen me ; I fell into a violent passion ; and made so many bitter reflections on my antagonist for his confounded luck, that he put on his hat, left the room, and never played with me afterwards. He was an irreparable loss to me, being almost the only philosophically idle man of my acquaintance. After this I took to playing by myself, and was for a long time tolerably happy in always taking the winning hand against my old antagonist, who had the cruelty to gammon me six times running.

But use wears off the keen edge of pleasure, as it does of a knife, and I grew tired at last, even of being always on the winning side. Just at this time Providence threw a furious chess player in my way, which I look upon as the greatest blessing I ever received. He undertook to teach me, and I accepted his offer with gratitude. The game seemed made on purpose for me, producing, at first, exactly that gentle interest and excitement, so congenial to my wishes. It was delightful to have something to do. I sometimes passed hours in studying a move, while my antagonist sat with the patience of a hundred Jobs waiting for my decision, and cogitating his own. In process of time I had a perfect chess board delineated on my sensorium, and completely lost the tedium of too much leisure in playing games as I walked the streets, or sat smoking a cigar in my easy chair. While I considered myself a mere scholar, I suffered myself to be beaten with perfect docility ; but in process of time, as I began to fancy myself a proficient, and my whole soul was absorbed in the game, I did not bear a beating with so much philosophy. I began to be testy, and to revive my whole doctrine of chances, insisting upon it, that chance governed this as well as every other game. My master bore all this good humouredly, and even when I grew at length so irritable, as not to bear a defeat, he would slyly get up, open the door, and retire on the outside, before he

cried checkmate, for fear I should throw the chess board at his head. It is inconceivable what trifles will overcome a man who has no serious business in this world. It happened one hot summer's day, we got warmly engaged at a game, and had locked ourselves up, that we might remain undisturbed. It lasted eight hours, at the end of which my antagonist treacherously drew me into a stale mate, when I actually had the game in my power. Unfortunately his retreat was cut off by the door being locked ; the consequence was, that I discharged the chess board, men, castles, elephants and all, at his head, with so unlucky an aim, that it check-mated him flat on the floor. The result of this great move was a duel, which I honestly confess was one of the most pleasant events of my life, I had something to do, and something to fear, and the excitement roused me into something akin to actual enjoyment. We exchanged shots without effect, I apologized, and so the affair ended. I invited him to renew our game, but he shook his head, and good humouredly observed, that much as he loved chess, he feared broken heads and bullets more. The story took wind, nobody would venture to play chess with me after this, and thus I lost my main chance for killing time.

“ Too much care will turn a young man grey,” as the old song says, and too little is as bad as too much. For want of something else to think about I

began to think wholly of myself. I grew to be exceedingly tenacious of my health, my accommodations, my raiment and my food. I ate much, walked little, slept enormously, and got the dyspepsia. Having nothing extraneous to love, or to call forth my affections, or excite my ardent hopes and fears, I concentrated them all upon myself. The object of our exclusive love is ever the focus of all our solitudes, and never fails to call up fears, whether real or imaginary. I had now reached the high hill of life, and was beginning to descend. The little changes of feeling, the slight stiffness of the joints, the impaired activity of the limbs, and the waning vivacity of the whole system, which mark this epoch in the life of man, struck me with dismay. I had nothing else for my mind to prey upon, and it fed upon that with the avidity of a diseased appetite. I consulted a doctor, and that did my business. A dose will convince a man he is sick, if he only imagined it before. No physician, who knows his business, will take a fee without giving a prescription in exchange; for a good workman knows how to make business. However, mine turned out a pretty honest fellow. Finding after a twelvemonth, that I complained worse than ever, he advised me to take exercise, eat sparingly, and ride a hard trotting horse. "A hard trotting horse!" exclaimed I in inexpressible horror, "I'd as soon ride a race through the city of Gotham." "Very well, then get married; there is nothing like real evils

to banish imaginary ones, and matrimony is a sovereign cure." "The remedy is worse than the disease," replied I, and left him in condign despair.

THE horrors of a life of perfect ease now crowded thickly upon me, and I became the most miserable of all miserable men, that having nothing to trouble them I grew fat, lethargic, and was teased with a perpetual desire to eat. I ate, still eating became a burden ; and slept, till sleep was little better than a night-mare, bringing all the horrors of indigestion in her train. I rolled from side to side, I tried to find a soft place in the bed, I rubbed my feet and hands together to restore the circulation of my blood, and tried to think about something to relieve my mind from vague and indefinable horrors. But what can a man think about who has nothing to trouble him but himself ? I became at last unwilling, or more truly, afraid, to go to bed, lest I should be hag-ridden, and quarrelled with my fellow-boarders, who, having something to do by day, could not afford to sit up with me all night. The consequence of this loss of rest was, that when I sat still a few minutes during the day, I was sure to fall asleep in my chair. One warm day in the month of July, was the crisis of my fate, when having taken a huge walk of half a mile to see a picture of Leslie's, I returned overwhelmed with lassitude, and fell asleep in my chair. When I awoke I found a piece of paper pinned to my sleeve, on which I read the following lines :—

They say Tom is dead, but the truth I deny,
So cease all his friends to be grieved,
How can it be said that a man can quite die,
Who ne'er in his life has quite lived ?

I never knew who played me this trick, but I shall ever
feel grateful for the lesson, severe as it was ;—

“ What Diomed, nor Thetis' greater son
A thousand ships, nor ten years siege had done,”

this well-timed sarcasm achieved. It mortified my pride : it roused my anger ; it inflamed my vanity ; in short, it created a turmoil, a complete bouversement in my system ; the atoms were set in motion, the waters had broken loose, nature was convulsed, and subsided into a newly-constituted world. I started up with a degree of energy, unknown for many a year ; I paced the room with unnatural activity, and asked myself if it were possible, that I had passed forty years of my life without quite living ; that I had been thus far a burden to myself, useless to the world, and an object of laughter to my companions. The struggle was a painful one, and put me into a fine perspiration, but I felt all the better for it. That night I had something to think of except my aches and infirmities, and the night-mare eschewed my couch. I made up my mind to begin the world anew, and falling fast asleep, did not awake till the broad beams of morning darted into my windows. I made an unheard of effort, and getting

up, dressed myself, and was actually down stairs before breakfast was over—whereupon they predicted an earthquake. From this day I resolved to do something, and be useful. “I’ll let them see,” quoth I, “I can quite live as well as other people. I will qualify myself to defend my country; there is a speck of war in the horizon, and every citizen ought to be prepared.” I enrolled myself in a volunteer corps, the captain of which having a mistress in a distant part of the town, always marched us home that way after every turn out, which was every day. The reader may possibly form some remote conception of what I underwent in the service of my Country, though he can never realize the extent of my sufferings. Conceive the idea of a man of my habits, carrying a musket of fourteen pounds three hours before breakfast, and marching through thick and thin, mud, dirt, and glory, three miles to pass muster before Dulcinea’s windows. I felt inclined to mutiny, and certainly broke the articles of war three times a day, by privately wishing my captain and his lady as well married as any couple could possibly be. But the recollection of the man that never in his life had quite lived, caused me to swear on the altar of patriotism, that I would carry arms till the speck of war was removed, though I plunged up to the neck in mud, before the windows of the beautiful damsel. I continued, therefore, to trudge right gallantly up one street and down another, with my musket that seemed

like the world on the shoulders of Atlas, solacing myself, by privately cursing the captain for leading us every day such a dance. Fatigue and vexation combined, however, worked a surprising effect upon me ; I could sleep comfortably at night, I felt no inclination to sleep during the day. I enjoyed my dinner with wonderful gusto, and began to hold the night-mare, and the dyspepsia, in defiance. In process of time the speck of war disappeared from the horizon. Our company laid down its arms, and I was in great danger of backsliding, having declined an invitation to become a corporal of artillery ; but whenever I found myself relapsing into my old habits, I unlocked my secretary, took out the mischievous epigram, and felt myself inspired to mind my own business, ride a hard trotting horse, get married, or any other deed of daring.

I DETERMINED to take the management of my property into my own hands, and attend to my own affairs, which I had hitherto intrusted to the management of a man who had, I believe, been pretty reasonable in not cheating me out of more than was sufficient to provide for himself and family. I went to him, and desired a statement of my accounts, with a degree of trepidation that gave me the heart-burn. The man looked at me with equal dismay. Never were two people more frightened ; I at the thought of gaining trouble, and he of losing profit. Finding me, however, peremptory, he in a few days presented me with a

statement of his accounts, which exhibited a balance against me of a couple of thousands. I puzzled me how this could be ; but it would have puzzled me ten thousand times more to find it out. I thought of applying to some experienced friend to examine into the affair ; but I had no such friend, and to trust to a stranger, was to incur the risk of still greater impositions. Accordingly, I paid the money, glad to get off so well, and resolved hereafter to trust only to myself, even though I should be cheated every day. No one knows the trouble I had from misunderstanding my affairs, or the losses I sustained in consequence of my utter ignorance of the most common transaction of business, and the inevitable suspicions consequent upon it. I did not know what to do with my money, or how to invest it securely. And began seriously to contemplate buying an iron chest, and hoarding in imitation of my father. However, I blundered on daily diminishing my property by mismanagement, and fretting over my losses. All this time, I was consoled, however, by the gradual improvement of my health and spirits. My thoughts ceased, by degrees, to prey upon myself, and were drawn off to my affairs. I became busy, brisk, and lively. I defied the night-mare and all her works. I begun to relish ease at proper intervals, and in spite of all the troubles and vexations of business, I was ten times better off than when I had nothing on the face of the earth to trouble me—but myself. I be-

gan to comprehend the possibility of a man, without any thing to vex him, being the most miserable being on earth.

CHEERED by this unexpected result of a little salutary vexation, I went on with renewed zeal, and took courage to add to a little troubling of the spirit, a little shaking of the body. I actually purchased a horse, and trotted right valliantly among the dandy equestrians, very little at first to the recreation of mind or body, for nothing could equal the aching of my bones but the mortification of my spirit, in seeing, as I fancied, every body laughing at my riding. I should have observed that it was this natural shyness, which formed a part of my character, that always stood in the way of my exertions. It kept me from going into company, from the never-to-be forgotten night, when, being seduced into a tea-party, I got well nigh roasted for want of sufficient intrepidity to change my position by crossing the room. It prevented my taking refuge in the excitement of dress; for I never put on a new coat that I did not feel as if I had got into a strait-waistcoat, and keep clear of all my acquaintance, lest they should think I wanted to exhibit my finery. In short, I was too bashful for a beau, too timid for a sportsman, too proud for a politician, and thus I escaped the temptations of the town, more from a peculiarity of disposition, than from precept or example.

I THINK I have somewhere read—that the pride

of man waxed exceeding great, from the moment He had subjected the horse to his dominion. It certainly is a triumph to sit on such a noble animal, tamed perfectly to our will, and to govern his gigantic strength and fiery mettle with silken rein, or a whispered aspiration. It strengthens the nerves and emboldens the spirits, at least it did mine. By degrees, as I began to be accustomed to the saddle, the pains in my bones subsided, and feeling myself easy, I no longer suspected people of laughing at my awkwardness. In the Spring and Summer seasons I was out into the country to see the sun rise, and in the winter I galloped in the very teeth of the North-west wind, till I defied Jack Frost, and snap my fingers at the freezing point. My health daily improved—my spirits expanded their wings, and fluttered like birds released from their cages—and my nerves were actually braced up to the trial of looking a woman full in the face, an enormity I was never capable of before. Between my vexations in managing my business, and my rides on horseback, I was a new man.

STILL there were intervals in which my old infirmity of sitting becalmed at home, doing nothing, would come over me like a spider's web, and condemn me to my chair as if by enchantment. These relapses were terrible, and discouraged me beyond measure, for I began to fear that I should never be radically cured. Sitting thus stultified, one evening, I was startled by a smart slap on my shoulder, and a hearty exclamation

of, "what Tom, at your old tricks—hey!—giving audience to the blues." This was spoken by a merry, careless fellow, who was always full of what the world calls troubles, and who every body said, was to be pitied, because he had a wife and twelve children, and was not worth a groat. But he belied the world and his destiny to boot, was always as busy as a bee by day, and as merry as a lark in the evening, and the more children he had the blither was he. Nature had decreed he should be a happy man; and fortune had co-operated with her in making him poor. "Come," said he, "what are you sitting here for biting your lips, and eating up your own soul, for want of something else. Why don't you sally out somewhere, and do something?" "What can I do—and where shall I go—I know nobody abroad—and have no ties at home—no fire-side to cheer me of evenings." "Why, become either a beau bachelor, or get married at once, which is better."

"MARRIED! pshaw."

"AYE, married—if your wife turns out a scold that is all you want. You will then have a motive for going abroad. If she is amiable, that is still better—then you will have a motive for staying at home."

"FAITH, there is something in that." "Something!—it is wisdom in a nut-shell. There is more philosophy in it than in three hundred folios."

"WELL, if I thought ——."

"THOUGHT! never think of it at all—you have

been all your life thinking to no purpose—it is time for you to act now. Hav'nt I proved that you must be a gainer either way?"

"WELL—well—I believe—I think—I'll think of it."

"THINK of a fiddlestick. Do you think a man is the better prepared for a cold bath, by standing half an hour shivering on the brink? No—no—fall in love extempore; you have no time to study characters—and if you had, do you think a man is the wiser for studying a riddle he is destined never to find out? Mark what the Poet says."

"Love is no child of time, unless it be
The offspring of a moment—O, true love
Requires no blowing of the lingering spark,
To light it to a wild consuming flame.
To linger on through years of sighing dolours,
To write, to reason, to persuade, to worry
Some cold heart into something like an ague—
An icy shivering fit—this is not love;
'Tis habit, friendship, such as that we feel
For some old tree because we've known it long—
No, Tom—all this is but to put the heart at nurse,
Or send it like a lazy school-boy forth
Unwillingly to learn his A B C,
Under some grey-beard, flogging pedagogue.
Time's office is to throw cold water on,
Not feed the flame with oil."

"AND you have been married thirteen years?"

“ Yes, and have twelve children, yet I can talk of love—aye, and feel it too. Come, I have a little party at home this evening ; come—see—and be conquered.”

“ WELL,” said I, starting up, “ wait till I make myself a little amiable.”

“ No—no—I know you of old. If you once have time to consider you’ll get becalmed. Now or never—this is the crisis of thy fate.”

RIDING on horseback had made me bold, and I suffered myself to be carried off to the party by my merry friend ; who predicted fifty times by the way, that I would be married in less than three weeks. It was fortunate the distance was small, or my courage would have oozed out of the palms of my hands, before we arrived. My friend hurried me on, talking all the way, without giving me time to think, so that I was in the middle of his little drawing room, before I could collect sufficient courage to run away. I made my bow to the lady, sat down as far as I could from all the ladies in the room, and felt—nobody can describe what a bashful man feels in such a situation. I fancied every laugh levelled directly at me, and because I felt strange myself, believed that every body considered me a stranger. Luckily there was no fire in the room, or I should have undergone a second roasting, for I am of opinion, if an earthquake had happened, I could not have found the use of my legs sufficiently to run out of the room, unless it had previously been deserted by

the awful assemblage. The recollection of this horrible probation, even at this distance of time, makes me shudder. Had I an enemy in the world, which I hope I have not, all the harm I wish him would be to be cursed with that sensitive bashfulness, the offspring of pride and timidity, which, while it makes one think himself an object of universal attention, conveys an irresistible impression that he is some way or other ridiculous. How often have I envied those whom I saw sailing about the ladies, and laughing, chatting, or flirting, with as little apprehension as a moth flutters round a candle. I would have bartered every grain of sense I had in the world for just as much confidence as would have emboldened me to pick up a lady's fan, or sweeten her tea.

I HAD remained in this situation just long enough to get into an agony of perspiration, when my good friend came over to me, with a request to introduce me to a lady, who sat on the opposite side of the room. I made fifty excuses, but all would not do ; he had told her of his intention, and it would look rude for me to decline. Despair, for I verily believe it was nothing else, gave me sufficient strength to rise from my chair ; my friend led me up to the lady, introduced me, pointed to a chair next her, and left me to my fate. My hands shook, my forehead became wet with a cold dew, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and a roaring in my ears announced that commotion of the nervous

system, which always foretells the approach of a nightmare. I attempted to speak, with as little success as I had often had in trying to call for help in my sleep, when under the dominion of that foul fiend. Our eyes at length happened to meet, and there was something in a little mischievous smile that sparkled in her eye, and played in the corner of her lip, that called to mind a vision I thought I remembered to have seen before. "I believe you do not recollect me Mr. Roebuck," said a voice that made me almost jump from my chair, though it was as low, and as sweet, as a distant wood dove. I have heard men extolled for marching up to the mouth of a loaded cannon without flinching; but no well authenticated instance of heroism, in my opinion, ever came up to that I exhibited on this memorable occasion, when I answered, in a voice that I almost think was audible, looking her in the face the while. "Indeed I have not that honour madam." The effort was decisive, my hands became steady, my forehead resumed its natural warmth, the roaring in my ears gradually subsided, my pulse beat healthfully, and my nerves settled down into something like self-possession. My neighbour followed up my reply, by reminding me that we had been at school together a long while ago—though I recollected she was much younger than myself—spoke of many little kindnesses I had done her at that time, and how vain she was of being the pet, of not only the biggest, but the handsomest

boy in the school. "You are much altered," said she, "and so am I—but I recollected you, as soon as you came into the room. I was determined to renew our acquaintance, and to make the first advances—for I remember you used to be a shy boy." "Yes," said I, "and I am a shy man to my sorrow; but I can still feel delighted at meeting my little favourite again, in the shape of a fine woman." I seized her hand, and squeezed it so emphatically that she blushed, and smiled mischievously, as I continued begging her pardon for not recollecting her, and apologizing for being such a shy fellow.

THE recollection of past times, and youthful days, the meeting of old friends, and the recalling of early scenes and attachments, come over the heart of man, as the Spring comes over the face of Nature—waking the early songsters, touching the little birds and blades of grass with her magic wand into sensation, and putting the whole vivifying principle of expansion, growth, warmth, life, love, and beauty, into sprightly and exulting activity. As the ice-bound brook signalizes its release from the cold, rigid, inflexible chain of Winter by its eternal murmurs, so did I my enfranchisement from the tongue-tied demon of silent stupidity, by an overflow of eloquence, such as alarmed my very self. I revelled in the recollections of the past; a dawning intimation of the future danced before my wakened fancy, distant, obscure, and beautiful.

I talked like a Cicero of congress, whose whole year's stock of eloquence, has been frozen up by a Lapland winter, and suddenly set going by a spring thaw—lamented my shyness—and again shook her hand most emphatically, to corroborate my assertion, that I was the most bashful man in the world. I think I may truly affirm, that I enjoyed more of actual existence in one hour after this recognition, than I had for the last fifteen years, and was swimming in the very bosom of Elysium, when, happening to look towards my merry friend I caught him in the very act of laughing at me most inordinately. O reader, if thou art peradventure a bashful man, or a bashful woman, thou canst tell what it is to have the cold water of a mischievous laugh thrown upon the warm embers of a newly-awakened sentiment just lighting into a blaze. Like the traveller of the Swiss valleys, thou wilt find thyself, in one single moment, at one single step, transported from the region of flowers, fruits, and herbage, to the region of eternal ice—from the glowing embraces of laughing Spring, to the withering grasp of frowning Winter. I was struck dumb “and word spake never more” that night. My little school-mate, finding she could get nothing more out of me, changed her seat, and left me alone, lost in the silent wilderness of stupefaction, where I remained, to see, as I thought, my host and the lady, making themselves right merry at my expense. I thought I could tell by the motion

of their lips that they were talking of me ; every word was a dagger, and every look a winged arrow tipt with poison. People may talk of the rack, the knout, the stake, the bed of Procrustes, and the vulture of Prometheus, but all these are nothing compared to the agonies of a sensitive bashful man, when he thinks himself an object of ridicule.

WITH an effort, such as I never made before, and never shall again, I got up from my chair, made my bow, and rushed out of the room in a paroxysm of wounded sensibility and unappeasable wrath. The next day my merry, pleasant friend came to see me, and inquire how I liked his party, and what I thought of my little school-mate. I was grim—horribly grim, mysterious, and incomprehensible ; I was too proud to acknowledge my wounds, or to do any thing more than hint at her being a giggling thing, I could not bear to see a woman always laughing, nor old friends that took such liberties with people, as some people did. “ Hey-day ! ” cried my merry friend, “ which way does that perverse weathercock of thine point now ? What is the matter with the ‘ shy gentleman ’—hey ? ” “ There, there ! I knew it, I knew how it was—I’m not quite so blind as some people think me—I’m not deaf.”

“ No, nor dumb either, faith—I’ll say that for you friend Thomas, you talked last night for the next hundred years. But how do you like my cousin ? she has done nothing but speak of you this morning.”

"YES—and she did nothing but laugh at me last night." Out it came; I could hold no longer.

"LAUGH at you, ; with you, you mean ; why, you were the merriest couple in the room."

' EXCEPT yourselves, after she left me."

"WELL, what if we did laugh—you can't expect to have all the laughing to yourself."

"O NO—by no means—not I ; you may laugh till doomsday ; only I wish you would find somebody else to laugh at."

"SOMEBODY else ! Why, what do you mean, Tom ?"

"WHY Sir—I mean that you were laughing at me, from the moment she left my side," cried I, stalking about the room in great wrath.

"No such thing upon my serious honour ; we should both scorn such ill manners, and particularly towards you. She was describing the airs and affectation of a party of fashionable upstarts she met in the steam-boat, returning from the great northern tour."

"WHAT did you keep looking at me every now and then for ?"

"She was comparing you with what you were at school, and saying how little you were altered, except for the better."

"Now Harry, upon your honour, remember."

UPON my honour then, this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—except indeed ——"

“ EXCEPT what ?”

“ EXCEPT that she expressed her pleasure at again meeting you, and her hope that she should see you often. What say you to paying her a morning visit—hey ?”

“ WITH all my heart, for she’s a charming creature.” I repeated my visits day after day, till I began to feel quite easy in the society of my little school-fellow, who gained vastly in my good graces ever since I heard she thought me so much altered for the better. I remembered at our first interview, she told me how proud she was in being the favourite of the biggest and handsomest boy in the school ; and if I were more handsome now than then, I concluded, much to my satisfaction, I must be a tolerably good looking fellow. A woman who can make a shy, awkward man once feel easy in her company, can do any thing with him. But if she can add to this, the miracle of making him satisfied with himself, his happiness and devotion will be complete. From feeling perfectly easy in her society, I soon began to be very uneasy. I began to be in love, and a shy man in love is as great a torment to a woman as he is to himself, if she care any thing about him. I certainly was something of an original in my amour ; for while I used as much pains to hide, as others do to display their love, I took it into my head that the lady ought to behave as if I were an accepted lover, and eschew all the rest of mankind. I was affronted

with her three times a week, for some imaginary display of indifference; became inordinately jealous; and I honestly confess, played such capricious pranks, that, had she not been the best tempered creature in the world, she would have forbidden me her presence. Yet she treated me with a charming indulgence, humoured my follies, and forgave my insolent irritability sooner than I could forgive myself. Three several times I vowed to myself I would confess my love, and ask her hand, and as often did the fates interpose to prevent me—once in the shape of a rainy day, which I thought a good excuse for delay; once in the likeness in the hole of 'my silk stocking, which I observed just as I was on the point of knocking at the door, and which so damped my spirits that I turned about and went home disconsolate; and a third time in the semblance of one of those worthy persons, who lend their wits to such as have money, and let them into the secret of turning it to the best advantage. He propounded to me a speculation, by which a fortune would be made, as certain as fate, in three months at farthest.

To tell my readers a secret, the management of my property, although of great advantage to my health, had redounded very little to the credit of my sagacity, or the benefit of my purse. Knowing nothing of business myself, I took the advice of as many people as I could, remembering that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety. Some how or other it happened,

however, that though the advice was always good when it was given, it turned out always bad in the end, owing to those unexpected revolutions, with which Providence so often shames human sagacity, as if in scorn of the puny prophets, who pretend to say what will happen to-morrow. By degrees these repeated losses impaired my fortune not a little ; but I did not mind, indeed I was rather rejoiced, as these occasional rubs roused me into a wholesome vexation, that kept me from that stagnant state of mind, which I dreaded above all things. It was not until I fell in love, and felt the want of that delightful confidence, which a full purse gives to the animal man in time of sore tribulation, that I found reason to regret the diminution of my fortune. But now, when I fancied it stood in the way of my becoming worthy the hand of my lady love, I often pondered on the means of retrieving my losses, and this hint of a speculation effectually arrested my attention. Without being too particular, suffice it to say, that I yielded to the gentleman's infallible prognostics ; I laid out nearly the whole of my fortune in a wool speculation, and my friendly adviser declined taking a share in the profits, being content with his commissions on the purchase.

I HAD now ample employment between the perplexities of love and the anticipations of money, and settled in my own mind, that the realizing of the latter should put an end to the fears and hopes of the former.

I continued my visits to the lady, but made no actual demonstrations, except by looks and actions, until news arrived of the fall of wool, and the consequent downfall of all my towering hopes. I lost the best part of what remained of my property ; and a fit of shyness came over me, that effectually prevented me from making my purposed declaration, even if I had been ever so anxious. But I had lost both the intrepidity and the inclination, and considered I had now so little fortune remaining, that it would not only be imprudent, but presumptuous, to expect a favourable reception to a proposal of this nature. I shut myself up in my room, and was miserable ; but strange to say, not half so miserable as when I had nothing to trouble me. I neither thought of myself nor my infirmities, real or imaginary ; but I thought of my lady love so intently that I forgot myself, and what is very remarkable, never had the nightmare during the whole period of my seclusion. Neither did my time hang dead about my neck like a millstone as it did when I was so perfectly free from all care and all employment. In short, I had something to think of, and that is the next best thing to have something to do.

ONE day my merry old friend came to see me. " What has become of you this age," said he, " and what is the matter, that we have not seen you lately ? My cousin has inquired about you several times ; so I came to see if you were becalmed, according to custom

—or sick—or sulky—or—but what ails you?” looking at my wo-begone countenance.

“ I AM as poor as a rat.”

“ So much the better ; you have all your life been suffering the penalty of riches, and now you will be good for something. But how ?”

“ A WOOL speculation !” said I, shrugging my shoulders.

“ Is all gone ?”

“ NOT quite—I have a few thousands left.”

“ So much the better ; you shall marry my cousin, and we will join stocks together as merchants. You shall furnish the capital, and I’ll manage it.”

“ I marry your cousin ! when I was rich I had some hopes—now I have none. I mean to go to Missouri.”

“ Go to —, but I say you shall marry my cousin—that is to say, if you love her ?”

“ I do, most truly—with all the ardour of youth, and all the steadiness of an old bachelor. And yet I will not marry her, even if she is willing.”

“ No—why ?”

“ SHE has twice the merit—twice the fortune—and a hundred times the beauty I have ; the balance would be all on one side.”

“ VERY well, we shall see,” answered he, and away he went, leaving me in a flutter of timidity and hope. This is not intended for a love tale, I shall

therefore hurry over this part of my story. It is sufficient to say, that my little school-mate behaved nobly. I went to see her. "You would have bestowed your fortune upon me when you were rich—I will bestow mine upon you now you are poor. True, it is but little—but I will make it up in prudence and affection." We married, and I entered into trade with my active merry friend.

FOR some years we toiled through the vexatious routine of bargain and sale, buying and selling, and not making much for our pains. In the mean time a little flock of boys and girls sprung up about me, and like the fresh brooks and fountains, which attract the roots of the old trees that lack refreshing moisture, called off my gnawing anxieties, and carking cares, towards objects that excited a more wholesome, gentle, nay, delightful solicitude. Toil, exertion, and economy, became pleasures, because I had somebody to strive for; and I felt myself every day gaining courage, confidence, strength, and hilarity, in the busy scuffle I was engaged in. I can safely say, that during the whole of this period of delightful anxieties, I never once imagined myself sick; I had no more heart-beatings and heart-burnings—no tremblings, trepidations, and cold perspirations—nor was I once ridden by my old enemy, the night-mare. When the cares of the day were past, I could sit down and enjoy the refreshment of ease; and it was delightful, after the keen encounters

of skill, sagacity, and bargaining which occupied the day, to open my heart among those I could trust with my whole soul, and rely upon with the faith of a martyr.

By degrees, owing to the good management of my partner, and something to my own care and attention, fortune began to smile upon us, and our acquisitions gradually exceeded all our wants. Every year now adds to the means of educating our children well, and leaving them a competence when I shall be no more. In short, my tale is at an end, and its moral completed. I am now happy in my wife—happy in my children; I have excellent health; am almost as gay as my merry partner and friend; and have no fear except that of getting so rich that I shall be tempted to retire from business, before I am old enough to enjoy a life of ease.

NOTE.—It may be necessary to state that although this tale has undergone several alterations, it lays all claim to originality.—ED.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA.

BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

Laura, their threefold wreath the Graces three,
Of triple force to charm, have twined for thee :
This moulds thy form ; *that* breathes persuasion's power ;
The *third* bestows expression as thy dower.
Thrice blest—whose face the boon of Venus proves,
Whose voice Persuasion's, and whose figure Love's !
MELEAGER.

Thy speaking eyes, the meshes of thy hair,
Thy dazzling hue—to limn what hand may dare ?
He, he alone, who heaven's bright arch can trace,
May paint the radiant wonder of thy face.
PAUL. SILENT.

CHARADE.

Meet me, dear lassie, by the spring,
Whence flows the burn sae clear,
My First's tumultuous murmuring
Sae late ye winna hear—

For while my Second decks the flowers,
Our trysting, love, must be :
In the sweetest of the evening hours
I fain wad speak with thee.

And oh ! my Whole ye need na fear
Would taint thy maiden fame ;
For wha, that holds his life-blude dear,
Wad dare to doubt the Græme ?

A.

THE FIRST LEAF OF A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

What thoughts, beyond the reach of thought
To guess what they may be,
Shall in succession here be brought,
From depths no eye can see !

Those thoughts are now upon their way,
Like rays from stars unseen,
Though ere they reach us many a day,
And year, may intervene.

Thoughts, which shall spring in friendships breast,
Or genius touch with fire ;
Thoughts, which good angels may suggest,
Or God himself inspire.

Such o'er these pages pure and white,
By many a willing hand,
Be writ in characters of light,
And here unfading stand.

That she who owns the Book may find,
Reveal'd in every part,
The trace of some ingenuous mind,
The love of some warm heart.

J. MONTGOMERY, Esq.

Sheffield, August, 1831.

SONNET.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, ESQ.

There are three things which fill my heart with sighs,
And steep my soul in laughter (when I view
Fair maiden-forms moving like melodies)
Dimples, roselips, and eyes of any hue.
There are three things beneath the blessed skies
For which I live, black eyes and brown and blue :
I hold them all most dear, but oh ! black eyes,
I live and die, and only die for you.
Of late such eyes looked at me—while I mused,
At sunset, underneath a shadowy plane.
In old Bayona nigh the southern sea—
From an half-open lattice looked at *me*.
I saw no more—only those eyes—confused
And dazzled to the heart with glorious pain.

London, September 20th, 1831.

"ECCE QUAM BONUM!"

133rd PSALM.

BY WM. HENRY BROOKFIELD,

Trinity College, Cambridge.

Oh ! sweet is the hour upon Hermon's Hill
On its balmy side when the wind is still,
And the perfume is wafting from flowers that blush
On the brink of its holy fountain's gush ;
When the young Gazelle and the silver Dove
Are symboling meetly its joy and love,
And the beauty and gladness around ye tell
'Tis a Hill where it pleaseth God to dwell.

But a goodlier time is on Hermon's Hill
When at eve the odour'd dews distil,
And curling down from his loftier crest
Sink gently on Sion's sister breast ;

When her parch'd lips drink from those draughts anew
The life that was going with her verdure's hue,
And once more her uplifting leaves confess
That holy distilment's blessedness.

And rare is the nard where the Calamus sweet,
Oil-Olive, Myrrh, Cassia and Cinnamon meet,
From all common things so pure and free
That whate'er it may touch shall hallow'd be.—
But costlier far was the incense pour'd
By the Penitent on her Redeeming Lord,
That in sign of unmeasur'd love's intent
O'er the folds of his seamless vesture went.

But a lovelier sight than the richness dim
Of the dews exchang'd upon Hermonim,
Is the tear that glistens in Friendship's eye
When the heart of another is scorch'd and dry.—
Oh still let the little vales rejoice,
And the folds refresh'd have a laughing voice !
They're but emblems of Sympathy's mightier part
O'ergreening anew that wither'd heart.

And lovelier too than the incense rare
By the Penitent pour'd upon Jesu's hair,

K

And that over his seamless vesture went,
Is when kindred hearts are together blent;—
And whate'er of joy from one Faith may spring,
Or that Hopes in common unite to bring,
Or that Charity, greater than all, may bestow,
O'er Friendship's unparted mantle flow.

And He that hath bidden his blessing rest
For aye on the mountain's dewy breast ;
And He that approv'd the oil that fell
From the hands of her who had lov'd so well ;
And He whose eye for his friend was dim
When they murmur'd around—“ How He loved him !”—
Think ye He shall not smile to see
Brothers and sisters in unity !

"FORGET ME NOT."

BY F. G. HALLECK.

Where flows the fountain silently,
It blooms a lovely flower,
Blue as the beauty of the sky,
And speaks like kind fidelity,
Through fortune's sun and shower—
"Forget me not."

'Tis like thy starry eyes, more bright
Than evening's proudest star,
Like purity's own halo light
It seems to smile upon thy sight,
And says to thee from far—
"Forget me not."

When by the lonely fount we meet,
And weep so soon to part,
That flower springs up beneath our feet,
And sighs, as if it will'd to greet
A kindred broken heart—
“ Forget me not.”

Each dew drop on its morning leaves
Is eloquent as tears,
That whisper, when young passion grieves
For one beloved afar, and weaves
His dream of hopes and fears—
“ Forget me not.”

ODE TO THE NEAPOLITANS.

BY THE REV. R. W. HAMILTON.

These lines were composed while the Nation invoked seemed
worthy of that Freedom for which too undeniably it has shewn itself
hitherto but ill-prepared.

Rouse, Patriot Nation, rouse!
The fell Oppressor's near :
High swell your Holy Vows,
Loud clang your battle gear !

Sacred to art your soil,
Soon with the mightier brave
Back shall the foe recoil,
Or find a blighted grave.

'Tis Freedom asks your aid,
And summons to the field,—
Her weapon is your blade !
Your heart her living shield.

She shines in classic story,—
The Genius of your Realm,
Inspired in awful glory,
Or armed with spear and helm.

On, on then to the strife,
Libations pour of blood,
And Offerings pay of life,
Where erst the Goddess stood !

For Nature sure befriends,
Ye need not pile the shrine ;
See one that never bends,
The lofty Appennine.

Ye need not incense waft,
The deep cloud's spiral vest,
Waves like a wreath aloft
Around its solemn crest !

Ye need not feed the blaze
Of lambent Votive Fire,
A vestal sunlight plays,
The cone of Heaven's pyre !

Haste ! o'er the altar lean
When earth and sky agree,
And solemn as the scene
Swear, swear you will be free !

And long as it shall swell,
That monumental mount
Your pillar'd fame shall tell,
Your noble deeds recount.

Love peace if tyrants will,—
Mild as yon Olive grows ;
But if not, sweep on still
Fierce as yon Lava glows.

Each riven pass command
Where the first shock awaits,
Fall ye ? a Spartan band
Hallows those martyr straits !

Leeds, 1831.

MISSIONS.

Light for the dreary vales
Of ice-bound Labrador !
Where the frost king breathes on the slippery sails,
And the mariner wakes no more ;
Lift high the lamp that never fails,
To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child !
An outcast though he be,
From the haunts where the Sun of his childhood smil'd,
And the Country of the free ;
Pour the hope of Heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what home on earth has he ?

Light for the hills of Greece !
Light for that trampled clime
Where the rage of the Spoiler refused to cease
Ere it wrecked the boast of time ;
If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,
Can ye grudge your boon sublime ?

Light on the Hindoo shed !

On the maddening idol-train,
The flame of the Suttee is dire and red,
And the Fakir faints with pain,
And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
By the Ganges lav'd in vain.

Light for the Persian sky !

The Sophi's wisdom fades,
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
Armour when death invades ;
Hark !—Hark ! 'tis the sainted Martyr's sigh
From Arrarat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales !

For the islands of the sea !
For the coast where the slave-ship fills it sails
With sighs of agony,
And her kidnapp'd babes the mother wails,
'Neath the lone Banana tree.

Light for the Ancient Race

Exil'd from Zion's rest !
Homeless they roam from place to place,
Benighted and opprest,
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base,
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darken'd earth !

Ye Blest its beams who shed,

Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,

Till wherever the footstep of man doth tread,

Salvation's banner spread broadly forth

Shall guild the dream of the cradle bed,

And clear the tomb

From its lingering gloom

For the aged to rest his weary head.

THE FIRST TEAR.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

Ah, why to my too feeling mind
Is this thy native place so dear,
As if it had some chain to bind
In lasting links my being here ?

I need not ask ! 'twas this calm scene
Witnessed ere yet a stranger ! I
Had mingled with tumultuous men
My purest grief—my purest joy.

For 'twas this spot on my young cheek
That saw the first emotion rise,
That saw its little woe to speak
The first tear dim my infant eyes.

VISIONS OF YOUTH.

“ The music we were wont to love, in days of bliss gone by,
In after years the soul can move almost to agony.”

There was a strain I dearly loved,
In boyhood's happy hours ;
Amid youth's joyousness, I proved
Its fascinating powers ;
It was a witching melody,
Like the music of a dream ;
As sadly sweet as minstrelsy
Comes o'er a summer stream.

But when the smiling years flew by,
And cares came thronging on ;
When life look'd on a clouded sky,
Where not a sunbeam shone ;

Ah ! then the warblings of that song,
With deeper thrillings came ;
For they waken'd memories hoarded long,
And breathed of a treasured name.

Within my breast still lingering,
Those hallow'd visions dwell ;
As mournful echoes fondly cling
Around the minster bell ;
The sabbath vesper-chime will cease,
Its sound be hush'd at last ;
But ne'er will come my bosom's peace,
Till I forget the past.

This heart—this care-worn heart of mine,
Responds that melting strain ;
As Æolian strings at day's decline,
To night winds wake again ;
The heart will sigh to Zephyr's kiss,
Till all its chords decay ;
And that song will call back thoughts of bliss,
Till Memory fades away !

E.

EMBLEMS OF LIFE.

I've seen upon the gliding stream
The floating bubble pass away ;
I've seen the Sun's resplendent beam
Receding from the busy day.

I've seen the meteor's transient blaze
A moment cheer the vault of night ;
Then suddenly its brilliant rays
Have vanish'd from my wondering sight.

I've seen from yonder towering oak
The circling leaf untimely fall,
And, sever'd by a sudden stroke,
Aloud to every mortal call.

I've seen upon the flowery field
The grass that wav'd its lengthen'd blade,
And to the scythe I've seen it yield,
And all its verdant beauty fade.

I've seen, amid the garden's pride,
The blushing Rose's lovely bloom
Nipt by the blast—it droop'd and died,
Thus meeting Nature's general doom.

I've seen the vapour's lambent light
Impatient flit along the plain,
Then mingling with the gloom of night
Pass like a vision of the brain.

Creation thus all cries aloud,
O man, prepare to meet thy God !
Thy vestment soon must be a shroud—
Thy mortal frame a breathless clod.

But most the Sun Life's emblem shows,
Awhile he glads our native skies,
And when to distant climes he goes,
He sinks with brighter beams to rise.

Δ.

THE SMUGGLER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SOLITARY HOURS.

I SPENT the whole of last summer, and part of the ensuing winter, on the Hampshire coast, visiting successively most of its sea-ports and watering-places, and enjoying its beautiful diversity of sea and wood scenery, often so intermingled that the forest trees dip down their flexile branches into the salt waters of the solent-sea ; and green lawns and heathy glades slope down to the edge of the silver sands, and not unfrequently to the very brink of the water.

IN no part of Hampshire is this characteristic beauty more strikingly exemplified than at the back of the Isle of Wight, that miniature abstract of all that is grand and lovely in the parent Isle, of which it is aptly denominated “ The Garden,”

Where Time hath aptly strewn his pictur'd way
With monkish ruin, and baronial spoil
The frail mementos of dominion's day,
Of feudal labour, and monastic toil.
Yet still thy hills the tempest's power defy ;
Unmov'd by storms—they are, and still shall be ;
And crown'd with smiles that light the ethereal sky,
Their rocky feet bathe in the sapphire sea ;
Kissed by the weedy wave and snowy spray.
Far from the city's heart-consuming heat,
To where the hills o'er flowery valleys rise ;
Where tangling copses form the bard's retreat,
And bless the region to his fervent eyes ;
Where streamlets murmur melody so sweet,
That to their symphony the breeze replies ;
A matchless vision ! nor did fancy dream
So bright a spot but in Arcadian deem !
The tranquil river, gem'd with gliding sails ;
The bowery cottage bounded by the deep ;
The wood-encircled fields and fruitful vales ;
The tower-crown'd castle, and the castle steep.
Thou art, meek island, in thy verdant dress,
A flower amidst the watery wilderness.*

EARLY in August I crossed over from Portsmouth to Ryde, purposing to fix my head-quarters there, and

* These lines have been inserted, though not belonging to the narrative, in order that those of the Author's readers who have not visited that part of the country, may form some idea of the delightful spot where the leading incidents of this tale occurred.—ED.

from thence to make excursions to all such places as are accounted worthy the tourist's notice. But a guide-book is at best an unsympathising companion, cold and formal, (though not quite so tiresome) as the human machine that leads you over some old abbey, or venerable cathedral, pointing out, indeed, in its dull drowsy tone, unvaried to all visitors, the principal monuments or chapels, but passing by unnoticed a hundred less outwardly-distinguished spots, where feeling would love to linger, and sentiment find inexhaustible sources of interest and contemplation.

FOR lack of a better, however, I set out with my silent guide, but soon strayed wide of its directions, rambling hither and thither, often tarrying days and hours in places unhonoured by its notice, and perversely deviating from the beaten road that would have conducted some more docile tourist, and one of less independent taste, to such or such a nobleman's or gentleman's seat, or summer house, or pavilion, built on purpose to be visited and admired. But I did not shape my course thus designedly in a spirit of opposition to the mute director, whose not unserviceable clue led me at last among the romantic rocks and cottages of Shanklin, Niton, and Undercliff. It led me, indeed, to those enchanting spots, and to their beautiful vicinity, but to entice me thence was more than all its inviting promises could effect; and finally, I took up my abode for an indefinite time in a cottage

of native grey-stone, backed by the solid rock, and tapestried in front with such an interwoven texture of rose and myrtle, as half hid the little casements, and aspired far over the thatched roof and projecting caves.

DAYS, weeks, months slipped away imperceptibly in this delicious retreat, and in all the luxury of lounging felicity. Mine was *idleness*, it is true—the sensation of perfect exemption from all existing necessity of mental or corporeal exertion—not suspension of ideas, but rather a festival of mind, during which the wild vagrant thought was at liberty to wander at will beyond the narrow boundaries, within which, the cares, and claims, and business of this world, too often restrained her natural excursiveness.

SUMMER passed away—the harvest was reaped and gathered into the barns—the hazel-hedges were despoiled of their last clusters of nuts—autumn verged on the approach of winter—and I still tenanted the rock cottage. No where are we so tenderly made sensible of the changes of the season, as in the sea's immediate vicinity—and the back of the Isle of Wight is, of all stations on the coast, that where this common remark is most forcibly illustrated. Completely screened from the north by a continuous wall of high rocky cliff, its shores are exposed only to the southern and westerly winds, and those are tempered to the peculiar softness always—almost always perceptible in sea breezes—on a mild autumn's day, or bright winter's

morning when the sun sparkles on the white sands and scintillating waves—or on the waveless mirror of the deep blue sea—on the sails of the little fishing-boats, that steal along-shore with their wings spread open like large butterflies—on the glancing silver of the sea-gull's wings, as she dives after her finny prey, or flashes upward through a shower of feathery foam—or on the tall grey cliffs, tinted with many-coloured lichens. A lounge on the beach will hardly perceive that the year is in its “sear and yellow leaf,” or already fallen into the decrepitude of winter. And when his awful heralds, the unchained elements, proclaim aloud that the hoary tyrant hath commenced his reign—when the winds are let loose from their caverns, and the agitated sea rolls its waves in mountainous ridges on the rocky coast—when the porpoise heaves up its black bulk, and disports itself with uncouth gambols amidst the foam of the shallower waters—when the cormorant's scream mingle in harsh concord with the howling blast. Then!—oh then! who can tear himself from the contemplation of a scene, more sublimely interesting than all the calm loveliness of a summer prospect? To me, its attractions were irresistible; and besides those of inanimate nature, I found other sources of lively interest in studying the character and habits of the almost amphibious dwellers on that island coast. Generally speaking, there is something peculiarly interesting in the character of seafaring men—even of those whose

voyages have extended little beyond the windings of their own shores. The fisherman's life, indeed, may be accounted one of the most incessant peril. For daily bread, he must brave daily dangers. In that season when the tiller of the ground rests from his labours—when the artisan and mechanic are warmly housed—when the dormouse and the squirrel sleep in their soft woolly nests, and the little birds find shelter in hollow trees and banks, or migrate to milder regions, the poor fisherman must encounter all the fury of the combined elements, for his children's bread is scattered on the waters.

It is this perpetually enforced familiarity with danger, that interests our feelings so powerfully in their behalf, together with its concomitant effects on their character—undaunted hardihood, insurmountable perseverance, almost heroic daring, and, generally speaking, a simplicity of heart, and a tenderness of deportment towards the females and little ones of their families, finely contrasting their rugged exterior. But, unfortunately, it is not only in their ostensible calling of fishermen, that these men are forward in effronting danger. The temptations held out by contraband traffic, too often allure them from their honest and peaceable avocations, to brave the laws of their country, and encounter the most fearful risks in pursuit of precarious, though sometimes considerable gains. Of late, this desperate trade has extended almost to a

regularly organised system ; and in spite of all the preventive measures adopted by the government of the country, it is too obvious that the number of these " free traders," is yearly increasing, and that their hazardous commerce is more daringly and more vigorously carried on. Along the Hampshire coast, and more particularly the Isle of Wight, almost every seafaring man is concerned in it to a greater or less extent. For the most part, they are connected in secret associations, both for co-operation and defence ; and there is a sort of freemasonry amongst them, the sign and tokens of which are soon discernible to an attentive observer, and one whose unofficial character awakens no distrust on their part. " The Custom-house Sharks," as they call them, are not their most formidable foes, for they wage a more desperate warfare (as recent circumstances have too fatally testified) with that part of our naval armament employed by Government on the preventive service. Some of the vessels on those stations are perpetually hovering along our coasts ; but in spite of their utmost vigilance, immense quantities of contraband goods are almost nightly landed, and no where with more daring frequency than in the Isle of Wight.

IN my rambles along its shores, the inhabitants of almost every cottage and fisherman's cabin, for many miles round, became known to me. I have at all times a peculiar pleasure in conversing with this class of

people—in listening with familiar interest (to which they are never insensible) to the details of their feelings and opinions, and to the homely history of their obscure lives and domestic cares.

WITH some of my new acquaintances, I had ventured to expostulate on the iniquitous as well as hazardous nature of their secret traffic; and many wives and mothers sanctioned, with approving looks and half-constrained expressions, my remonstrances to their husbands and sons. These, for the most part, listened in sullen, down-looking silence, (not, however, expressive of ill-will towards me,) or sometimes answered my expostulations with the remark, that “Poor folks must *live* ;”—that half of them, during the war, had earned an honest livelihood in channels that were now closed against them. They were turned adrift to shift for themselves, and must do something to get bread for their little ones. “And after all,” they would generally conclude, “while the rich and great folks, and some of those that *made the laws*, too,” (their ladies and daughters at least,) “were pleased to encourage their trade, it was a plain case they could not think much harm of those that carried it on.”

THIS last was a stinging observation—one that generally silenced me for the moment, while it gave fresh fervency to my earnest wish, that the penalties of the law could be enforced ten, twenty, nay, an hundred fold, on those rich and great ones, who, in the mere

wantonness of vanity, luxury or idleness, tempted these poor creatures to offend, and subjected them to the severe, but necessary awards, of retributive justice.

AMONG these poor families was one, at whose cabin I stopped oftenest, and lingered longest, in my evening rambles. The little dwelling was in a manner wedged into a cleft of the grey rock, up which, on every little shelf-like platform, the hand of industry had accumulated garden-mould, and fostered a beautiful vegetation ; and, immediately before it, a patch of the loveliest green sward sloped down to the edge of the sea-sand, enamelled with aromatic wild thyme, and dotted, nearest the ocean, with tufts of thrift, centaury, and eringo, and with the gold-coloured blossoms of the horn poppy. The romantic appearance and peculiar neatness of the little cabin, had early attracted my attention, which was further interested by the singular appearance of its owner. He was a large, tall man, of about sixty, distinguished by an air of uncommon dignity, and by an accoutrement, the peculiarity of which, combined with his commanding carriage, and countenance of bold daring, always brought the Buccaneer of old times to my remembrance. He wore large, loose trowsers, of shaggy, dark blue cloth ; a sort of woollen vest, broadly striped with the same colour, for the most part open at the throat and bosom, and girt in below with a broad leather belt, in which a brace of horse-pistols were generally stuck, and

not unfrequently an old cutlass ; and over his shoulder was slung a cross-belt of broad white knitting, to which was suspended a powder-flask, a leathern pouch, and often a short thick duck gun. A dark fur cap was the usual covering of his head ; and his thick, black, curling hair, was not so much intermingled with grey, as streaked here and there with locks of perfect whiteness. Add to this costume, a fortnight's growth of grizzly, stubborn beard (the crop was seldom of less standing,) and such was the *tout ensemble* of this uncommon personage. Notwithstanding this formidable equipment, however, his ostensible employment was the harmless one of a fisher of the deep,—though, to all appearance, not very zealously pursued ; for, in the day-time, he was oftener to be seen lying along the shore in the broad sunshine, or sauntering by the water's edge, or perched like a sea-fowl, immovable for hours, on some commanding station of the crag, always with a pipe in his mouth—a Meerschaum pipe—(uncommon luxury for an English boatman !) and a spy-glass ever in his hand, or at his eye. He was oftener to be seen thus, or cleaning the lock of his gun under the shadow of some projecting cliff, than busied with the trawling-net, or the eel-spear, or the hook and line, in his little boat, or mending her sails, or his nets, by the cabin door. At almost all hours of the night a light was seen burning within the cottage ; and the master of the family, with his son,

was invariably absent, when, as it often chanced with me, I looked in on them after dark, on my return from some distant spot to my own habitation.

At such an hour, I was sure to find the female inmates, (the wife and daughter of the man I have been describing,) in a state of evident perturbation, for which it was easy to assign a sufficient cause; but I had remonstrated in vain with the infatuated husband and father, and it was still more fruitless to argue with the helpless women.

RICHARD CAMPBELL was not a native of the Isle of Wight, nor one trained, from his youth up, "to go down to the sea in ships, and occupy his business in deep waters."

For many generations his family had owned and cultivated a small farm in the north of England. Himself had been bred a tiller of the ground, contrary to his own wishes, which had pointed, from his very cradle, to a seafaring life; and his hours of boyish pastime and youthful leisure, were spent on the salt element, close to which, at the head of a small bay or inlet, lay his paternal farm. Just as he had attained his twentieth year his father died, leaving him, (an only child,) the inheritor of all his little property, and at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclinations.

THE temptation was strong. Tumultuous wishes and roving thoughts were busy in his heart; but "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

He staid to comfort her old age, and to cultivate his little inheritance ; partly influenced by his attachment also to a pretty blue-eyed girl, whose sweeter smiles rewarded his filial piety, and whose hand in wedlock was, shortly after, its richer recompence.

THE widowed mother continued to dwell under her son's roof, tended like Naomi, by a daughter-in-law, as loving and dutiful as Ruth, but happier than the Hebrew matron, in the possession of both her children.

MANY children were born to the young couple, "as likely boys and girls as ever the sun shone upon," said the wife of Campbell ; from whom, at sundry times, I collected the simple annals I am relating. "But God was very good to them. He bade their store increase with their increasing family, and provided bread for the little mouths that were sent to crave it. She never grudged her own labour ; and a better or a kinder husband than she was blessed with, woman never had. To be sure he had his fancies and particular ways ; and, when he could steal a holiday, all his delight was to spend it on the salt waves, (the worse luck !) for many an anxious hour had she known even then, when he was out in his little boat, shooting wild fowl, in the wild winter-nights. But no harm ever came to him ; only their eldest boy, their dear Maurice," (the mother never named him without glistening eyes,) "took after his father's fancy for the sea, and set his heart on being a sailor." And the father

called to mind his own youthful longings, and would not controul those of his child ; especially as he had yet another son, a fine promising lad, who took kindly to the farming business, and already lightened his father's labour. The mother heard all, and " spake not a word though her heart was fit to break," for her son's choice was sanctioned by his father's approbation, but sorely she grieved at parting with her first-born, (what feelings are like those of a mother towards her first-born ?) and the young Maurice was her most loving and dutiful child, and she had reared him with such care as only mothers can bestow, through the perilous years of a sickly infancy. But the father jested with her fears, and entered with the ardour of a boyish heart into his son's enterprising hopes ; and at last the youth (who could not rest satisfied with her silent acquiescence) wrung from her a faltering and reluctant consent. And when she shook her head mournfully at his promises of bringing rare and beautiful things from foreign parts for her and all his sisters, he coaxed a half smile into her tearful looks, by concluding with—" And then, mother ! I will stay quiet at home amongst you all, and never want to leave you again." " My Maurice sailed away," said the mother, " and from that time every thing went wrong. Before he had been gone a month, we buried my husband's mother, but God called her away in a good old age, so we had no right to take on heavily at her loss, though

we feel it sorely, and so did all our little ones, who had learnt to read the bible on her knees.

IN addition to his own land, Campbell cultivated several acres which he rented of a neighbouring gentleman, whose disposition was restlessly litigious, and Campbell's being unhappily fiery and impetuous, disputes arose between them, and proceeded to such lengths, that both parties finally referred their differences to legal arbitrement. After many tedious, and apparently frivolous delays, particularly trying to Campbell's irritable nature, the cause came on, and sentence was given in favour of his opponent; and from that hour he adopted the firm persuasion, that justice, impartial justice, was unattainable in the land of his fathers.

THIS fatal prejudice turned all his thoughts to bitterness—haunted him like a phantom, in the fields—by his cheerful hearth—in his once peaceful bed, in the very embraces of his children, “who were born,” he would tell them in the midst of their innocent caresses, “slaves and bond-servants in the land where their fathers had been free men.”

IN this state of mind he listened, with eager credulity, to the speculative visions of a few agricultural adventurers, who had embarked their small capitals on American adventure, and were on the eve of quitting their native country to seek wealth, liberty, and independence, in the back settlements of the United States.

IN an evil hour, Campbell was prevailed on to embark his fortunes with those of the self-expatriated emigrants.

THE tears and entreaties of his wife and children availed not to deter him from his rash purpose, and the unhappy mother was torn from her beloved home, where her heart lingered with a thousand tender reminiscences, and most tenaciously of all, in the affecting thought, that if ever her absent sailor returned to his native country, his first steps would be directed to the once happy dwelling of his parents, where the cold looks of the stranger would be all his welcome.

THE ship on board which the Campbell's were embarked, with their five remaining children, and all their worldly goods, performed two-thirds of her course with prosperous celerity : but as she neared her wished-for haven, the wind which had hitherto been uninterruptedly favourable, became unsteady, then contrary, so that they lost sea-way for many days. At last a storm, which had been gathering with awfully gradual preparation, burst forth with tremendous fury. Three days and nights the vessel drove before it ; but on the fourth the masts and rigging went overboard, and before the wreck could be cut away, a plank in the ship's side was stove in by the floating timbers. In the general hurry and confusion, when all hands were employed in hacking and cutting away the encumbrances and getting up jury masts, the leak remained undis-

covered, till the water in the hold had gained to a depth of many feet; and though the pumps were set to work, and kept going, by the almost super-human exertions of crew and passengers, all was unavailing, and to betake themselves to the boat was the last hurried and desperate resource. Campbell had succeeded in lowering his three youngest children into the long-boat, already crowded with their fellow-sharers in calamity, and was preparing to send down his youngest son and daughter, and to follow them with their mother in his arms, when a woman, pressing before him with frantic haste, leapt down into the overloaded boat, which upset in an instant, and the perishing cry of twenty drowning creatures mingled with the agonizing shrieks of parents, husbands, and children, from the deck of the sinking ship. One other boat was yet along side; and Campbell was at last seated in her, with his two remaining children and their unconscious mother, who had sunk into a state of insensibility, when the drowning screams of her lost little ones rang in her ears. Five and twenty persons were wedged in this frail bark, with a cask of water and a small bag of biscuit. An old sail had been flung down with these scanty stores, which they contrived to hoist, on the subsiding of the storm, towards the evening of their first day's commitment, in that "forlorn hope," to the wide world of waters. Their compass had gone down in the long-boat, and faint indeed were their hopes of

ever reaching land, from which they had no means of computing their distance.

But the unsleeping eye of Providence watched over them; and on the fourth day of their melancholy progress, a sail making towards them was descried on the verge of the horizon. It neared, and the ship proved to be a homeward-bound West India trader, on board which the perishing creatures were received with prompt humanity; and on reaching her appointed haven (Portsmouth), Campbell, with his companions in misfortune, and the remnant of his late flourishing family, once more set foot on British earth. He had saved about his person a small residue of his property, but wholly insufficient to equip them for a second attempt, had he even been so obstinately bent on the prosecution of his Transatlantic scheme, as to persist in it against (what appeared to him) the declared will of Providence. Once, in his younger days, he had visited the Isle of Wight; and the remembrance of its bowery cottages, and beautiful bays, were yet fresh in his mind. He crossed over with his family, and a few weeks put him in possession of a neat cabin and small fishing-boat; and for a time, the little family was subsisted in frugal comfort, by the united industry of the father and son. Soon after their settlement in the Island, their daughter (matured to lovely womanhood) married a respectable and enterprising young man, the owner of a pilot-vessel. In the course of three years, she

brought her husband as many children ; and during that time all went well with them. But her William's occupation, a lucrative one in war-time, exposed him to frequent and fearful dangers ; and one tempestuous winter's night, having ventured out to the assistance of a foundering sloop, his own little vessel perished in the attempt, and the morning's tide floated her husband's corpse to the feet of his distracted wife, as she stood on the sea-beach, watching every white sail that became visible through the haze of the grey-clouded dawn.

THE forlorn widow and her orphan babes found a refuge in her father's cabin, and he and his son redoubled their laborious exertions for their support. But these were heavy claims ; and the poor family but just contrived to live and struggle on, barely supplied with even the coarsest necessities. When temptation assails the poor man, by holding out to his grasp the means of lessening the hardships and privations of those dear to him as his own soul, shall we deal out to him hard measure of judgment, and make more indulgent allowance for those who, without the same excuses to plead, set him the example of yielding ?

CAMPBELL (having first been seduced into casual and inconsiderable ventures) was at last enrolled in the gang of smugglers who carried on their perilous trade along the coast—and from that time, though comparative plenty revisited his cottage, and even seasons of temporary abundance, the careless smile of innocent

security no longer beamed on the faces of its elder inmates. Margaret struggled long, with well-principled firmness, against the infatuation of her husband and son, but flushed with success, emboldened by association with numbers, and finally rendered by habit quite insensible to the moral turpitude of their proceedings, they resisted her anxious remonstrances; and at last, heart-sick of fruitless opposition, and shrinking from the stern rebuke and angry frown of him who had been for so many happy years the affectionate partner of her joys and sorrows, she first passively acquiesced in their unlawful traffic, and in the end was brought to contribute her share towards its furtherance, by secretly disposing of the prohibited articles.

DURING my residence in the Isle of Wight, I had become acquainted with two or three families resident within a few miles of the spot where I had taken up my habitation. With one of these, consisting of a widow lady and her two grown-up daughters, I had been previously acquainted in London, and at other places. They had been recommended by the medical adviser of the youngest daughter, who was threatened by a pulmonary affection, to try the effects of a winter at the back of the Island; and I was agreeably surprised to find them inhabitants of a beautiful villa, "a cottage of humility," at about three miles distance from my own cabin at the under cliff. They were agreeable and accomplished women; and a few hours spent in

their company formed a pleasing, and not unfrequent variety in my solitary life ; and, in the dearth of society incident to their marine retreat, my fair friends condescended to tolerate, and even welcome the eccentric old bachelor with their most gracious smiles.

ONE November evening, my ramble had terminated at the villa ; and I had just drawn my chair into the cheerful circle round the tea table, when a powdered footman entered with a very knowing look, and spoke a few words, in a mysterious half-whisper, to his lady, who smilingly replied aloud, “ Oh, tell her to come in ; there is no one here of whose observation she need be apprehensive.” The communication of which assurance quickly ushered into the room my new acquaintance, Margaret Campbell. An old rusty black bonnet was pulled down so as almost to shade her face from sight ; and her dingy red cloak (under which she carried some bulky parcel) was strained tight round a figure that seemed endeavouring to contract itself into the least possible compass. At sight of me she started and shrunk back, dropping her eyes with a fearful curtesy. “ Ah Margaret !” I exclaimed, too well divining the secret of her darkling embassy. But the lady of the house encouraged her to advance, saying “ Oh ! never mind Mr. ———, he will not inform against us, though he shakes his head so awfully. Well ! have you brought the tea ?”—“ And the lace, and gloves, and the silk scarfs ?” chimed in the young ladies, with eager cu-

riosity sparkling in their eyes, as they almost dragged the precious budget, with their own fair hands, from beneath the poor woman's cloak. "Have you brought our scarfs at last? What a time we have been expecting them!" "Yes indeed," echoed lady Mary; "and depending on your promise, I have been quite distressed for tea. There is really no dependence on your word, Mrs. Campbell; and yet I have been at some pains to impress on you a due sense of your christian duties, amongst which, you have often heard me remark (and I am sure the tracts I have given you inculcate the same doctrine) that a strict attention to truth is one of the most essential. Well, where's the tea?" "Oh my lady," answered the poor woman, with a humbly deprecating tone and look, "if you did but know what risks we run to get these things, and how uncertain the trade is, you would not wonder that we cannot always oblige our customers so punctually as we would wish. I've brought the scarfs and the other things for the young ladies; but the tea"—"What, no tea yet! Really, it is too bad, Mrs. Campbell; I must try if other people are not more to be depended on; and, indeed, my maid has lately recommended to me a friend of hers, who is, she assures me, the most punctual creature in the world, as well as a very serious person, and desirous, besides of subscribing to my penny collection for the conversion of the Hindoos, which you know I have never succeeded in getting you to do regularly, though

I gave you that affecting tract ; with the pictures, about Jaggernaut; and, in short, Mrs. Campbell ——”

“ Indeed, indeed, my lady, we have tried hard to get the goods for your ladyship, and your ladyship may stop the last three weeks for Jaggernaut out of the payment for the scarfs, and you shall have the tea a bargain ; but there’s such a sharp look-out, now, and the Ranger has been cruising off the island for this week past, and our people haven’t been able to get nothing ashore ; and yet I’m sure my husband and son have been upon the watch along the beach, and in the boat, these three nights, in all this dreadful weather ; and to-night, though it blows a gale, they’re out again, God help ’em !” And the poor woman cast a tearful shuddering glance towards the window, against which (sounding wildly through the triple barrier of blinds, shutters, and the thick rich folds of the crimson curtains) a tempest of wind and sleet drove uproariously. The lady condescended to be appeased by these assurances, that the foreign luxury should be obtained for her that night, if human exertions, made at the peril of human life, could succeed in landing it. The silks, &c. were examined, and approved of by the young ladies, and finally taken and paid for, after a world of haggling about “ the price of blood !” as the purchase-money might too justly have been denominated, and after deducting from it, by their mamma’s

direction, Margaret's arrear of threepence to her ladyship's Hindoo collection.

MRS. CAMPBELL received her money with a heavy sigh, and humbly curtsying, withdrew from the presence, not without (involuntarily as it seemed) stealing an abashed glance of my countenance, as she passed me. She was no sooner out of the room, than her fair customers began expatiating with rapturous volubility on the beauty and cheapness of their purchases an inconsistency of remark that puzzled me exceedingly, as, not five minutes before, while bargaining with the seller, they had averred her goods to be of very inferior manufacture, and exorbitantly dear. "Ay, but——" observed the managing mamma, "you were both in such a hurry, or you might have made better bargains. But it's always the way; and yet I kept winking at you all the while. I should have got those things half as cheap again."

INDULGENT as I am by nature to the little whims and foibles of the sex, I could not, on the present occasion, refrain from hinting to my fair friends a part of what was passing in my mind. At first they laughed at my quizzical scruples, resorting, for their defence, to the common-place remark, that "the few trifles they occasionally purchased, could make no material difference; for that the people would smuggle all the same, and meet with plenty of encouragement from

others, if not from them." And when I pressed the question a little further, suggesting to their consciences, whether all who encouraged the forbidden traffic were not, in a great measure, responsible for the guilt incurred, and the lives lost in the prosecution of it, they bid me not talk of such horrid things, and hurried away their recent purchases in a sort of disconcerted silence, that spoke any thing rather than remorse, and purposed reformation. My "sermonizing," as it was termed, seemed to have thrown a spell over the frank sociability that usually characterised our evening coteries. Conversation languished—the piano was out of tune, and the young ladies' voices not in *tune*. The mamma broke her netting silk every three minutes; and, from a dissertation on the rottenness of modern silk, digressed insensibly into the subject for Foreign Missions, Ladies' Committees, and Branch Bible Associations; ever and anon, as the storm waxed louder and louder, interspersing her remarks with pathetic lamentations at the perverseness with which the very elements seemed to conspire with government against the safe landing of the commodities "her soul longed after."

The storm did indeed rage fearfully, and its increasing violence warned me to retrace my homeward way, before the disappearance of a yet glimmering moon should leave me to pursue it in darkness. Flapping my hat over my eyes, and wrapping myself snugly round in the thick folds of a huge boat-cloak, I sallied

forth from the cheerful brightness of Lady Mary's boudoir, into the darkness visible of the wild scene without. Wildly magnificent it was, in truth! My path lay along the shore, against which mountainous waves came rolling in long ridges with a sound like thunder. Sleet, falling at intervals, mingled with the sea surf, whirled high into the air in showers of foam, and both were driven into my face by the south-west blast, with a violence that obliged me frequently to stop and gasp for breath. Large masses of clouds now hurried in sublime disorder across the dim struggling moon, whose pale watery rays yet gleamed at intervals with ghastly indistinctness, along the white sands, and on the frothy crests of the advancing billows.

As I pursued my way, buffetting the conflicting elements, other sounds, methought, appeared to mingle in their wild uproar. The hoarse and shrill intonation of human voices seemed blended with the wailing and sobbing of the storm, and the creaking and labouring of planks, and the splash of oars, was distinguishable, I thought, in the long lull of the retreating waves. I was not deceived; a momentary gleam of moonlight glanced on the white sails of a lugger in the offing. And one of her boats—a black speck on the billows—was discernible working her way laboriously towards the coast. At that moment, another boat shot along close in-shore, with the alacrity of lightning; and, at the same instant, a man rushed by me, whose tall re-

markable figure I recognised for Campbell, even in that dim momentary glance. He darted on with the rapidity of an arrow, and immediately I heard a long shrill whistle, echoed and re-echoed by another and another, from the cliffs, from the shore, and from the sea. Those sights and sounds indicated too plainly that the demons of mischief were at work, and the time and scene were gloomily in unison with their hour of evil agency. The moon had almost withdrawn her feeble light, and I could no longer discern any objects but the white sands under my feet, and the sea-foam that frothed over them. More than two miles of my homeward way yet lay before me, and in that space I should have to cross two gullies furrowed through the sands by land-springs from the cliffs.

INTERMINGLED and bedded in these were numerous rocky fragments, and foundered masses of the cliff, amongst which it was easy to pick one's daylightway; but the impenetrable darkness that now enveloped every object, made me pause, to consider how far it might be safe, or even practicable, for a stranger to persevere in the wave-washed path. A light streaming from one of the windows of Campbell's cottage, a few furlongs up the beach, decided the result of my deliberations, and I turned towards the little dwelling, purposing to apply there for a light and a guide, should the younger Campbell chance to be at home.

I HAD no need to knock for admittance, the door

was wide open, and on its threshold stood the mother of the family. The light from within slanted athwart her face and figure, and I could perceive that she was listening with intense breathlessness, and with eyes straining, as if they sought to pierce the darkness, towards the quarter from whence I was approaching.

HER ear soon caught the sound of my step on the loose shingle, and she started forward, exclaiming, "Oh, Amy! thank God! here they are!" The young woman sprang to the door with a light, and its beams, alas! revealed my then unwelcome face, instead of that of the father and husband. "Oh, Sir, I thought ——" was poor Margaret's hurried, unfinished exclamation, when she discovered her mistake, "but *you* are kindly welcome," she added, quickly recovering herself, "for this is not a night for any Christian soul to be out in, though my husband and son,——Oh, Sir! they are both——both tossing in one little boat on that dreadful sea; and that is not all—the Ranger's boats are on the look-out for the lugger they are going to help to unload, and God knows what may happen. I prayed and beseeched them for this night only to stay peaceably at home, such a night of weather as was working up, but all in vain. We had promised my lady, and the cargo was to be landed to-night. O, Sir! my lady, and the like of she, little think ——," and the poor woman burst into tears. This was no

time for admonition and reproof, or for those consolatory observations so often made to the unhappy, of "I told you it would come to this;" or, "This would not have happened if you had taken my advice;" or, "Well, you have brought it all upon yourself."

WHEN God has spoken, the fellow-mortal may well forbear all language but that of sympathy and comfort, and *He* had now spoken to the hearts of these poor people. The fatal consequences of their illicit traffic, and its nefariousness, were brought home to their minds more forcibly by the agonizing suspense they were enduring, than could have been effected by any arguments I might have laboured to enforce. I did my best to allay their terrors—to dispel them would have been impossible, while the tempest raged louder and louder, and independent of that, there were other grounds of too reasonable apprehension. I suggested the probability of Campbell's not being in the boat, as he had passed me on the shore so recently, but at all events he and his son were abroad with a desperate gang, expecting, and armed against resistance. Forgetful of my own purpose of borrowing a lantern to proceed homeward, I entered the cabin with the distressed females, whose looks thanked me for not turning away from them in the hour of trial.

A CHEERFUL fire brightened the interior of their little dwelling, where neatness and order still bore testimony that the habits of its inmates had at one time

been those of peaceful and honest industry. The fire-light gleamed ruddy-red on the clean brick floor; a carved oak table, and a few heavy old chairs of the same fashion, were bright with the polish of age and housewifery; and one, distinguished by a high-stuffed back and arms and a green cushion, was placed close beside the ingle-nook, the easily distinguished seat of the father of the family. His pipe lay close at hand (the curious Meerschauum pipe) on the high mantle-piece, where a pair of brass candlesticks, a few china cups, some tall ale glasses, (their long shanks ornamented with white spiral lines,) two foreign shells, some little French pictures of saints in all the colours of the rainbow, and sundry tobacco-stoppers of fantastical figure, were arranged in symmetrical order. The dresser was elaborately set out with its rows of yellow ware, its mugs of various shape and size, and quaint diversity of motto and device, its japanned tray and mahogany tea-chest proudly conspicuous in the centre. The walls were hung round with nets, baskets, and fishing apparatus, and high over the chimney-piece, part of a whale's jaw, and two long crossed peacock's feathers, were affixed in a sort of trophy. All sorts of useful and nondescript articles were suspended to the rafter; but Campbell's duck gun, and his two clumsy pistols rested not on the hooks he was wont to call his armoury. An unfinished net was suspended by the chimney corner, at which the youthful widow had recently been em-

ployed. She resumed her seat and shuttle, but the hand that held it often rested idly on her lap, while her eyes were rivetted with mournful solicitude on the countenance of her mother.

THERE was something particularly interesting in the appearance of this young woman. Not beauty of feature, for, excepting a pair of fine dark eyes, shaded by very long black eyelashes, there was nothing uncommon in her countenance, and her naturally dark and colourless complexion was now deeply tinged with the sallow hue of sickness. Her lips were whiter than her cheeks, and her uncommonly tall figure, bowed down with the burden of weakness and sorrow, was attenuated to a state that would have amounted to gaunt meagreness, had the frame been less slightly and delicately formed. But when she lifted up those dark eyes, their melancholy light was touchingly in unison with the general character of that shadowy figure that seemed almost transparent to the working of the wounded spirit within.

AMY's young heart had never recovered the shock of her William's untimely death, and her timid tender spirit was overburdened with a heavy load of conscious self-reproach, that for her sake, and that of her infants, her father and brother had involved themselves in the perilous unlawfulness of their present courses.

As she sat looking in her mother's face, I could read in hers the thoughts that were passing in her mind.

At last, a large tear that had been slowly gathering, swelled over her quivering eyelid, and rising suddenly, and letting fall the netting and shuttle, she came and edged herself on one corner of her mother's chair, and clasping one arm round her neck, and hiding her face on her shoulder, sobbed out, "Mother!"—"My Amy! my dear child!" whispered the fond parent, tenderly caressing her, "why should you always reproach yourself so? You, who have been a good dutiful child, and a comfort to us, and a blessing, ever since you was born? Before your poor father fell into evil company, and hearkened to their wicked persuasions, did we not contrive to maintain ourselves, and your dear fatherless babies, by God's blessing on our honest industry? And where should you have taken refuge, my precious Amy, but under your parents' roof?" A look of eloquent gratitude and a tender silent kiss were Amy's reply to that soothing whisper. For a few moments this touching intercourse of hearts beguiled them from the intense anxiety with which they had been listening to every sound from without; but the redoubling violence of the storm roused them fearfully from that temporary abstraction, and they started, and shuddered, and looked in one another's faces, and in mine, as if imploring comfort, when, alas! I had only sympathy to bestow. The conflict of winds and waters was indeed tremendous, and I felt too forcibly convinced, that, if the poor Campbells were exposed to

it in their little nut-shell of a boat, nothing short of a miracle could save them from a watery grave.

THERE was some chance, however, that the landing of the contraband bales might have been effected by the lugger's boats without help from shore ; and in that case, the prolonged absence of the husband and son might arise from their having proceeded with others of the gang to convey them to some inland place of concealment. The probability of this suggestion was eagerly caught at by the anxious pair, but the ray of hope elicited from it, gleamed with transient brightness. A gust of wind more awful than any that had preceded it, rushed past with deafening uproar, and as it died away, low sobs, and shrill moaning sounds, seemed mingled with its deep bass. We were all silent—now straining our sight from the cabin door into the murky darkness without—now gathering together round the late blazing hearth, where the neglected embers emitted only a fitful glimmer. The wind whistling through every chink and cranny, waved to and fro the flame of the small candle declining in its socket, and at last the hour of twelve was struck by “ the old clock that ticked behind the door ” in its dark heavy case. At that moment a large venerable-looking book, that lay with a few others on a hanging shelf near the chimney, slipped from the edge on which it had been overbalanced, and fell with a dull heavy sound at Margaret's feet. It was the Bible that had belonged to her husband's mother,

and, stooping to pick up and replace it she perceived that it had fallen open at the leaf, where, twenty-two years back from that very day, the venerable parent had recorded with pious gratitude the birth of her son's first-born. "Ah, my dear son! my own good Maurice!" ejaculated the heart-struck mother, "I was not used to forget the day God gave thee to me—Thou wert the first to leave me, and now"—She was interrupted by the low indistinct murmur of a human voice, that sounded near us. I started—but Amy's ear was familiar with the tone—it was that of one of her little ones, talking and moaning in its sleep. The small chamber where they lay opened from that we were in, and the young mother crept softly towards the bed of her sleeping infants. She was still bending over them, when the outer door was suddenly dashed open, and Campbell—Campbell himself, burst into the cottage. Oh! with what a shriek of ecstasy was he welcomed—with what a rapture of inarticulate words, clinging embraces, and tearful smiles!—But the joy was short-lived, and succeeded by a sudden chill of nameless apprehension; for, disengaging himself roughly from the arms of his wife and daughter, he made straight towards his own old chair, and flinging himself back in it, covered his face with his clasped hands. One only cause for this fearful agitation suggested itself to his trembling wife—"My son! my son!" she shrieked out, grasping her husband's arm—"What have you done

with him, Campbell? He is dead he is murdered!—Oh! I knew it would come to this”—“Peace, woman!” shouted Campbell in a voice of thunder, uncovering his face as he started up wildly from his chair with a look of appalling fierceness,—“Peace, woman! your son is safe;” then his voice abruptly sinking into a hoarse low tone, he added, “*this* is not *his* blood,” and he flung on the table before him his broad white cross belt, on which the tokens of a deadly fray were frightfully apparent. “Campbell!” I said, “unhappy man! what have you done? To what have you exposed your wretched family? For their sake’s escape—escape for your life, while the darkness favours you.” He looked at me for a moment as if wavering, but immediately resuming the voice and aspect of desperate sternness, replied “It is too late—they are at my heels—the blood-hounds! They traced me home.” And while he yet spoke, the trampling of feet, and the sound of loud voices confirmed his words. The door burst open, and several rough-looking men in sailors’ garb rushed into the cottage.

“AH! we have you, my man,” they vociferated, “we have *you* safe, though the young villain has given us the slip.” “Villain!” shouted Campbell, “who dares call my boy a villain?” But checking himself instantaneously, he added, in a subdued, quiet tone, “But I am in your power, and you may say what you please, and do what you will.” And so saying, he

once more threw himself back in his old chair, in sullen submissiveness. The women clung weeping around him, his unhappy wife exclaiming, "Oh! what has he done? If there has been mischief, it is not his fault—he would not hurt a fly—for all his rough way he is as tender-hearted as a child—Richard! Richard! speak to them, tell them they have mistaken you for another." He neither spoke nor moved, nor lifted his eyes up from the floor on which they were rivetted. "No mistake at all, mistress!" said one of the men, "he has only shot our people, that's all, and we must fit him with a pair of these bracelets." And so saying, he began fastening a pair of handcuffs on Campbell's wrists. He offered no resistance, and seemed, indeed, almost unconscious of what was doing, when the eldest of Amy's children, a pretty little girl, about four years old, who, having been awakened by the noise, had crept softly from her bed, and made her way to her grandfather, burst into a fit of loud sobbing, and climbing up upon his knees, and clasping her little arms about his neck, and laying her soft cheek to his dark rough one, lisped out,—“Send away naughty men, grandad—naughty men frighten Amy.”

THE springs of sensibility that seemed frozen up in Campbell's bosom, were touched electrically by the loving voice and caresses of his little darling. He hugged her to his bosom, which began to heave convulsively, and for a few minutes the tears of the old

man and the little child mingled in touching silence. As he clasped her thus, the handcuff that was already fastened on his left wrist pressed painfully on her tender arm, and as she shrunk from it he seemed first to perceive the ignominious fetter. His features were wrung by a sudden convulsion; but the expression was momentary, and turning round his head towards his weeping daughter, he said quietly, "Amy, my dear child! take the poor baby—I little thought, dear lamb! she would ever find hurt or harm in her old grandfather's arms." It was a touching scene—even the rough sailor's seemed affected by it, and they were more gently completing their operation of attaching the other manacle, when again voices and footsteps were heard approaching; again the door opened, and another party of sailors entered, bearing against them a ghastly burthen, the lifeless body of the unfortunate young man who had been shot in the execution of his duty, by the rash hand of the wretched man before us, whose fire was not less fatal for having been discharged almost aimlessly in the bustle of a desperate conflict. "We've missed our boats, and we could not let him lie bleeding on the beach, poor fellow!" said one of the new comers, in reply to an explanation of surprise from those of their party already in possession of the cottage. Campbell's agitation was fearful to behold; he turned shuddering from the sight of his victim—the women stood petrified with horror; I alone retaining

some degree of self-possession, advanced to examine if human aid might yet avail to save the poor youth, who was laid, apparently a corpse, on three chairs next the door.

COMPREHENDING my purpose, the humane and serviceable tenderness of poor Margaret's nature prevailed even in that hour of her extreme distress, and she came trembling to assist me in the painful examination. The young man's face had dropt aside on one shoulder towards the wall, and was almost covered by the luxuriant hair (a sailor's pride) which had escaped from the confining ribbon, and fell in dark wet masses across his cheek and brow. His right hand hung down over the side of the chair, and taking it into mine, I found that it was already as cold as marble, and that all pulsation had ceased.

MARGARET had as promptly as her agitation would permit removed his black handkerchief, and unbuttoned the collar of his checked shirt, and though she started and shuddered inwardly at the sight of blood thickly congealed over his bosom, persisted heroically in her trying task. A handkerchief had been hastily stuffed down as a temporary pledget into the wounded breast. In removing it, Margaret's finger became entangled by a black silk cord passed round the youth's neck, to which a small locket was suspended. She was hastily putting it aside, when the light held by one of the sailors fell upon the medallion

(a perforated gold pocket-piece,) and the eye glancing towards it, a half choked exclamation broke from her lips, and looking up I saw her standing motionless—breathless—her hands clasped together with convulsive vehemence, and her eyes almost starting from their sockets, in the state of indescribable horror with which they were rivetted on that bosom-token.

At last a cry (such a one as my ears never before heard, the recollection of which still curdles the blood in my veins) burst from her lips, and brought her daughter and husband (even the unhappy man himself manacled as he was) to the side of his victim, over whom Margaret was still bending in that intense agony. But at last, as if suddenly conscious that her husband stood beside her, and was gazing with her on that ghastly spectacle (while large cold drops gathered on his brow, and his white lips quivered as he gazed,) she looked up in his face with such a look as I never shall forget. It was one of horrid calmness, more fearful to behold than the wildest expression of passionate agony, and grasping his fettered hand firmly in one of hers, and with the other pointing to the perforated gold piece, as it lay on the mangled bosom of the dead youth, she said in a low, distinct, unnatural voice—“*Who* is that, Richard?” He started, and his eyes, which had been rivetted with an expression of deep horror on the bloody work of his rash hand, now caught sight of the golden token, and from that wandered

wildly and hurriedly over the lifeless form, while his whole frame shook as if in the paroxysm of an ague fit. Gradually the universal terror subsided—the wandering eyes settled into a ghastly stare, the convulsive working of the muscles of his face gave way to a rigid fixedness, and he stood like one petrified in the very burst of despair. Once more Margaret repeated, in that quiet, deliberate tone, “*Who* is that, Richard?” and suddenly leaning forward, dashed aside from the face of the corpse the locks that had hitherto concealed it. Then clasping her hands in a sort of joyous triumph, she cried out in a shrill voice—“I knew it was my son! My son is come home at last! Richard, welcome your son!” and snatching her husband’s hand, she endeavoured to pull him forward towards the pale face of the dead. But he to whom this heart-rending appeal was spoken, replied only by one deep groan, that seemed to burst up, as it were, the very fountains of his heart. He staggered back a few paces—his eyes closed—the convulsion of a moment passed over his features, and he sunk down as inanimate as the pale corpse, that was still clasped with frantic rapture to the bosom of the brain-struck mother.

THE ROSE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES SWAN.

At morning smiled yon withered rose
In every blush that beauty knows ;
The dew-drop bathed its glowing lips
With joys that Love from Beauty sips ;
And on it glanced with kindly ray
The life-bestowing God of Day,
While each bright leaf more purely shed
New odours and a deeper red.
A careless heart went roving by—
Its radiance caught the careless eye ;
They marked the flower in summer pride,
They felt the rich gale floating wide,
They plucked it—and at Eve, it died.

But all that day its place of rest
Became a gentle maiden's breast ;

One of the well-affectioned hearts
Whose warmth a living splendour darts,
And spreads o'er life's obscurest night
A mellow gleam—a chaster light.
One of those beings whom we feel
Ordained the broken heart to heal ;
Beloved, as soon as seen, above
All present, and all future love ;
As if the Power that made, had given
To each, his own peculiar Heaven,
Who after ills and error past,
Finds *there* the promised home at last !

To such, from its sequestered glade
That sparkling rose had been conveyed :
I saw it bloom—I marked the spot
Which Fortune or the Fates allot ;
I watched it with a jealous care,
And soon it drooped, and withered there.

Ye deem perchance the untoward doom
Might shade my brow with transient gloom ?
Ye deem the sigh—perchance the tear
From Memory's bitter cup was near ?
Oh ! no : That Rose had lived its hour
Triumphant o'er each neighbouring flower ;
Had quaffed the dew, inhaled the sun,
And richness from the breeze had won ;

Then, ere it fell by slow decay—
By blight which eats the heart away,
Left to the mock and glare of day
It died—Thou canst not need the rest—
It died on Woman's faithful breast ;
Its last pure breath was breathed upon
The heart that joys, when joy is gone,
True to one faith—and only one !

What, tho' the shrivelled leaves were cast
Like worthless things before the blast,
The breeze that bore them on, might yet
Waft on its wings a fond regret !—
And one soft wish—one faithful sigh—
One tear from chaste affection's eye,
Are all I seek : Then when I close
My weary lids in long repose,
Be my last moments *like the Rose !*

Rooss, 1831.

SONNET.

THE BURIED MAID.

And they have laid thee in thy narrow cell,
Maid of the beauteous brow ! for the cold clay
To be thy bridegroom, till the eternal day,
When the loud trump its judgment-peal shall swell.
So be it—what the Almighty dooms is well.
But who that saw thine eye's bright glances play,
Thy cheek's fine flush, that mock'd the bloom of May;
So late—could dream of death's dissolving spell ?
To rapture Love had sung—" the blissful hour
Soon will I lead along with Hymen's train,
To bless the blushing virgin and the swain,"
And Hope believed and lighted up her bower.
Sudden the scene was changed—the radiant flower
Sunk its sweet head, and love's glad song was vain.
G. W. C.

THE LAST TEAR.

She had done weeping, but her eyelash yet
Lay silken heavy on her liliated cheek,
And on its fringe a tear, like a lone star
Shining upon the rich and hyacinth skirts
O' the western cloud that veils the April even.

The veil rose up, and with it rose the star,
Glitt'ring above the gleam of tender blue,
That widen'd as the show'r clears off from Heaven.
Her beauty woke—a sudden beam of soul
Flash'd from her eye, and lit the vestal's cheek
Into one crimson, and exhaled the tear.

DESTINY.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN, ESQ.

She walked among the great of earth,
And went in rich attire,
And spoke in gladsome tones of mirth,
Like music from a lyre.

She counted o'er a world of friends,
And thought them all sincere ;
Sweet messengers that mercy sends,
To reconcile us here.

She knew not of that weary hour
Which want has struggled through,
Her way was bright with gold and power,
And luxury still new.

She had a smile for all the gay—
Like sunshine from her heart :
And she never turned from grief away,
When her warm tears would start.

She never felt ashamed to weep,
Before the poor and lowly ;
For she felt such blessed tears would keep
That young heart fresh and holy !

And so she went to sorrow's door,
And she stoop'd to hush its cry,
Till pain itself knew evermore
When her angel step went by !

She glided through the merry crowd,
With music on her tongue—
And forth her silvery laugh went loud,
And round and round it rung.

Then in sweet cadences they told
Love's witching tale by night—
Till her echoing bosom scarce control'd
The hurrying delight.

And many sought her, deem'd divine,
With many a practised wile :
And all, like pilgrims round the shrine,
Stood waiting for her smile.

But life was her's, with wealth and joys,
Till life itself grew dreary, ~
And she felt, of all its golden toys,
Her heart was getting weary.

Till at the altar side she bent,
And gave her vows to one,
And a beautiful pledge to her was sent,
And life again begun !

A mother's hopes—a mother's fears
Are lighting up her days ;
Her radiant smiles are turn'd to tears,
Her laughter changed to praise.

But lo ! a change is on her life,
Her days of glory gone,
And over her babe, the widowed wife
Hangs weeping and forlorn.

Her young companions in the dust,
Her best—her morning friends ;
The youthful ones she loved at first—
The last o'er whom she bends.

Her wealth is scattered to the wind,
Her gold has purchased none,
Whose heart would glory to be kind
To such a cheerless one.

And vain are all the tears she shed,
O'er misery's simple tale—
There are none to glisten round her bed,
Or wet her forehead pale.

Beauty, and love, and all, are fled,
All but her infant boy—
He stays, like Hope around the dead,
An unextinguished joy.

But soon that little flower must die,
Its early light be flown—
Lo ! now its spirit seeks the sky—
The mother is alone !

“ Alone on earth !—my child—my child !
I come to meet thee there !”
And she pressed him to her bosom wild,
And veiled him with her hair.

She looks into her infant's eye,
And a tear is in her own—
She bows in that last bursting sigh—
Her heart is overthrown !

New York, July 2nd, 1831.

“ If aught I feel, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.”

COWPER.

— 1

Say what in my heart each emotion is steeling ;
In the sunshine of joy 'mid the dark clouds of care,
Unfeeling I smile, and I sigh all unfeeling,
Some Demon hath planted an icicle there.

On yon long naked bough one sere leaf I remember,
In the chill wind of autumn that hasten'd its fall
In the pale sickly sunshine that smil'd on November,
It flutter'd and flutter'd—unconscious of all.

No sympathy now in my cold heart is thrilling,
My joy is the loud laugh of wild hollow glee ;
Now the tear e'en of pity comes slow and unwilling,
Ah ! that lone wither'd leaf's a fit emblem for me.

W. O. J.

SONNET.

*On failing of some promised Verses to a Lady on her 22nd
Birth day.*

BY WM. HENRY BROOKFIELD.

I never gaz'd a Summer's smiling morn
But some most strange and fathomless sympathy
Brought tears unmeet, unbidden to my eye
Which sees no rose but it must weep the thorn.
I know not where nor how such grief is born ;—
Perchance forestalling Fancy brings the sere
And yellow leaves that, now albeit unworn,
Too well it knows must strew that Season's bier.
And now, whenas the summer of life's year
Is mantling thee, still lusted in the gay,
Reprieveless mirth that gilt thy merry May,
Deem not my Muse too chary of her gear
If deepest thought suppress the promis'd lay :—
In sooth, I cannot smile and will not weep to day.

THE OCEAN BRIDE.

The waves are rippling calm and bright,
'Neath the silv'ry beam of the pale moonlight,
And my Ocean love is waiting for me,
In the Mermaid's cave, by the sparkling sea.

Oh ! my Ocean-love is fair to view,
Her locks are of amber, sprinkled with dew,
Her robe with rainbow hues is glowing,
And her sea-green scarf is gracefully flowing.

My Ocean-love lies in coral caves,
And lists to the music of winds and waves,
Her palace is bright with each sparkling gem,
And she wears the Ocean's diadem.

'Twas yester Eve, when the moon was high,
I gaz'd on the sea and the star-light sky,
And I said, " Alas ! that my soul might be
With the spirits above, so blest and free !"

Then rose from the deep a solemn strain,—
And a scorching fire pass'd over my brain ;
A vision of loveliness stood by my side,
And I clasp'd the form of my Ocean Bride !

She plac'd her hand on my burning brow,
And it grew chill, as my heart is *now* ;
And she spoke strange words in my listening ear,
Till my thoughts grew wild with love and with fear.

I fain would say what she told to me,
But I swore to be secret as death could be ;
And again I shall meet her, those words to hear,
That thrill my soul with hope and with fear.

They say I am mad :—that an earthly love
Has left me to wander in realms above ;
But I know that my Ocean Bride waits for me,
In the Mermaid's cave by the sparkling sea.

He sought that cave at the midnight hour,
When the spirits of earth and air have power ;
But when morning beam'd, they sought him in vain,
He never return'd from that cave again !

M. A. D.

Leeds.

CHARADE.

Midst classic shades slow winding see me steal,
Alike unconscious who may near me stray ;
Whether the student in his holy zeal,
Or the gay worldling seldom known to pray :
E'en tho' he hear my Second's cheerful sound,
Ne'er follows where it leads from noisy strife
To listen holy truths on hallowed ground,
And precepts pointing to eternal life.
England ! thou land of freedom, land of song,
Mine is a deathless name—it does to *thee* belong

CANZONET.

BY WILLIAM HENRY TEALE,

St. John's College, Cambridge.

The Sun has sunk on Thetis' breast—
The bright waves of the sea ;
The dove is on its downy nest :
But I'm—afar from thee !

Worn Zephyr near his Flora lies ;
The soft dew woes the lea ;
Each lover to his lov'd one hies :
But I'm afar from thee !

The mother smiles on all most dear—
The first-born at her knee,
And kisses from its lid the tear :
But I'm afar from thee !

Yet, oh ! methinks, each midnight hour
My prostrate form thou'lt see,
Imploring heaven to shield thy bower,
Tho' I'm afar from thee !

NATIVE SCENES.

BY J. CLARE.

O Native scenes, nought to my heart clings nearer
Than you, ye Edens of my youthful hours ;
Nought in this world warms my affections dearer,
Than you, ye plains of white and yellow flowers ;
Ye hawthorn hedge-rows, and ye woodbine bowers,
Where youth has rov'd, and still where manhood roves,
The pasture pathway 'neath the willow groves.
Ah ! as my eyes look o'er these lovely scenes,
All the delights of former life beholding ;
Spite of the pain, the care that intervenes,—
When lov'd remembrance in her bliss unfolding,
Picking her childish posies on your greens ;
My soul can pause o'er its distress awhile,
And sorrow's cheek find leisure for a smile.

June, 1831.

THE EYE.

What is the little lurking spell
That hovers round the eye ?
Without a voice, a word can tell
The feelings as they fly.

When tearless it can speak of woe ;
When weeping—still the same ;
Or in a moment catch the glow
Of thoughts without a name.

Can beam with pity on the poor—
With anger on the proud
Can tell that it will much endure,
A flash upon the crowd !

Now brightly raised or now dispersed
With every shade of feeling—
It is the mirror of the breast,
The thought the soul revealing !

Oh ! tones are false—and words are weak—
The tutored slaves at call—
The eye—the eye alone can speak—
Unfettered—tell us all !

C. E.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF REDWOOD.

“ But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body—
and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—
oh, my leddy, then it is’na what we hae dune for ourselfs, but what
we ha dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly.”

HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

THE assertion that a tale is founded on fact, is a pious fraud of story-tellers, too stale to impose on any, but the very young, or very credulous. We hope therefore, not to be suspected of resorting to an expedient that would expose our poverty without relieving it, when we declare that the leading incidents of the following tale are true—that they form, in that district of country where some of the circumstances transpired, a favourite, and well authenticated tradition—and that our hero boasts with well-earned self-complacency that there is no name better known than his, from “ Cape May to the Head of Elk.” That name how-

ever honourable as it is, must be suppressed, and we here honestly beg the possessor's pardon, for compelling him, for the first time in his life, to figure under false colours.

IN the year 1768, an American vessel lying in the Thames and bound to Oxford, a small sea-port on the eastern shore of Maryland, was hailed by a boat containing a youth, who, on presenting himself to the captain, stated that he had a fancy for a sailor's life, and offered his services for two years on the simple condition of kind treatment. The captain, though himself a coarse illiterate man, perceived in the air and language of the lad indications of good breeding, and deeming him some disobedient child, or possibly a runaway apprentice, declined receiving him. But William Stanley, as he called himself, was so earnest in his solicitations, and engaging in his manners, and the captain, withal, in pressing need of a cabin-boy, that he waved his scruples, quieted his conscience with the old opiate, that it was best not to be more nice than wise, and without inquiring too curiously into the boy's right of self-disposal, drew up some indentures, by which he entitled himself to two years service.

THE boy was observed for the first day to wear a troubled countenance. His eye glanced around with incessant restlessness, as if in eager search of some expected object. While the ship glided down the Thames, he gazed on the shore as if he looked for some signal on

which his life depended, and when she passed Gravesend, the last point of embarkation, he wept convulsively. The captain believed him to be disturbed with remorse of conscience ; the sailors, that these heart-breakings were lingerings for his native land, and all hinted their rude consolations. Soothed by their friendly efforts, or by his own reflections, or perhaps following the current of youth that naturally flows to happiness, William soon became tranquil, and sometimes even gay. He kept, as the sailors said, on the fair-weather-side of the captain, a testy, self-willed old man, who loved but three things in the world—his song, his glass, and his own way. All that has been fabled of the power of music over stones and brutes, was surpassed by the effect of the lad's melting voice on the icy heart of the captain, whom forty years of absolute power had rendered as despotic as a Turkish Pacha. When their old commander blew his stiffest gale, as the sailors were wont to term his blustering passions, Will could, they said, sing him into a calm. William of course became a doting-piece to the whole ship's company. They said he was à trim built lad, too neat and delicate a piece of workmanship for the stormy sea. They laughed at his slender fingers, fitter to manage threads than ropes, passed many jokes upon his soft blue eyes and fair round cheeks, and in their rough language expressed Sir Toby's prayer that " Jupiter in his next commodity of hair, would send the boy a beard."

William bore their jokes without flinching, and returned them with even measure ; but sometimes when they verged to rudeness, his rising blush or a tear stealing from his downcast eye, expressed an instinctive and unsullied modesty, whose appeal touched the best feelings of these coarse men.

THE ship made a prosperous voyage and in due time arrived off the American coast. It is a common custom with sailors to greet the first sight of land with a sacrifice to Bacchus. The natural and legalized revel was as extravagant on this, as it usually is on similar occasions. The captain with unwonted good humour, dealt out the liquor most liberally to the crew, and bade Will sing them his best songs. William obeyed, and song after song, and glass after glass carried them, as they said far above high water mark. Their language and manners became intolerable to William, and he endeavoured to steal away with the intention of hiding himself in the cabin, till the revel was over. One of the sailors suspecting his design, caught him rudely and swore he would detain him in his arms. William struggled, freed himself, and darted down the companion-way, the men following and shouting. The captain stood at the entrance of the cabin door. William sunk down at his feet terrified and exhausted, and screaming, "protect me—oh ! for the love of heaven protect me."

THE captain demanded the occasion of the uproar, and ordered the men to stand back. They however,

stimulated to reckless courage, and in sight of land and independence, no longer feared his authority. Poor Will, already feeling their hands upon him, clung in terror to the captain, and one fear overcoming another, confessed that his masculine dress was a disguise, and wringing his hands with shame and anguish, supplicated protection as a helpless girl.

THE sailors touched with remorse and pity, retreated ; but the brutal captain spurned the trembling suppliant with his foot, swearing a round oath that it was the first time he had been imposed upon, and it should be the last. Unfortunately the old man, priding himself on his sagacity, was as confident of his own infallibility as the most devoted Catholic is of the Pope's. This was his last voyage, and after playing Sir Oracle, for forty years—to have been palpably deceived—incontrovertibly outwitted by a girl of fifteen, was a mortification that his vanity could not brook. He swore he would have his revenge, and most strictly did he perform his vow. He possessed a plantation in the vicinity of Oxford ; thither he conveyed the unhappy girl, and degraded her to the rank of a common servant, among the negro slaves in his kitchen.

THE captain's wrath was magnified, by the stranger's persisting in refusing to disclose the motive of her deception, to reveal her family, or even to tell her name. Her new acquaintance were at a loss what to call her, till the captain's daughter, who had been on a

visit to Philadelphia, and seen the *Winter's Tale* performed there, bestowed on her the pretty appellative of *Hermione's* lost child, *Perdita*.

THE captain, a common case, was the severest sufferer by his own passions. His wife complained that his "*Venture*," as she styled poor *Perdita*, was a useless burden on her household- "a fine lady born and bred, like feathers, and flowers, and French goods, pretty to look at, but fit for no use in the world." The captain's daughters partly instigated by compassion, and partly by the striking contrast between the delicate graces of the stranger and their own buxom beauty, incessantly teased their father to send her back to her own country; and neighbours and acquaintances were for ever letting fall some observation on the beauty of the girl, or some allusion to her story, that was a spark of fire to the captain's gunpowder temper.

WEEKS and months rolled heavily on without a dawn of hope to poor *Perdita*. She was too young and inexperienced to contrive any mode of relief, and no one was likely to undertake voluntarily the difficult enterprise of rescuing her from her thralldom. Her condition was thus forlorn, when her story came to the ears of *Frank Stuart*, a gallant young sailor on board the *Hazard*, a vessel lying in the stream off *Oxford*, and on the eve of sailing for *Cowes* in the *Isle of Wight*. *Frank* stood deservedly high in the confidence of his commander, and on Sunday, the day preceding that

appointed for the departure of the ship, he obtained leave to go on shore. His youthful imagination was excited by the story of the oppressed stranger, and he hurried along the beach in the direction of her master's plantation, in the hope of gratifying his curiosity by a glimpse of her.

As he approached the house he perceived that the front blinds were closed, and inferring thence that the family were absent, he ventured within the bounds of the plantation, and saw at no great distance from him a young female sitting on a bench beneath a tree. She leaned her head against its trunk, with an air of dejectedness and abstraction, that encouraged the young man to hope he had already attained his object. As he approached nearer, the girl started from her musings, and would have retreated to the house, but suddenly inspired by her beauty and youth with a resolution to devote himself to her service, he besought her to stop for one instant and listen to him. She turned and gazed at him as if she would have perused his heart. Frankness and truth were written on his face by the finger of heaven. She could not fear any impertinence from him, and farther assured by his respectful manner, when he added, "I have something particular to say to you—but we must luff and bear away, for we are in too plain sight of the look-out there," and he pointed to the house—she smiled and followed him to a more secluded part of the grounds. As soon as

he was sure of being beyond observation, "Do you wish," he asked with professional directness, "to return to Old England?" She could not speak, but she clasped her hands, and the tears gushed like an opened fountain from her eyes—"you need not say any more," he exclaimed, for he felt every tear to be a word spoken to his heart—"If you will trust me," he continued, "I swear, and so God help me as I speak the truth, I will treat you as if you were my sister. Our ship sails to-morrow morning at day-light, make a tight bundle of your rigging, and meet me at twelve o'clock to-night at the gate of the plantation. Will you trust me?"

"HEAVEN has sent you to me," replied the poor girl, her face brightening with hope, "and I will not fear to trust you."

THEY then separated—Perdita to make her few preparations, and Frank to contrive the means of executing his romantic enterprise. Precisely at the appointed hour the parties met at the place of rendezvous. Perdita was better furnished for her voyage than could have been anticipated, from the durance she had suffered. A short notice and a scant wardrobe, were never known to oppose an obstacle to a heroine's compassing sea and land: but as we have dispensed with the facilities of fiction, we are bound to account for Perdita's being in possession of the necessaries of life, and it is due to the captain's daughter to state, that

her feminine sympathy had moved her from time to time to grant generous supplies to Perdita, which our heroine did not fail to acknowledge on going away, by a letter enclosing a valuable ring.

A FEW whispered sentences of caution, assurance and gratitude, were reciprocated by Frank and Perdita, as they bent their hasty steps to the landing-place where he had left his boat ; and when he had handed her into it, and pushed from the shore on to his own element, he felt the value of the trust which this beautiful young creature had reposed in him. Never in the days of knightly deeds was there a sentiment of purer chivalry, than that which inspired the determined resolution and romantic devotion of the young sailor. He was scarcely twenty, the age of fearless project, and self confidence. How soon is the one checked by disappointments—the other humbled by experience of the infirmity of human nature !

STUART had not confided his designs to any of his shipmates. He was therefore obliged warily to approach the ship, and to get on board with the least possible noise. He had just time to secrete Perdita amidst bales of tobacco, in the darkest place in the hold of the vessel, when a call of “ all hands on deck,” summoned him to duty. He was foremast at his post, and all was stir and bustle to get the vessel under way. The sails were hoisted—the anchor weighed, and all in readiness, when a signal was heard from the shore,

and presently a boat filled with men seen approaching. The men proved to be Perdita's master, a sheriff, and his attendants. They produced a warrant empowering them to search the vessel. The old captain affirmed that the girl had been seen on the preceding day, talking with a young spark, who was known to have come on shore from the Hazard. In his fury he foamed at the mouth, swore he would have the runaway dead or alive, and that her aider and abettor should be given over to condign punishment. The master of the Hazard declared, that if any of his men were found guilty, he would resign them to the dealings of land-law, and to prove that if there were a plot, he was quite innocent, he not only freely abandoned his vessel to the search, but himself was most diligent in the inquest. The men were called up, confronted and examined; not one appeared more cool and unconcerned than Frank Stuart, and after every inquiry, after ransacking as they believed, every possible place of concealment, the pursuers were compelled to withdraw, baffled and disappointed.

THE vessel proceeded on her voyage.—Frank requested the captain's permission to swing a hammock alongside his birth, on the pretence that the birth was damp and unwholesome by a leak in the deck above it. This reasonable petition was of course granted, and when night had closed watchful eyes, and dropped her friendly veil, so essential to the clandestine enterprises

of the most ingenious, Frank rescued Perdita from a position in which she had suffered not only the inconveniences, but the terrors of an African slave, and wrapping her in his own dreadnought, and drawing his watch-cap over her bright luxuriant hair, he conducted her past the open door of the captain's state-room, to his own birth; then whispering to her, "that she was safe as a ship in harbour;" he gave her some biscuit and a glass of wine, for which he had bartered his allowance of spirits, and laid himself down in his own hammock, to the companionship of such thoughts as are ministering angels about the pillow of the virtuous.

THE following day a storm arose—a storm still remembered, as the most terrible and disastrous that ever occurred in Chesapeake Bay. There were several passengers of consequence on board the Hazard, among others two deacons who were going to the mother country to receive orders. Night came on, the storm increased, and then, when the ship was in extremity, when howled in every blast, when "the timid shrieked and the brave stood still"—then was the unwearied activity, the exhaustless invention, and the unconquerable resolution of Frank Stuart, the last human support and help of the unhappy crew. The master of the Hazard was advanced in life and unnerved by the usual feebleness and timidity of age. He had but just enough presence of mind left, to estimate the masterly conduct of young Stuart, and he abandoned the command of

the vessel to him, and retired to prayers, which, is too often only a last resource.

ONCE or twice Stuart disappeared from the deck, ran to whisper a word of encouragement to his trembling charge, and then returned with renewed vigour to his duty. Owing, under Providence to his exertions, the Hazard rode out a storm which filled the seaman's annals with many a tale of terror. Gratitude is too apt to rest in second causes, in the visible means of deliverance, and perhaps an undue portion was now felt towards the intrepid youth. The passengers lavished their favours on him—they supplied his meals with the most delicate wines and fruits, and the choicest viands from their own stores; he, with the superstition characteristic of his profession, firmly believed that heaven had sent the storm to unlock their hearts to him, and thus afford him the means of furnishing Perdita with dainties suited to her delicate appetite, so that she fared, as he afterwards boasted, like the daughter of a king in her father's palace.

STUART was kept in a state of perpetual alarm by the mate of the vessel. He knew that this fellow one of those imbeciles that bend like a reed before a strong blast, had been hostile to him ever since the storm, when the accidental superiority of his station had been compelled to bow to Frank's superior genius. He was aware that the mate had, by malicious insinua-

tions, estranged the captain from him, and he was but too certain that he should have nothing to hope if his secret were discovered by this base man. Perhaps this apprehension gave him an air of unwonted constraint in the presence of his enemy; certain it is, the mate's eye often rested on him with an expression of eager watchfulness and suspicion, and Stuart, perceiving it, would contract his brow and compress his lips, in a way, that betrayed how hard he strove with his rising passion. The difficulty of concealment was daily increasing, as one after another of his messmates, either from some inevitable accident, or from a communication becoming necessary on his part, obtained possession of his secret. But his ascendancy over them was complete, by threats or persuasions, he induced them all to promise inviolable secrecy. There is an authority in a determined spirit to which men naturally do homage. It is heaven's own character of a power, to which none can refuse submission.

FRANK never permitted his comrades to approach Perdita, or to speak a word to her; but in the depths of the night, when the mate's and the old captain's senses were locked in sleep, he would bring her forth to breathe the fresh air. Seated on the gunwale, she would bestow on him the only reward in her gift—the treasures of her sweet voice; and Frank said the winds sat still in the sails to listen. There were times when

not a human sound was heard in the ship, when these two beings, borne gently on by the tides in mid-ocean, felt as if they were alone in the universe.

It was at such times that Frank felt an irrepressible curiosity to know something more of the mysterious history of Perdita, whose destiny heaven, he believed, had committed to his honour; and once he ventured to introduce the topic nearest his heart, saying, "you bade me call you Perdita, but I do not like the name; it puts me too much in mind of those rodomontade novels, that turn the girl's heads and set them a sailing, as it were, without chart or compass, in quest of unknown worlds"—he hesitated, it was evident he had betaken himself to a figure, to avoid an explicit declaration of his wishes—after a moments pause he added—"it suits me best to be plain spoken—it is not the name that I object to so much, but—but, hang it—I think you know Frank Stuart now, well enough to trust him with your real name."

THE unhappy girl cast down her eyes, and said "that Perdita suited her better than any other name."

"THEN you will not trust me?"

"SAY not so, my noble, generous friend," she exclaimed, "trust you!—have I not trusted you!—you know that I would trust you with any thing that was my own—but my name—my father's name, I have forfeited by my folly."

"OH no—that you shall not say—a brave ship is

not run down with a light breeze, and a single folly of a young girl cannot sink a good name,—a folly!" he continued, thus indirectly pushing his inquiries," if it is a folly, it's a common one—there's many a stouter heart than your's, that's tried to face a gale of love, and been obliged to bear about and scud before the wind."

"WHO told you?—how did you discover?" demanded Perdita in a hurried, alarmed manner.

FRANK's generous temper disdained to surprise the unwary girl into confidence, and he immediately surrendered the advantage he had gained. "Nobody has told me," he said—"I have discovered nothing—I only guessed, as the Yankees say—now wipe away your tears—the sea wants no more salt water, and believe me Frank Stuart has not such a woman's spirit in him, that he cannot rest content without knowing a secret." In spite of Frank's manly resolution, he did afterwards repeatedly intimate the longings of his curiosity, but they were always met with such unaffected distress on the part of Perdita, that he said he had not the heart to press them.

As the termination of the voyage approached, Stuart became more intensely anxious lest his secret should be discovered. The mildest consequence would be, that he should forfeit his wages. That he cared not for—like Goldsmith's poor soldier, he could lie on a bare board, and thank God he was so well off. "While

he had youth and health," he said, " and there was a ship afloat on the wide sea, he was provided for." But his companions who had been true to him might also forfeit their pay ; for, by their fidelity to him, they had in some measure become his accessories. But he found consolation even under this apprehension ; " The honest lads," he said, " would soon make a full purse empty, but the memory of a good action was a treasure gold could not buy—a treasure that would stick by them for ever—a treasure for the port of heaven." There was, however, one apprehended evil, for which his philosophy offered no antidote.

HE was sure the captain would deem it his duty, or make it his will, (even Frank's slight knowledge of human nature told him that will and duty were too often convertible terms,) to return the fugitive to her *soi-disant* master in Maryland. Nothing could exceed the vigilance with which he watched every movement and turn that threatened a detection, or the ingenuity with which he evaded every circumstance that tended to it—but alas ! the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

ONE night when it was blowing a gale, a particular rope was wanted, which the mate remembered to have stowed away in the steerage. Frank eagerly offered to search for it, but the mate was certain that no one but himself could find it, and taking a lantern he went in quest of it. Frank followed him with fear and

trembling. He has since been in many a desperate sea-fight, but he declares he never felt so much like a coward as at that moment. The mate's irritable humour had been somewhat stirred by Frank's persisting in his offer, to go for the rope, and when he turned and saw him at his heels, he asked him angrily, "what he was dogging him for?" "The ship rolls so heavily," replied Frank in a subdued tone, "that I thought you might want me to hold the lantern for you." Frank's unwonted meekness quite conciliated the mate, and though he rejoined, "I think I have been used to the rolling of a ship a little longer than you, young man," he spoke good naturedly, and Frank ventured to proceed. Most fortunately, as Frank thought, the mate directed his steps to the side of the ship opposite Perdita's birth. At this moment the poor lad's heart, as he afterwards averred, stopped beating. The ship rolled on that side, and the mate, catching hold of the birth to save himself from falling, exclaimed, "In heaven's name what lazy lubber is here, when every hand is wanted on deck?" and raising his lantern to identify the supposed delinquent sailor, he discovered the beautiful girl. For a moment he was dumb with amazement, but soon recalling the search at Oxford, the whole truth flashed upon him: he turned to Frank and shaking his fist in his face, "Ah, that is you, Stuart!" he said, and enforced his gesture with a horrible oath. "Yes," retorted Frank, now standing

boldly forth, "it is me, thank God," —and then drawing a curtain that he had arranged before Perdita's birth, he bade her fear nothing.

"Oh Frank," she exclaimed, "I cannot fear where you are." This involuntary expression of confidence went to her protector's heart.

THERE is no man so dead to sentiment, as not to be touched by the trust of woman, especially if she be young and beautiful. Frank was at the age when sentiment is absolute, and he was resolved to secure his treasure at every hazard. Perdita's declaration, while it stimulated his zeal, awakened the mean jealousies of the mate.

"AND so, my pretty Miss," he said, "you fear nothing where this fellow is—I can tell you, for all that he may boast, and you may believe, he is neither master nor mate yet, and please the Lord I'll prove as much to him this very night." "And how will you prove it?" asked Stuart, in a voice which though as calm as he could make it, resembled the low growl of a bull dog before he springs on his victim.

"I'LL prove it, my lad, by telling the whole story of your smuggled goods to the captain. A pretty piece of work this, to be carried on under the nose of your officers. It's no better than a mutiny, for I'll warrant it the whole ship's crew are leagued with you." Stuart reined in his passions, and condescended to expostulate. He represented to the mate that he could

gain nothing by giving information to the captain. He described with his ample eloquence, the oppression the poor girl had already suffered; the cruelty of disappointing her present hopes just as they were on the point of their being realized, for the ship was not more than twenty-four hours sail from Cowes; he appealed to his compassion, his generosity, his manliness, but all in vain, he found no accessible point. The mean pride of having discovered the secret, and the pleasure of humbling Stuart, mastered every good feeling of the mate, if indeed he possessed any, and he turned away, saying, with a sort of chuckling exultation, "that he should go and do his duty."

"STOP," said Frank, grasping his arm with a gripe that threatened to crush it, "Stop and hear me—I swear by him that made me, if you dare so much as hint by word, look or movement, the secret you have discovered here, you shall not cumber the earth another day—day—said I—no, not an hour—I'll send you to the d—l as swift as a cannon ball ever went to the mark.—Look," he continued, tearing away the curtain he had just drawn before Perdita—"could any thing short of the malice of Satan himself contrive to harm such helpless innocence as that—do you hear me?"—he added in a voice that outroared the storm.—"In God's name look at me, and see I am in earnest."

THE mate had no doubt to satisfy, he trembled like an aspen-leaf—in vain he essayed to raise his eyes,

the passion that glanced in Frank's face, and dilated his whole figure, affected the trembling wretch like a stroke of the sun, He reeled in Frank's iron grasp, his abject fear changed Stuart's wrath to contempt, and giving him an impulse that sent him quite out of the door, he returned to soothe Perdita with the assurance that they had nothing to fear from the cowardly dog. She was confounded with terror, but much more frightened by the vehemence of Stuart's passion than by the threats of the mate. She had always seen her protector move like an unobstructed stream along its course, in calm and silent power. Now he was the torrent that no human force could control or direct.

SHE saw before her, calamities far worse than any she had endured. She believed that the mate, as soon as he was recovered from his paroxysm of terror, would communicate his discovery. She apprehended the most fatal issue from Frank's threats and determined resolution, and the possibility that his generous zeal for her might involve him in crime, was intolerable to her. Such thoughts do not become less terrible by solitary meditations—in the solemnity of night and amidst the howlings of a storm. Every blast spoke reproach and warning to Perdita, and tortured by those harpies, remorse and fear, she took a sudden resolution to reveal herself to the captain, feeling at the moment that if she warded off evil from her protector, she could patiently abide the worst consequences to herself. She

sprang from her berth as if afraid of being checked by a second thought, and rushed from the steerage to the cabin. All was perfect stillness there—the passengers had retired to their beds. The captain was sitting by the table, he had been reading, but his book had fallen to the floor, his head had sunk upon his breast, and he was in a profound sleep. The light shone full on his weather-beaten face—on large uncouth features—on lines deepened to furrows—and muscles stiffened by time. Never was there an aspect more discouraging to one who needed mercy, and poor Perdita stood trembling before him and close to him, and dared not, could not speak. She heard a footstep approaching, still her tongue adhered to the roof of her mouth. Then she heard her name pronounced in a low whisper at the cabin door, and turning, she saw Stuart there beckoning most earnestly to her. She shook her head, motioned him to withdraw, and laid her hand on the captain's shoulder. There was but one way to thwart her intentions, and Frank's was not a hesitating spirit, he sprang forward, caught her in his arms, and before the old man had rubbed his eyes fairly open, Perdita was again safe in the steerage.

STUART's threats produced the intended effect on the mate; he was completely intimidated. He scarcely ventured out of Frank's sight lest he should incur his dangerous suspicions, and the next day the vessel, accelerated by the gale of the preceding evening, arrived

at Cowes. The captain and mate immediately landed, and Stuart no longer embarrassed by their presence, was able to take the necessary measures for Perdita. She assured him that if once conveyed to the mainland, to Portsmouth or Southampton, she could herself take the coach for London, and then, she said, happiness or misery awaited her, which her noble protector could neither promote or avert.

A BOAT was procured. Before Perdita was transferred to it, she took leave of all the sailors, shook hands with each of them, and expressed to them individually, her gratitude and good wishes. Her words conveyed nothing but a sense of obligation, but there was something of condescension in her manner, and much of the grace of high station that contrasted strikingly with the abased, fearful, and shrinking air of the girl who had, till then, only been seen gliding like a spectre along the deck, attended by Stuart, and veiled by the shadows of night. As the boat parted from the ship, she bowed her head and waved her handkerchief to Frank's shipmates, and they returned her salutation with three loud cheers.

STUART attended her to an inn at Portsmouth, engaged for her a seat in the London coach, and then followed her to a private apartment which he had secured, to bid her farewell.

PERDITA, from the moment she had felt her emancipation from a degrading condition, and the joy

of setting her foot again on her native land, had manifested perhaps, an undue elation of spirits, an elation so opposite to Frank's feelings, that to him it was a grating discord: but when she saw him for the last time, every other emotion gave place to unfeigned sorrow and inexpressible gratitude.

STUART laid a purse on the table beside her. "My shipmates" he said, "receive their wages to morrow, so they have been right glad to make their pockets clear of the little trash that was in them, which may be of service to you, though it is of no use to them."

"OH Frank!" she exclaimed, "if I should ever have any thing in my gift—if I could but reward you for all you have done for me."

ALL the blood in Frank's heart rushed to his face, and he said in a voice almost inarticulate with offended pride, "there are services that money cannot buy, and thank God, there are feelings in a poor man's breast worth more than all the gold in the King's coffers."

"OH what have I said," exclaimed Perdita, "I would rather die—rather return to the depths of misery from which you rescued me—yes, ten times told, than to speak one word that should offend you—you to whom I owe every thing—my life—and more than life I did not say—I did not think, that money could reward you."

"Do not speak that word again," said Frank,

half ashamed of his pride, and half glorying in it. "Reward! I want none but your safety and the blessed memory of having done my duty. Money—ho! I care no more for it, than for the dust I tread upon."

"I KNOW it—I am sure of it," cried Perdita, humbled for the moment by a sense of an elevation of soul in Frank, that exalted him far above any accidents of birth or education. "Frank you are rich in every thing that is good and noble—and what am I, to talk of reward—poor—poor—in every thing but gratitude to you, Frank—I am not poor in that—you must not then despise me, and you will not forget me—and you will keep this ring for my sake."

FRANK took the ring, and the lily hand she extended to him—his tears fell fast upon it—he struggled for a moment with his feelings, then dashed away his tears, and half-articulating "God bless you!" he hurried out of the apartment. Thus separating himself from the beautiful young creature, for whom he had performed a most difficult service with religious fidelity; and of whose name even, he was for ever to remain in ignorance.

THE enterprising talent of Stuart ensured its appropriate reward. In one year from the memorable voyage above related, he commanded a vessel; and on the breaking out of the revolutionary war, he devoted himself to his country's cause, with the fervent zeal

which characterized and consecrated that cause—which made the common interest a matter of feeling—a family affair to each individual. Stuart commanded an armed merchantman, and disputes with the noted Paul Jones, the honour of having first struck down the British flag. However this may be, he was distinguished for his skill and intrepidity—and, above all, (and this distinction endures when the most brilliant achievements have become insignificant,) for his humanity to those whom the fortune of war cast in his power.

WHILE on a cruise off the West Indies, Stuart intercepted an enemy's ship bound to Antigua. His adversary was far superior to him in men and guns, but as it did not comport with Stuart's bold spirit to make any nice calculations of an enemy's superiority, he prepared without hesitation for action. The contest was a very severe one, and the victory long doubtful; but at last the British captain struck his colours. Though we certainly are disposed to render all honour to the skill of our hero, yet we dare not claim for him the whole merit of his success, but rather solve the mystery of victory at such odds, by quoting the expression of a patriotic English boy, who said on a similar occasion—"Ah, but the Americans would not have beaten, if the Lord had not been on their side."

AFTER the fight the English commander requested an interview with Captain Stuart; he informed him that the wife and mother of the governor of Antigua

were on board his vessel, and that they were almost distracted with terror, he entreated therefore that they might be received with the humanity which their sex demanded, and the deference always due to high station. Stuart replied, "that as to high station, he held that all God's creatures, who feared their Creator and did their duty were on a dead level—and as to the duties of humanity he trusted that he need go no further than his own heart, for instructions how to perform them." The British captain was ignorant of the spirit of the times, and auguring nothing favourable from Stuart's reply, returned with a heavy heart to conduct them on board the captor's ship. The elder lady the mother, was a woman of rank, with all the pride and prejudice of high birth. The Americans she deemed a much despised order;—rebels and robbers, were the best epithets she bestowed on them, and she sincerely believed that she had fallen into the hands of pirates. The younger lady, though deeply affected by their disastrous situation, endeavoured to calm her mother's apprehensions, and assured her that she had heard there were men of distinguished humanity among the American sailors. The old lady shook her head incredulously. "Oh heaven help us," she groaned, "what can we expect from such horrid fellows, when they know they have Lady Strangford and the Right Honourable Mrs. Liston in their power—and your beauty, Selina! your beauty child! it is a fatal treasure

to fall among thieves with—depend on't—arrange your veil so that it will hang in thick folds over your face—I will draw my hood close.” The precaution on her part seemed quite superfluous, but the young lady obacured some of heaven’s cunningest workmanship with her impervious veil.

THE servants were ordered to deliver the ladies baggage to the American captain, with a request that some necessaries might be preserved. Stuart answered that he interfered with no private property, and that all the baggage of the ladies remained at their disposal. Lady Strangford was somewhat reassured by this generosity, and attended by her captain and followed by her daughter and servants, she proceeded to Stuart’s ship. Stuart advanced to meet them and offered her his hand—she proudly declined it, and passed silently on. A gust of wind blew back her hood—“Faith!” exclaimed one of the sailors who observed the scrupulosity with which she replaced it, “the old lady had best show her face, for I’m sure we’ll all give a good birth to such an iron-bound coast as that.” But as the same breeze blew aside the young lady’s veil, there was a general murmur of admiration. She had at the moment graciously accepted the tender of Stuart’s hand, in hopes of counteracting the impression of her mother’s rudeness, and when her veil was removed he had a full view of her face; conscious that many were gazing on her, she blushed deeply, and hastily re-

adjusted it without raising her eyes. Stuart dropped her hand—smothered an exclamation, and retreated a few paces, leaving her to follow her mother alone.

ONE of his officers observing his emotion, said, “How is this captain? you don’t wink at a broad side, and yet you start at one flash from a lady’s bright face.”

“I got a scratch on my right arm in the engagement,” returned Stuart, evading the raillery, “and the lady’s touch gave me a pang.”

HE then retired to his state-room; and wrote the following note, which he directed to be delivered to the young lady. “Captain Stuart’s compliments to the ladies under his protection—he incloses a ring once bestowed on him in acknowledgment of honourable conduct, as a pledge to them that the hand that has worn such a badge shall never be sullied by a bad deed. Captain Stuart will proceed immediately to Antigua, conveying the ladies with the least possible delay to their destined port.” Such a communication to prisoners of war, might naturally excite emotion in a generous bosom, but it did not account for the excess of it manifested by the young lady. She became pale and faint, and when her mother, alarmed at such a demonstration of feeling, took up the note, she caught it from her and then, after a second thought relinquished it to her.

“I see nothing in this Selina,” said the old lady, after perusing, and re-perusing it, “to throw you into such a flurry, but you are young, and are thinking no

doubt of getting to your husband and children, young people's feelings, are, like soft wax, easily melted."

"THERE is a warmth in some kindness," rejoined the daughter earnestly, "that ought to melt the hardest substance."

"REALLY, I do not see any thing so very striking in this man's civility. It would be, of course, you know, in the British navy, politeness and all that sort of thing being inborn in an Englishman, but it may be, indeed I fancy it is, quite unheard of in an American." "Shall I write our acknowledgments, madam, to Captain Stuart?" asked the young lady with evident solicitude to drop the conversation. "Certainly—certainly, my dear Selina, always be ceremoniously polite with your inferiors." "Madam, I think this noble captain," she would have added, "has no superiors," but afraid of further discussion, she concluded her sentence with the tame addition, "richly deserves our thanks."

SHE then wrote the following note. "Mrs. Liston, in behalf of her mother-in-law Lady Strangford, and on her own part, offers her warmest thanks to Captain Stuart—the ladies esteem it heaven's peculiar mercy that Captain Stuart is their captor. They have already had such experience of his magnanimity, as to render them perfectly tranquil in reposing their safety and happiness on his honour." The ring, without any allusion to it, was reinclosed.

WHEN Stuart had perused the note, he inquired if the lady had not requested to speak with him. He was answered that so far from intimating such a wish, she had said to her mother that she should remain in her state room, till she was summoned to leave the vessel. The captain looked extremely chagrined, he knit his brow, and bit his lips, and gave his orders hastily, with the usual sea expletives appended to them,—"a sure sign," his men said, "that something went wrong with their commander," but these signs of repressed emotion were all the expression he allowed to his offended pride, or perhaps his better feelings. The ladies were scrupulously served, and every deferential attention paid to them that Lady Strangford would have anticipated in the best disciplined ship in his Majesty's service.

A FEW days sail brought the schooner to the port of Antigua. She entered the harbour under a flag of truce, and remained there just time enough for the disembarkation of the ladies and their suite. During this ceremony Stuart remained in his birth, under pretext of a violent head-ache; but it was observed that they were no sooner fairly off than he was on deck again, moving about with an activity and even impetuosity that seemed quite incompatible with a debilitating malady.

CAPTAIN STUART continued for some months a fortunate cruize about the West India Islands. His

was not the prudent maxim that "discretion is the better part of valour," but when valour would have been bootless he knew how to employ the alternative, and his little schooner was celebrated as the most desperate fighter and the swiftest sailer in those seas, and her commander became so formidable, that the English admiral off that station gave orders that the schooner should be followed and destroyed at all hazards. Soon after this he was pursued by a ship of the line and compelled to take refuge in the harbour of St. Kitts, a French, and of course a friendly port to the American flag. Here he anchored his vessel, and deeming himself perfectly secure, and wearied with hard duty, he retired to his birth after setting a watch, and dismissing his crew to repose. In the middle of the night he was alarmed by an attack from the pursuing frigate, which had contrived to elude the vigilance of the fort that guarded the entrance of the harbour, and was already in such a position in relation to him, as to cut off every possibility of escape. His spirit, far from quailing, was exasperated by the surprise. He fought as the most courageous animals fight at bay. To increase the horror of his situation, the commander of the fort from some fatal mistake, opened a fire upon him. He was boarded on all sides by boats manned with eighty-four men. We were too ignorant of such matters, and too peaceably inclined to give any interest to the particulars of a sea-fight. Suffice it to

say, that our hero did not surrender till he was himself disabled by wounds, his little band cut down, and his schooner a wreck. When the British commander ascertained the actual force with which he had contended, his pride was stung with the consciousness that a victory so dearly bought, had all of defeat but the disgraceful name; and, incapable of that sympathy which a magnanimous spirit always feels with a noble captive, he arraigned Captain Stuart before him as a criminal, and demanded of him how he dared, against the law of nations, to defend an indefensible vessel. "Did you think," retorted Stuart with cold contempt, "that I had gunpowder and would not burn it? do you talk to me of the law of nations! I fight after the law of nature, that teaches me to spend the last grain of powder and the last drop of blood, in my country's service." His conqueror's temper before heated, was now inflamed by Stuart's reply. He ordered him to be manacled and put into close confinement. This conduct may appear extraordinary in the commander of a British frigate, but the English, in their contest with the colonies were not always governed by those generous principles, by which they have themselves so much alleviated the miseries of war. A defeated American was treated as a lawful enemy, or a rebel, as suited the individual temper of the conqueror.

THE frigate was so much injured in the fight as to

render a refit necessary, and her commander sailed with his prize for Antigua.

STUART well knew that his fidelity to his country, rendered him obnoxious to the severest judgment from the admiralty court, and though he might plead the services he had rendered the ladies of the governor's family in mitigation of his sentence, he proudly resolved never to advert to favours, which he had reason to believe had been lightly estimated.

SPIRITS most magnanimous in prosperity are often most lofty in adversity. Frank Stuart, mutilated by wounds, dejected by the fatal calamities of his faithful crew, irritated by the indignities heaped on him by his unworthy captor, and stung by secret thoughts of some real or fancied injury—chafed and overburdened by many griefs, received, and sullenly obeyed a summons to the presence of the governor. It cannot be denied, that reluctantly as he appeared before the governor, he surveyed him at his introduction with a look of keen curiosity. He was surprised to see a man rather past his prime, though not yet declined into the vale of years. With generous allowance for the effect of a tropical climate, he might not have been more than forty-five. His physiognomy was agreeable, and his deportment gentlemanly. He received Captain Stuart with far more courtesy than was often vouchsafed from an officer of the crown, to one who fought

under the rebel banner, and remarking that he looked pale and sick, he begged him to be seated.

STUART declined the civility, and continued resting on a crutch, which a severe wound in his leg rendered necessary.

"You are the commander of the schooner Betsy?" said the governor.

"WHAT'S left of him," returned Stuart.

"You appear to be severely wounded," continued the governor.

"HACKED to pieces." rejoined Stuart, in a manner suited to the brevity of his reply.

"YOUR name, I believe, is Frank Stuart?"

"I HAVE no reason to deny the name, thank God?"

"AND, thank God, I have reason to bless and honour it," exclaimed the governor, advancing and grasping Frank's hand heartily. "What metal did you deem me of, my noble friend, that I should forget such favours as you conferred on me, in the persons of my wife and mother."

"I have known greater favours than those forgotten," said Frank, and the sudden illumination of his pale face, showed how deeply he felt what he uttered.

"SAY you so!" exclaimed the governor with good humoured warmth; "well, but that I am too poor to pay my own debts to you, I should count it a pleasure to assume those of all my species—but heaven grant, my friend, that you do not allude to my wife and

mother. I blamed them much for not bringing you on shore with them—but my mother is somewhat over punctilious, and my wife poor soul! her nerves were so shattered by that sea-fight, that she is but now herself again. On my word, so far from wanting gratitude to you, she never hears an allusion to you without tears, the language women deal in when words are too cold for them. But come,” concluded the governor for he found that all his efforts did but add to Stuart’s evident distress, “come, follow me to the drawing-room, the ladies will themselves convince you, how impatient they have been to welcome you.”

“ARE they apprised,” asked Stuart, still hesitating and holding back, “whom they are to see?”

“THAT are they—my mother is as much delighted as if his Majesty were in waiting, and my wife is weeping with joy.”

“PERHAPS,” said Stuart, still hesitating, “she would rather not see me now.”

“NONSENSE, my good friend, come along. It is not for a brave fellow like you to shrink from a few friendly tears from a woman’s eye.”

NOTHING more could be urged, and Stuart followed Governor Liston to the presence of the ladies.

LADY STRANGFORD rose and offered him her hand with the most condescending kindness. Mrs. Liston rose too, but did not advance till her husband said, “Come, Selina, speak your welcome to our

benefactor—he may misinterpret this expression of your feelings.”

“OH no,” she said, now advancing eagerly, and fixing her eye on Stuart, while her cheeks, neck, and brow were suffused with crimson, “Oh no, Captain Stuart knows how deeply I must feel benefits, which none but he that bestowed them could forget or undervalue.”

“It was a rule my mother taught me,” replied Frank with bluntness, softened however by a sudden gleam of pleasure, “that givers should not have better memories than receivers.” There was a meaning in his honest phrase hidden from two of his auditors, but quite intelligible to her for whom it was designed, and to our readers, who have doubtless already anticipated that the honourable Mrs. Liston was none other than the fugitive Perdita. A sudden change of colour showed that she felt acutely Stuart’s keen though veiled reproach.

“A BENEFIT,” she replied, still speaking in a double sense, “such as I have received from you, Captain Stuart, may be too deeply felt to be acknowledged by words—heaven has given us the opportunity of deeds, and you shall find that my gratitude is only inferior to your merit.” Stuart was more accustomed to embody his feelings in action than speech, and he remained silent. He felt as if he were the sport of a dream, when he looked on the transformed Perdita.

He knew not why, but invested as she now was, with all the power of wealth and the elegance of fashion, he felt not to have the awe of her, as when in her helplessness and dependence, "he had fenced her rounde with many a spelle," wrought by youthful and chivalric feeling.

HE perceived, in spite of Mrs. Liston's efforts, that his presence was embarrassing to her, and he would have taken leave, but the governor insisted peremptorily on his remaining to dine with him. Then saying that he had indispensable business to transact, and must be absent for a half hour, he would, he said, "leave the ladies to the free expression of their feelings."

WHEN he was gone, Mrs. Liston said to her mother, "I do not think your little favourite, Francis, is quite well to-day—will you have the goodness to look in upon him, and give nurse some advice." The old lady went without reluctance, as most people do to give advice, and Mrs. Liston turned to Stuart, and said, "I gave my boy your name, with a prayer that God would give him your spirit. Do not, oh do not think me," she continued, her lip quivering with emotion, "the ungrateful wretch I have appeared. I am condemned to silence by the pride of another. My heart rebels, but I am bound to keep that a secret, which my feelings prompt me to publish to the world." Stuart would have spoken, but she anticipated him: "Listen to me without interruption," she said "my

story is my only apology, and I have but brief space to tell it in. It was Love, as you once guessed, that led me to that mad voyage to America. I had a silly passion for a young Virginian, who had been sent to England for his education—he was nineteen, I fifteen, when we promised to meet on board the ship which conveyed me to America. His purpose, but not his concert with me, was discovered, and he was detained in England. You know all the events of my enterprise. I left a letter for my father, informing him that I had determined to abandon England, but I gave him not the slightest clue to my real designs. I was an only, and as you will readily believe a spoiled child. My mother was not living, and my father hoping that I should soon return, and wishing to veil my folly, gave out that he had sent me to a boarding school on the continent, and himself retired to Switzerland. When I arrived in London, I obtained his address and followed him. He immediately received me to apparent favour, but never restored me to his confidence. His heart was hardened by my childish folly, and though I recounted to him all my sufferings, I never drew a tear from him; but when I spoke of you, and dwelt on the particulars of your goodness to me, his eye would moisten, and he would exclaim, “God bless the lad.” I must be brief,” she continued, casting her eye apprehensively at the door; “Mr. Liston came with his mother to Geneva, where we resided; he

addressed me—my father favoured his suit, and though he is as you perceive, much older than myself, I consented to marry him, but not, as I told my father, till I had unfolded my history to him. My father was incensed at what he called my folly—he treated me harshly—I was subdued, and our contest ended in my solemnly swearing never to divulge the secret, on the preservation of which he fancied the honour of his proud name to depend.”

“THANK God,” then exclaimed Frank with a burst of honest feeling, “it was not your pride, cursed pride, and I may still think on Perdita as a true, tender-hearted girl, it was a pleasant spot in my memory,” he continued, dashing away a tear, “and I hated to have it crossed with a black line.”

MRS. LISTON improved all that remained of her mother's absence in detailing some particulars, not necessary to relate, by which it appeared that notwithstanding she had dispensed with the article of love in her marriage, (we crave mercy of our fair young readers,) her husband's virtue and indulgence had matured a sentiment of affection, if not as romantic, yet quite as safe and enduring as youthful passion. She assured Stuart that she regarded him as the means of all her happiness. “Not a day passes,” she said, raising her beautiful eyes to heaven, “that I do not remember my generous deliverer, where alone I am permitted to speak of him.” The old lady now rejoined them,

bringing her grandchild in her arms. Frank threw down his crutch, forgot his wounds, and permitted his full heart to flow out, in the caresses he lavished on his little namesake.

THE governor redeemed Stuart's schooner, and made such representations before the admiralty court of his merits, and of the ill-treatment he had received from the commander of the frigate, that the court ordered the schooner to be re-fitted and equipped, and permitted to proceed to sea at the pleasure of Captain Stuart. He remained for several days domesticated in the governor's family, and treated by every member of it with a frank cordiality suited to his temper and merits. Every look, word and action of Mrs. Liston expressed to him, that his singular service was engraven on her heart. He forbore even to allude to it, and with his characteristic magnanimity never inquired, directly or indirectly her family name. He observed a timidity and apprehensiveness in her manner that resulted from a consciousness that she had, however reluctantly, practised a fraud on her husband, and he said "that having felt how burdensome it was to keep a secret from his commander for a short voyage, he thought it was quite too heavy a lading for the voyage of life."

THE demonstrations of gratitude which Stuart received from governor Liston and his family, he deemed out of all proportion to his services, and being more

accustomed to bestow than to receive, he became restless, and as soon as his schooner became ready for sea, he announced his departure, and bade his friends farewell. He said the tears that Perdita (he always called her Perdita,) shed at parting, were far more precious to him than all the rich gifts she had bestowed on him.

At the moment Stuart set his foot on the deck of his vessel, the American colours, at the governor's command, were hoisted. The generous sympathies of the multitude were moved, and huzzas from a thousand voices rent the air. Governor Liston and his suite and most of the merchant vessels, then in port, escorted the schooner out of the harbour. Even the stern usages of war cannot extinguish that sentiment in the bosom of man, implanted by God, which leads him to do homage to a brave and generous foe.

CAPTAIN STUART continued to the end of the war, to serve his country with unabated zeal, and, when peace was restored, the same hardy spirit that had distinguished him in perilous times, made him foremost in bold adventure.

HE commanded the second American trading vessel that arrived at Canton after the peace; and this vessel with which he sailed over half the globe, was a sloop of eighty tons, little more than half the size of the largest now used for the river trade. This adventure will be highly estimated by those who have been

so fortunate as to read the merry tale of Dolph Heilegher, and who remember the prudence manifested, at that period, by the wary Dutchmen in navigating these small vessels : how they were fain to shelter themselves at night in the friendly harbours with which the river abounds, and we believe, to avoid adventuring through Haverstraw-bay or the Tappan sea, in a high wind.

WHEN Stuart's little sloop rode into the port of Canton, it was mistaken for a tender from a large ship, and the bold mariner was afterwards familiarly called by the great Hong merchants, " the one-mast captain."

FIFTY-SEVEN years have gone by since the Hazard sailed from Oxford, and our hero is now enjoying in the winter of his life, the fruits of a summer activity and integrity. Time, which he has well used, has used him gently—his hair is a little thinned and mottled, but is still a sufficient shelter to his honoured head. His eye when he talks of the past, (all good old men love to talk of the past,) rekindles with the fire of youth, his healthful complexion speaks his temperance, and a double row of unimpaired ivory, justifies the pleasant vanity of his boast, that he can still show his teeth to an enemy.

PROFESSIONAL carelessness, or generosity has left him little of the world's ' gear ;' but he is rich—for he is independent of riches. He says he would recommend honest dealings and an open hand, to all who would lay up stores of pleasant thoughts for their old age ;

and he avers—and who will gainsay him, that in the silent watches of the night, the memory of money well bestowed is better than a pocket full of guineas. He loves to recount his boyish pranks, and recall his childish feelings—how he rattled down the chincapins on the devoted heads of a little troop of girls ; and how he was whipped for crying to go with Braddock and be a soldier ! but above all, he loves to dwell on some of the particulars we have related, and in the sincerity of religious feeling to ascribe praise to that being, who kept his youth within the narrow bound of strict virtue.

I SAW him last week surrounded by his grandchildren, recounting his imminent dangers and hair-breadth 'scapes to a favourite boy, while the nimble fingers of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little girls were employed in making sails for a miniature ship, which the old man has just completed. Long may he enjoy the talisman that recalls to his imagination, labour without its hardship, and enterprise without its failure—and God grant gentle breezes and a clear sky to the close of his voyage of life !

THE DEATH OF HOFER,

THE PATRIOT OF THE TYROL.

Brightly upon the Tyrol hills
Gleamed forth the setting sun :
The reaper rested from his toil,
The vintage work was done ;
And they, that stern and fearful band,
That ranged in silent order stand,
They too might seem at rest :
Not theirs the hands that till the soil ;
The waving of the plumed crest,
The glitter of the mailed breast,
Betoken sterner toil ;
And many a fearful sign declares
A redder vintage work was theirs.

Look forth upon the fearful trace
Of what their hand hath done :
The noblest of a noble race
Lay tombless in the Autumn sun ;

And he who now before them stands
With fettered limbs and chained hands,
Whose open brow and dauntless eye,
Yet sternly tells of victory,
He, once his country's helm and shield,
The gleaming of that bloody field,
Stands forth a felon's death to die :
Yet looks with cold and calm disdain
Upon the hasty gathered train,
His trial's solemn mockery ;
But when the dark decree was read
That branded them, the gallant dead
Who fought and perished by his side,
As traitors to their King and crown,
The flashing of indignant pride
Beam'd from his brow's indignant frown.
A moment did his proud lip quiver,
With thoughts for utterance too intense ;
'Twas shortly past ; his rising ire,
Was calmed into a steadier fire,
Where all his noble spirit spoke,
And from his calmed bosom broke
The voice of Nature's eloquence,
Whose tones must soon be hushed for ever.

“ Traitor in sooth ! ” a specious name
To cloak withal your sin and shame,
And time hath been ye had not dared,
Thus with an honoured name to jest,

When arms were nerved and swords were bared
To ring upon your haughty crest.
Meet answer to the craven lie,
Mine hour of fate is all too nigh,
To nurse one thought of vengeance now ;
And as I would have lived, I die
At peace with all below ;
And if I tell of days gone by
When Gallia's iron chivalry
Cowered unto peasant men whose hand
Ne'er grasped before to spear or brand ;
'Tis but to ask you if ye deem,
That hearts and arms so sternly never,
That never from the battle swerved,
When blood was gushing in its stream,
Fast as the swelling of the rills
That wash our everlasting hills,
If these bespeak a traitor soul ?
Ye saw our bands like billows roll,
With might no strength of years could stay,
With hearts no terror could appal,
And press upon the bloody clay,
All slippery with their brethren's fall ;
Ye felt the blows of vengeance come
So truly and so fiercely home,
And deemed ye then that thoughts of treason
Upbore us in that fearful season ?
No ! God and man alike I trust,
When you, like me are cold in dust,

Will show the clear unclouded fame,
That ye would blot with sin and shame.
Ye found us like the fleet chamois
That sports upon the Tyrol's height,
And speedeth in its tameless joy,
Companion of the eagle's flight ;
Fearful as fleet the huntsman's tread,
So light it scarce would bend the grass,
Will speed him from his rocky bed,
O'er beetling crag and yawning pass ;
But if too rash the chase he urge
To the dark cliffs tremendous verge,
Too oft one bound's resistless sway,
Bears down the huntsman and his prey—
And the rank grass the cliff beneath,
Green with the rich manure of death,
Too oft is all that e'er shall tell
Where the too hardy cragsman fell.

And such were we, ye found us free,
Our native rights ye bought and sold,
And trucked our glorious liberty
Against your tyrant's swords and gold :
Too long our nations bitter cry,
Rose in unheeded agony,
Till pressed by loads we could not bear,
And driven by misery to despair,
When ye our very blood would wring
And ran us on the fearful brink,

And thought to see us tamely sink,
Then came the chamois' desperate spring ;
Each girded on his father's brand
That rusted on his cottage wall,
And swore to save his sinking land,
Or perish in her fall.
The tide of wrath long pent, at length
Came on you in its fearful strength,
Leaving a wasted track,
And ye, o'erthrowing and o'erthrown,
Your swords might hew our warriors down,
But could not turn them back.
It matters little now to tell
Of scenes ye all remember well—
Enough ! ye quelled a braver host
Than e'er your haughty land could boast,
And be your shouts of triumph borne
Loud as ye will, above their bed,
Your loudest notes of mirth or scorn
Will little harm the noble dead.
But when your eagles' proudest sway,
In times and regions far away,
Floats loftiest on its bloody wing ;
When o'er the field of fearful deeds,
Where patriot valour conquered bleeds,
Your guiltiest shouts of triumph ring—
When wild and high your bosom thrills,
Bethink ye of the Tyrol hills,

And know, despite your swords and chains,
Some gleam of patriot fire remains,
And throbs in hearts as high and true,
As those your proud oppression slew."

He ceased—and for a moment hung
A silence deep and dread ;
The signal dropped, the bullets rung
Round his unblenching head :
One pang that shook his noble form,
One stifled cry to God,
And he, of soul as true and warm
As ever braved the battle's storm,
Was stretched a lifeless clod :
The wild flowers o'er his head may wave,
The green turf shroud his breast ;
'Tis meeter than a prouder grave,
To deck his glorious rest.

M. L. M.

Leeds.

SONNET.

BY EDWARD TENNYSON, ESQ.

Why do I weep when gazing on that field,
Where happy lambs their airy rounds repeat,
Or stretch'd beneath yon bloom'd inclosure, shield
Their tender age from the fierce mid-day heat—
A fence of roses wild yet full as sweet
As those which in the cultur'd garden bloom?
Is it a bootless spell, a vain conceit
Of thoughts that cannot to perfection come,
Fading like dreams of distant Paradise,
Which makes me mourn and weep when Evening dyes
The West in crimson, faint and fainter glowing;
Or when the glory of the first sunrise,
Along the beauteous East is deeply growing
And from the reedy eave the wakeful swallow cries?

Somersby, 1831.

MOORISH LADY'S SONG.

BY MISS A. JONES.

Why comes he not ? 'tis now
The hour to lovers sweet,
The moonbeam through the orange bough
Falls struggling at my feet.
Soft eve has chased the noon,
The sultriness of day,
The zephyr shakes the lemon bloom—
Then why is he away ?

He said that he would come,
When dews began to fall—
It ever was his wont to come
When night had spread her pall.
He dared the stormy lake,
He too the haunted grove,
He was not one would lightly break
His promise to his love.

Hush ! sighing winds be hushed !
I hear his dipping oar,
His frail bark through the ripple brushed,
Can lover venture more ?
He dares a jealous lord,
He risks the lance's harms,
And he shall find the wished reward—
I'll clasp in my arms.

Richmond, July, 1831.

ON LEAVING ITALY.

BY LORD MORPETH.

My steps are turn'd to England—yet I sigh
To leave Ausonia's blue and balmy sky ;
I fain would linger 'mid her hills and plains,
Their living beauties, or their bright remains ;
Still tread each ruin's haunted round, and still
Explore the windings of each storied rill,
The cypress grove, the vineyard's trellis'd shade,
The olive thicket, and the poplar glade.

My steps are turned to England—yet I grieve
That this should be my last Italian eve.
And ye eternal snows ! whom now I hail
In twilight's rosy hues from Turin's vale,
Whom Nature to the land a barrier gave,
Sublime to view, but impotent to save ;—
Thus the next Sun shall o'er ye set, but I
Must gaze upon it in a colder sky.

My steps are turn'd to England—and oh shame
To son of her's who thrills not at that name !
Call'd by the inspiring sound, before my eyes
My home's lov'd scenes, my country's glories rise ;
The free and mighty land that gave me birth,
Her moral beauty, and her public worth ;
All that can make the patriot bosom swell,—
Yet one more sigh—bright Italy, Farewell !

TO A FLOWER,
FROM THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

**Grutli was the field on which the three Swiss Patriots held their
nightly meetings in the days of William Tell.**

**Whence art thou, flower? From holy ground
Where freedom's foot hath been !
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet-sound
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.**

**Flower of a noble field ! thy birth
Was not where spears have cross'd,
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth,
'Midst banners won and lost.**

But where the sunny hues and showers
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hands were raised to heaven.

And vows were pledg'd that man should roam
Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,
The shaft of William Tell.

Welcome, then, Grutli's free-born flower !
Ev'n in thy pale decay,
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
Which all high thoughts obey.

THE GUITAR.

BY WM. M. ROBINSON, ESQ

Adieu, my sweet guitar,
My day of song is o'er—
And to the midnight star
I'll wake thy cords no more.
At moonlight's witching hour,
How oft when I have sung
Of love in lady's bow'r,
Hast thou responsive rung :
But farewell sweet guitar !
Hush'd be thy softer strain,
I am too sad by far
To wake such notes again.

When in my chamber lone,
My soul would lose its gladness,
I once found thy sweet tone
A lethe to all sadness ;

But times have alter'd much,
Youth's lightness all has past,
And sorrow's with'ring touch
Has left a trace at last.
Then farewell, sweet guitar !
Hush'd be thy former strain,
I am too sad by far
To wake thy notes again.

Many a feeling fraught
With wildest ecstasy—
Many a gloomy thought
Is strangely link'd with thee ;
Feelings, though sweet, too deep—
Too wild for souls all blest—
Dark thoughts that will not sleep,
Nor let the bosom rest.
Adieu, my sweet guitar !
My day of song is o'er—
And to the midnight star
I'll wake thy chords no more.

Oft have I seen the tear
Forsake its secret cell,
When on fair woman's ear
Thy sadder music fell—

And I have mark'd the eye
Of age grow bright with pleasure,
When thou hast merrily
Rung to a lighter measure—
Then unskill'd hands shall never
Thy magic sweetness mar,
Once more farewell for ever—
I break thee—sweet guitar.

London.

COMPARISON.

Those withered leaves along the cold ground spread,
Did once the sweetest of all flowers compose ;
And though full many a sun hath seen them shed,
They still are odorous as the living rose.
So breathes the memory of departed worth,
When years have mourned it in the silent tomb ;
There is a fragrance in the holy earth
Where Virtue sleeps, that Time cannot consume.
The good man dies, but with his parting breath
Bequeaths the world a sweet that knows no death.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Aye, press them to thy widow'd breast,
No longer now that place of rest,
Where free from grief, from danger free,
They slept the sleep of infancy.

Within yon tempest stricken bark
The billow's sport, the lightning's mark,
Weak and weary, faint and worn,
Their father, friend, their all is borne.

The storm is lowering from the sky,
The furious waves run madly high,
Loud and fearful is the roar—
Oh God ! protect him to the shore.

'Tis vain—through many a danger past,
This scene of peril is his last,
Dear as he is to thy young heart,
The hour hath come which bids you part.

G. M.

THE CAPTIVE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Where'er he roams, in every land,
The life of man with trouble teems ;
But, exil'd on a foreign strand,
He learns what real sorrow means.

If e'er in peaceful sleep deceived,
Gay fancy paints his native shore,
Awaking, all his soul is grieved
To find his native land no more.

Δ.

THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

He comes not ; I have watch'd the moon go down ;
But yet he comes not ; once it was not so ;
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come ; and chide, and I shall weep,
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O, how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.
I had a husband once, who lov'd me ; now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers a poison sip ;
But yet, I cannot hate ; O, there were hours,
When I could hang for ever on his eye,
And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.

I lov'd him then ; he lov'd me too ; my heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile ;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart ;
And though he often stings me with a dart,
Venom'd and barb'd, and wastes upon the vile,
Caresses which his babe and mine should share,
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness ; and should sickness come, and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been.

THE ZEPHYR.

BY CHARLOTTE ATHERSTONE.

'Mid the bells of the lily, the buds of the rose,
Where the violet lurks, where the eglantine grows,
Where forest boughs wave, when the summer is nigh,
There, there is my home—for a Zephyr am I.

In the caves of the mountain, the birth-place of streams,
On the waves of the sea, in the sun's dying beams,
'Mid the dews of the morn, when Aurora is nigh,
My dwelling is found—for a Zephyr am I.

Round the bright form of beauty I gently unfold
My wings fringed with light and bespangled with gold,
Kiss the cheek where young blushes for ever are nigh,
And live but for bliss—for a Zephyr am I.

York, Sept. 1831.

SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Oh Ipswich ! sweet scene of my juvenile hours,
Thy pleasures recede from my view,
To thy grass-cover'd meads, embroider'd with flowers,
I bid a reluctant adieu.

Ye scenes of my childhood ! I bid you farewell,
With smiles that my anguish conceal,
But the heart's secret pain sighs unbidden tell,
These tears its reluctance reveal.

I view thy green meads as the land of my youth,
Ere sorrow this breast did invade,
Ere yet I had prov'd the too sorrowful truth,
Life's landscape is chequer'd with shade.

How sweet to reflection now rises each hour,
Spent under the shade of thy trees;
The past seizes on me with Syren-like power,
Forbidding the present to please.

To Fancy how bright are the days that are flown,
All sorrow from them is effaced ;
O'er them what illusions remembrance has thrown,
Past years with what colours are grac'd.

Oh Mem'ry ! thy magic beguilements give o'er,
For sick'ning to truth I return,
She tells me of those time nor place can restore,
Who sleep 'neath the cold marble urn.

Ah ! where are the friends that made childhood so blest,
Do they still in Ipswich remain ?
Ah no ! they are gone to the mansions of rest,
All senseless of pleasure or pain.

Yet dear to my heart are the friends that are left,
Nor few to my bosom are given,
Of those that are gone, though now I'm bereft,
Faith whispers I meet them in Heaven.

E.

MARIA OF MEISSEN.

THE road from Dresden to Meissen passes through one of the most fertile and beautiful vallies in all Saxony. The majestic Elbe flows calmly by your side, the meadows on its banks are clothed with a rich deep verdure, the trees in them are stately and shady, and give an air of protection and repose to the pasturage ; nor is there wanting, as you go forward, a pleasing variety in the scenery, produced by rock and under-wood. In short, the mind is delighted, soothed, and prepared for sweet impressions.

THE unromantic nature of my vehicle was insufficient to destroy the pleasure I felt ; and as, in truth, our *eilwagen* was roomy, clean, well padded, and open, barouche-like ; and as my companions had mind enough to enjoy the beauties of the scene, I had no great reason to complain—and in the end felt very thankful that I chanced to travel in that company.

As we approached Meissen the castle on the rock glittered in the morning sun, and from the mo-

nastery, on the neighbouring rock of Afra, a bell was chiming, very pleasant to hear. Immediately near us, just at this moment, my eye was diverted to a small detached dwelling situate in a pretty garden. There was a tall fine looking man, apparently of about fifty years of age, walking up and down on the gravel path before the door, with a small pocket volume in his hand. It seemed shut, but I could see, where there was a finger between the leaves, and it appeared to me that he was pressing the covers earnestly, and lost in a deep meditation; so much so, as not to have observed our carriage. At last, as we came quite close, he did; he stopped, turned towards us, put his hands behind his back, and contemplated us with a look of calm, grave benevolence. To my joy the vehicle stopped opposite his gate, and he walked towards it. The conducteur took off his hat with an air, I thought, of great respect, and even reverence.

“ I have brought the books you ordered, Sir, all but the Spelling-books, you will have them on Monday next.”

“ O THAT’S right,” said the gentleman, “ I wanted them sadly.” The conducteur lifted out rather a weighty parcel which was fetched into the house by a very stout fine-looking veteran, with a wooden leg, who came stumping out when he heard the coach stop.

“ IT’S a beautiful day for your journey,” he added, as his old servant stumped back with the parcel.

“VERY, sir. Have you any commands for Leipsic?”

“NONE, I thank you, to-day. Good morning.”

“GOOD morning,” rejoined the conducteur, settling himself again in his seat. The carriage drove on.

“WHO is that?” asked one of my travelling companions, a young officer of riflemen.

“The Baron Altenberg,” replied an elderly thoughtful-looking man, in the opposite corner.

“OH ! is that the Baron Altenberg ? I have heard of him ; he is one of your Moravians.”

“I do not believe, sir, that you have been correctly informed. He is a friend to the Brethren ; nothing more.”

“WHY, surely he is the great man for Christian education, and for distributing the Scriptures?”

“YES, he is. He has done and is doing a great deal of good in and about Meissen, where he is very highly respected.”

“Is NOT there some odd story about him ?” asked the youth. “He is one of those persons turned mope himself, and would have the whole world turn mourners with him.”

“THAT is by no means his character ; on the contrary, when he converses with the youthful and with children, he is particularly cheerful ; but it is also true, that he is a man of sorrow. There is a story connected with him which may well account for this ; and will shew you, young man, that there are griefs

which nothing upon earth, nothing in time can cure. This is no place for relating it; but when we reach Leipsic, if you pass the night at the same hotel, I shall very gladly tell it you."

THE journey performed, and supper finished, I, who had contrived to seat myself directly opposite the old gentleman, was the first to claim the performance of his promise. He sighed, assented, and, with a nervous but impressive tone, began as follows :—

"MARIA of Meissen was beautiful even among the beautiful; I knew her well. The women of Saxony are famed for loveliness throughout all Germany; those of Meissen are considered more fair than even the ladies of Dresden; and, by common consent, Maria was distinguished among them by the flattering title of Maria of Meissen. I would not dwell on this had it been her only, or her highest distinction; but, united as it was with a goodness gentle and angelic, with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and with all those graces given to the prayers of her parents and to her own, I do look back upon her as one who presented, on this our earth, the nearest approach to that which the mind conceives of the angelic aspect.

"To THIS Maria, Baron Altenberg, then colonel of a regiment of Saxon cavalry, was very devotedly attached. Their courtship was not a courtship; it was an intercourse of more than a year's duration: but the word "love" never passed the Colonel's lips. They met

repeatedly in society; he visited upon an intimate footing at the house of her father, who was a retired counsellor of state, living on a provision, not indeed affluent, but very sufficient to secure all the comforts, and some of the elegancies of life. Maria was his only daughter by his first wife; by his second, he had five children. They were, at the time of which I speak, the eldest a girl of sixteen, the rest school-boys. Maria herself was a woman of five-and-twenty; living with her step-mother upon the happy footing of an attached younger sister, and being to the young family a second and more lively mother: for she was a very combination of the most animated cheerfulness, and of the most still transparent modesty.

“ I REMEMBER, the night before Altenberg’s regiment marched for some distant and active service, meeting him at her father’s at a private concert. He was himself a very fine performer on several instruments; a man of exquisite taste; felt music deeply; but did not ever, either by words of extravagance, or passionate gestures, betray his feelings; on the contrary, he was a man of calm, composed, governed manners. He bore the very highest reputation as an enterprising, intelligent commander of horse with his general; while his cool, patient, equable temper,—his mild but firm discipline, had universally endeared him both to the officers and the men, who had the good fortune to serve under him. Such a man was Altenberg, I remember,

as though it were yesterevening, his sitting down to the piano to accompany Maria in a song. He had very often done the same thing before, and I thought nothing of it. I had often been seated, as I was that night, in a position, from whence I could command both their faces in profile, for it was always a delight to me to mark the expressive countenance of Maria as she sung. Her eyes were beautifully large, shaped perfectly, and shaded with long silken lashes more darkly-coloured than her hair, which was very fair, bright, and shining. But how may I paint the beauty of her unconscious gazes; now, as it were, on vacancy; now, raised in search of that heaven, where dwelt her better affections; now, slow and kind around, as she was yielding to the warm request of admiring listeners! Her nose was defined as you rarely see it, save on the statue, and in the painting; her complexion delicate, and, but for now and then fine faint suffusions, pale. I see her now—I hear her now. She sung, as she ever did, melodiously, movingly. I was wrapt in happy contemplation: I had heard Altenberg occasionally sing himself, but not often; that evening, after she had given two or three sweet airs, I heard him say to her, “Maria, we march to-morrow: have you ever heard this little song? Listen.” She still stood by him at the instrument—they two together. So low he sung, that no ears but mine caught the words; to the rest of the company it seemed but as something rehearsed

T

low, merely a trial or attempt. Ah me ! how well I remember it ! his tones, his accompanying touch, and the expression of his fine manly eyes as they turned tenderly upon her.*

“ Thou may'st be loved by many,
But not with love by any
One half so true as mine ;
Some in their minds may bear thee,
Some in their hearts may wear thee,
But not with love like mine.”

SHE hung her lovely head. I could see the quick mantling of her cheek with honest blushes. She was about to go when he had finished. I heard him say, “ Stay, Maria ; be seated : this is the most important moment of my life.” The apartment was large ; the piano at the far end ; the company sat apart ; they knew not that any one was within hearing. I felt this, and withdrew ; but my eyes wandered back. I saw Maria sink gently down on the music-stool by his side ; though I could not distinctly see it, I was sure his hand was pressing hers with fondness. I was sure that he was asking that strange and fatal question, which, as it is heard and answered, colours two human lives for their earthly future. I knew by the very

* I availed myself of this well-known and deservedly popular song. Have the goodness, reader to fancy Altenberg singing these same words in German.

movement of her cheek and hair ; by the way she rose up, and came back to her place ; by the sweet thoughtfulness, that, like a white fleecy cloud upon the moon, veiled with a fresh grace her chaste countenance ; by the gaze too of true compassion, which she cast upon one of whom she was well aware that he vainly but fondly doted on her. I knew that Altenberg had been listened to, as lovers wish to be, and would be made happy.

ALTENBERG was a man some twelve or fourteen years older than Maria, a sterling character, a man of solid piety and serene virtue, not parading his opinions, but obeying the spirit which had given him his principles. Therefore, though nothing could be more opposite to his principles than to value his own merits, or attach the slightest importance to his good works, he did as much good as he could, as an appointed means of grace ; and he got the good man's reward ; he was satisfied from himself. I myself was old enough to be the father of Maria, and though, as my words may have betrayed, I entertained a fond admiration for her, yet was it of an anxious parental character, and I was most heartily rejoiced when I found that she was avowedly betrothed to so excellent and exemplary a man as Altenberg. He was absent for two years. Ah ! how Maria shone as a betrothed ! at no period of her life had she tolerated dangles ; but in the society in which she lived, and with her charms, it was impossible to avoid unconsciously inflicting those sad

sweet wounds on some which they would vainly cherish to their own hurt and her disturbance ; and yet as I look back, how wonderfully she ruled the various spirits that came round about her, by single-mindedness, by simplicity, by maiden composure ! She seemed a wife in all “ serenity of affection ” long before she was one. At last Altenberg and his brave dragoons returned. They marched in, in the month of June, 1813, just after the conclusion of the famous armistice between Napoleon and the allied sovereigns. It was to last two months ; and Altenberg urged the father of Maria, who had stipulated that the marriage should not take place till the war was at an end, to consent to their immediate union. If, said Altenberg, we are to have peace, this armistice is the foretaste and spring of it ; if not, the war may be long and bloody, and such a quiet breathing-time may not soon again recur. The reasons were weighty ; and though Maria never urged them, yet it was easy for her father, in her very silence, to discover her wishes. He consented.

MANY a wedding have I seen, but such a one as that of Maria of Meissen never before, nor am I likely to see such a one again. Her image seemed to the inhabitants interwoven alike with their joys and sorrows. The smile of Maria was a sort of light, that when she came abroad and had aught to do in the streets or shops, gave a gladdening influence, and begat good humour and kind words ; and her sigh, when she

entered the house of mourning or of poverty, lifted a load off the oppressed hearts of those with whom she sympathised, and made them gather out of the heap of their afflictions one white stone—the visit of such an angel—the knowing her—hearing her—being touched by her—soothed—read to—prayed with—relieved by her ; and the received hope, that they should know her for ever in another and a better world. It was quite vain, therefore, to attempt a private wedding. All that was done to secure it failed. Before sunrise, on the appointed morning, the sexton, no ways reluctant, was forced to open the doors of the small Lutheran church in the suburbs, in which the ceremony was to take place : and, in less than one hour, it was converted into a vast and verdant bower, gay with flowers, and fragrant with perfume.

IN Saxony we follow gladly the good old rules ; and, whenever we can, we make the most of a wedding. Marriage is honourable—a sainted holiday in life—a day for “ mirth and gladness”—a day for “ charity and brotherly love—rejoicing and pleasure—peace and society”—a day to be much observed. To return : when the simple procession of Maria’s wedding reached the gate of the garden of graves, in which the church stands, twelve virgins of Meissen met it, with baskets of flowers in their hands ; and they walked before the bride up the avenue of limes, strewing flowers in her path, and singing a holy hymn.

THE church was crowded. According to our custom, the fair locks of Maria were adorned with a coronal of virgin roses; and never did a lovelier bride or worthier bridegroom approach the altar. Their hearts were well allied. It was no hasty love, to bear for its bitter fruit a long repentance. The responses—I hear their tremulous tones even now—when the nuptial-band was tied,—the hymn of that assembled crowd rose slow, and solemn, and prayerful. The holy harmony—the happy sadness—smiles of such strange expression—and sighs—and tears;—that moment is never to be forgotten. At last they came forth, and the bells rung merrily out, and the sun shone. How very bright it shone!

I WAS not far from the happy couple, as they walked down to the open barouche at the gate. To look on them was to learn that marriage was a divine institution, a

“Holy order! bliss bestowing,
Heaven-born.”—————

They seemed as though they were conscious of the presence of the Holy One, who had joined them—as if they solemnly and calmly felt that they were united for ever.

NEAR the carriage-steps there kneeled two poor families of Moravians, who had been driven from their peaceful settlement by the events of the war, and had

found shelter in Meissen through the kind influence and continued services of Maria. They did not look at her, but fixed their eyes intent on heaven. One little girl of these families alone stood up, and came forward, and presented to each of them a small book of music, covered with white silk, containing, as Maria well knew, a selection from the hymns of the United Brethren. These gifts were received with a reverent delight by both, and with a Christian expression of their thanks.

HOME they drove, through blessings, followed by blessings. As they passed the quarter of the troops, Altenberg's second in command had prepared him a parade of honour. His brave dragoons were drawn up dismounted, and saluted him with those swords, peaceably dropped before him, with which there was scarce a man among them not ready to defend him or Maria to the death.

THE wedding-feast was on a lawn, with a table for poor guests, and another for children ; and the military band of Altenberg's corps, and the vocal music of the best singers in Meissen, did by turns relieve each other. And there was, after the custom, dancing upon the lawn until the set of the sun. And so closed the lovely holiday.

Soon after, the regiment of Altenberg was moved into Dresden. There for a month, I saw them, and was occasionally allowed the privilege of passing an

evening with them. How soon—how immediately did Maria fall into the happy, home-loving, domestic wife ! The one great holiday passed, she put off the bride—was friend, companion, help.

It may seem strange, to some it may appear a want of feeling, that I should thus dwell upon all the qualities and perfections of one who is now no more ; but of a truth it is that her whole life, and all that part of mine wherein it was given me to know her, was soft and sunny ;—a season of peace, and pleasant words, and virtuous remembrances.

THE memory of her is bright, not sad. I know she is living—somewhere ; in holy places beyond our ken. Her taking away was a mystery ;—but is there not one event to all ? The manner of it strange ;—but what matters the where and the when ?

SHE crossed the narrow flood even at the narrowest point—the shadow of the valley of death rested on her but a moment—and it was after every thing that earth could give had crowned her virtuous and submitted wishes, that she was transplanted to bloom in a true paradise.

AT the period of which I treat, that great enigma, Napoleon, was in Dresden. He had taken up his residence in the gardens of Count Marcolini, a sequestered spot of shade and beauty, in the suburbs of Frederickstadt.

DURING the whole period of the armistice, there

was a glitter and tumult in the city that very ill accorded with Maria's notions of life ; but there was peace in the apartments of Altenberg, peace in the sound of his voice, and in the whispers of her own bosom.

" IF," (what a word that *if* is !) " if," said Altenberg, " this armistice should end in a general and happy understanding ; if the French retire beyond the Rhine, and this detestable war and unnatural alliance cease, I will resign, Maria, and take that farm of Ulrich's, near Meissen. It is a pretty peaceful spot, and quite large enough for happiness."

" OH that it may so end !" she replied. " Oh that I might have you all to myself in so sweet a home ! I like not these wars—I like not this Napoleon. Don't you remember, my dear Frederic, those beautiful passages we read together the other evening, in Wallenstein ?—those achings of the heart of Max Piccolomini after peace and love—that mourning dissatisfaction with which he looks back on the blood and toil in the path he has been treading—those vivid pictures, or visions rather, of countries through which he passed ere the war had reached them ?"

I REMEMBER the earnest sincerity of her look and tone ; nor was Altenberg, though an old and distinguished soldier, at all offended at the citing of passages which went to undervalue the fame he had gotten in many a well-fought field. On the contrary, he replied in the very words of the dramatist—

"Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet of the leafless Spring,
Pluck'd in those quiet fields where I have journeyed."

Yes, they were kindred spirits ; though, as there they sat, he looked the old accustomed warrior, and she the delicate and tender woman.

EVERY hour, during this period, there were troops arriving and departing ; parades, reviews ; streets, squares, walks, full of uniforms, and feathers of all colours waving in the wind.

ONE day, I recollect, we made an effort and visited the picture gallery ; we could not rest in the desecrated spot five minutes—the glory, and the magic, and the charm had fled. There it hung, the famed Madonna ; but a crowd of men stood about it, all talking ; and iron-heels, and jingling spurs, and steel scabbards, ringing in your ears all the while,"—" *Bulletin de la grand armée.*"—" *Victoires et conquêtes.*" " *Vive l'Empereur.*"

WE met the Emperor as we returned home : Maria had never yet seen him. He was coming up the street of Pirna on horseback, at a foot-pace, several yards a-head of his small suite. He seemed absorbed in thought. Just as they approached, his horse fell with him. Altenberg ran forward to his assistance. He had already disengaged himself, and stood perfectly still and calm. The animal lay some minutes, before Altenberg, with the assistance of one of Napoleon's

equerries, could make it rise. Contrary to his usual temper, the Emperor manifested no impatience, took no interest in his charger, nor noticed those who were assisting. With a marble cheek and pressed lips, and a fixed eye, he stood lost to all that was passing around him; until one of his led horses was brought up from the rear of the escort, which, with the same abstracted air, he slowly mounted, and then proceeded forward at a walk, buried deep in some gloomy reflections.

WE were all very much struck with this incident. Maria was, for the whole evening, remarkably depressed. "He did not look," she said, "like a man of our earth: he seemed like the subject of some cold spell, destined to the work of death and woe for a season. He is our ally," she added, "but his friendship has brought to our beautiful Saxony the cup of trembling. Oh, Altenberg! my heart misgives me."

"MY love," he replied, taking her hand affectionately in his, "you must not be so weak: remember you are the wife of a soldier, and you must not indulge in vague and idle fears. If, and remember there is the same Providence upon the most confused field of battle as in the most secure and peaceful hamlet, if I am taken from you, you will not be left alone. I leave you not alone, my love. Come, dear, play me one of those sacred melodies."

"THIS is good music—excellent!" he continued, reading over the bars. "Come—and the words are yet better; let us sing it."

“ Author of the whole creation,
Light of light, eternal Word!
Soul and body’s preservation,
I commit to thee, O Lord!
When I close mine eyes in slumber,
And my senses are asleep,
Let my waking heart the number
Of thy mercies tell and keep :
Fill me with thy sacred love,
That I dream of things above.”

They sang this hymn together. It soothed us. I left them. The next morning was the day appointed to be kept as the birth-day of Napoleon. There was a brilliant review in the wood of Ostra. Altenberg deputed me, as an old and intimate friend of the family, to accompany Maria in his barouche to the ground. I was present with her when the troops defiled before the Emperor. Napoleon passed our carriage, as he returned from an inspection of the line, to take post. He rode at a smart gallop, followed by the King of Saxony, and the princes of that house. We only caught his face for a moment : it looked grave and awful as marble. Though not near enough to mark his features while the troops were defiling past him, the motions of his head and hand indicated fatigue and impatience. He appeared unquiet, and every thing seemed to tire rather than please him.

THE assembled force, consisting of all arms, cavalry and infantry, varying in their dress and ap-

pointments—Cuirassiers, Carabiniers, Dragoons, Chasseurs, Hussars, Grenadiers, Voltigeurs, Yagers, and a small body of Mamelukes—presented a most magnificent and splendid spectacle, as they broke into columns, and so filed past, with their banners and eagles, standards and pennons, all glancing to the sun and spreading to the breeze. They moved to the animating sound of loud and stirring music. The citizens forgot all care and fear in admiration of the glorious show. I was exceedingly impressed and interested myself, and so was Maria.

THE regiment of Altenberg, being in the left wing, was one of the last that marched past; the defilement of the force commencing and closing with cavalry. At the head of a brigade, composed of the Cuirassiers of Zastrow and his own corps, rode Altenberg, upon a stately black horse. The day was uncommonly fine and bright; but yet, I know not how it was, certainly Altenberg looked very pale;—soldierly as any there—but sad and grave; and there was something of a sternness in the melancholy of his visage, the expression of which was perhaps increased by the brazen scales of his helmet, which hung down on either cheek, and fastened by a clasp beneath the chin.

ALTENBERG gave one glance at the carriage as he rode past. There was a shade of thought came over the expressive countenance of Maria. As the rear squadron of the Cuirassiers passed on, and the trumpets

of Altenberg's own regiment blew out, I was myself struck with a something peculiar and painful in the tones;—piercing they were—haughty and harsh:—they stirred the bosom with menace, and breathed shrill defiance, as though it were a day of battle. The effect upon Maria was instantaneous; she sunk back, all colour forsook her cheek, her eyes became dim and wandered; and she requested me to order the coach home.

IN the evening, Altenberg affectionately rallied her upon her faint heartedness, and she pretended to laugh at her silly fears. By the next day the strange and sickly impression on her mind seemed to have entirely yielded to her good sense, to conversation that diverted her thoughts, sunshine, and, above all, to a most implicit trust in the goodness and wisdom of an over-ruling Providence.

ON the night of the fifteenth the French Ambassador returned from Prague; the emperor left Dresden for Silesia, and war was no longer doubtful.

THE morning of the twenty-fourth brought Maria the first dreaded separation from her Altenberg. That day, and the days that followed, I never can forget. From her faithful attendant, from my own observation at other moments, and from another source, those sufferings of dear Maria, which ended in so calamitous a manner, are minutely known to me.

I VISITED her soon after breakfast that morning,

and from time to time throughout the day. It was rumoured in the city, that the combined armies of Russia and Austria were advancing from the frontiers of Bohemia in prodigious strength ; and that the French and Saxon force left for the protection of Dresden was quite unequal to any effectual resistance, though it was well known they would make a brave effort to defend Dresden. The day was long, blank, never ending :—no news from the advanced posts ;—bustle and movement in all the streets ;—business and pleasure alike at a stand. The inhabitants stood about in whispering clusters ; 'twas not a moment for buying and selling, marrying or giving in marriage ; contrasting with the anxious vacancy of the citizens was the ready and rough alertness of the soldiery. Here mustered a detachment—there rumbled a train of waggons ; here galloped an orderly—there moved a working party ; but no news from the advanced posts—nothing known, but that the enemy was advancing. Maria struggled to be calm, and with success ; but she was quite unequal to conversation.

I CALLED on her the next morning at an early hour ; she had evidently not slept, and looked very ill. Nothing more was known than the day before ;—it was a long blank morning. She could not of course talk much, though I made an effort to engage her in conversation of a hopeful and comforting strain, but her attention was away. Every minute she rose—every

minute she walked to the window. I remember the poor angel seemed much distressed, and very nervous this day at the ticking of the clock, and it sounded very solemn : the hand of the clock moved on, tick—tick—tick—a voice unnoted when we are happy, and at ease ; but in periods of silent trial, when fear and hope, doubt and suspense are our companions, each vibration reaches to the heart's core.

IN the afternoon some prisoners were sent in,—fierce-looking, bushy-bearded Cossacks.

“ Is Baron Altenberg well ? ” I heard Maria call aloud, and I ran to her at the window. “ He is well, lady ; and the heavy horse will not be half a league off to-night,” replied a soldier of his corps, leading a wounded horse in company with this escort. Maria ran into her chamber, staid a few minutes, and came out again smiling through scarce-dried tears. I persuaded her to take some refreshment, and made her promise me to go quietly to rest ; she ate with appetite, and even cheerfulness. Before the dawn of day on the twenty-sixth was heard that heart-depressing sound, with which we peaceful citizens of Germany are too well and too painfully acquainted—the report of cannon in the direction of Pirna. The sound was dull, and seemed more distant than it was ; but it fell heavy upon Maria's heart, and she walked up and down the room in silence. After a while the firing became louder, quicker, and musketry might be distinguished. There

was a cry, "The Prussians are in the *Grossen Garten*!" The inhabitants were clasping their hands in the street, and resigning themselves to the most terrible apprehensions. At the very moment when they expected to see the allies within the walls in arms, and the city at their mercy, column upon column poured over the bridges on the Elbe, and Napoleon, that stern child of destiny, rode smiling at their head; and on every side was heard again, "Vive Napoleon!"—"Vive l'Empereur!" Safety and victory seemed identified with his presence; and Maria, that feared him, and had shuddered at him, thought of Altenberg, and waved her white handkerchief from the window, and cried aloud, "Vive Napoleon!"

For a while her spirits rose. "It will be soon over," we said, and thought, as we saw corps after corps of the finest French troops defiling to the suburbs. The dispositions of the Emperor were soon made, and at the end of about three hours the enemy completed theirs, and made their grand attack. The whole city shook—the cannonade was awful—hundreds of cannon were in hot and incessant play—no pause—death in every discharge—death in every echo; and it lasted on—on—hour after hour. No news from the field, though slightly-wounded men, with bandaged arms and heads, came dropping into the city fast towards evening. Maria and I were at the window: as a party passed by, a shell fell among them; and a young

grenadier of the imperial guard, with a bandaged arm, was slain before our eyes in that place that seemed so safe. From this moment Maria would not leave the window. She thought of Altenberg exposed amid the dread thunder to which she listened, to such a death as this she saw, was not endurable in perfect safety. She seemed glad to feel that there was some exposure, some personal insecurity for her ; and she leaned out of the open window, listening to the fearful sounds, and taking no count of time. The merciful night came. The allies, repulsed at all points, retired ; the firing ceased ; and rain began to fall upon the field of battle, and upon the wakeful and frightened city. It poured in torrents, pitiless and chill. Just after dark came an orderly dragoon ; he was not heard till he was already on the staircase : Maria rushed out—no, it was not Altenberg. She had well nigh fainted : “ From the Colonel, lady,” (and he gave a slip of paper,) She dropped upon her knees there on the staircase, and thanked God, with streaming eyes :—“ Maria—all well. Be calm, love, and don’t stir abroad.—Altenberg.”

SHE was very happy : enough could not be done for the soldier that brought news of Altenberg’s safety ; and he was fed and refreshed as though it had been Altenberg himself. Maria thought all was over ; but all night there was a tumult in the streets—waggon in motion, rolling along sullen in the rain, and cursing drivers, and swearing troopers, seeking to make their

way past them, and often mingling with these sounds the groans of the wounded brought into the city for help and shelter. She begged me not to leave her—she walked about the drawing-room where we sat. “What,” said she, “is it not finished? Shall to-morrow be like to-day? Is this dreadful work to last for ever? Altenberg in it again to-morrow!—who can escape? How shall I endure?”

THE morning came—rain falling in torrents—every object, every person in the streets drenched and dripping. About seven, the sound of cannonade, not very loud, nor rapid firing. It came to us, apparently, from a greater distance than that of yesterday, and the report was muffled, as it were, by the heavy and damping rain; but for all this, it was, though less terrific, yet more mournful, than the loud and roaring thunder of the day before; it spoke equally of death, and the rain fell cold upon the listener’s hopes; moreover, time seemed to move slower. Maria was pale as pity: hour after hour crept tedious by—the death-work was going on: her Altenberg, her all, was in the midst of it:

————— “If he lived,
She knew not that he lived; if he were dead,
She knew not he was dead.”

About two in the afternoon, while I was absent from her trying to gain some intelligence, it chanced, as her woman told me, that an orderly trooper riding down

the street was stopped and questioned near the window by some inhabitant. She caught the word "Zastrow :—" "Any news," she asked, "of the Altenberg dragoons, or the regiment Zastrow ?"

"BRAVE news, lady," said the trooper; "they have made the most glorious charges ever seen against an Austrian division near Rossthal, and taken all, save those their swords have accounted for."

"How is Altenberg?—safe and well?"

"I DON'T know; but there's enough of his brave fellows stretched stiff—as like he as any: he is always in the thick of the business. I saw him lead up the charge, and break pell-mell through three Austrian squares, one after the other."

MARIA, when she heard this, could rest no longer still; she took her cloak, and put its hood over her head and face, and away in all the crowd and the rain for the field of battle.

SHE had not left the house ten minutes when I returned to it. Alarmed for her safety, I hurried after her; I traced her to the Falcon barrier. I went to the great redoubt near the spot, and I remember seeing Napoleon standing at a bivouac-fire rubbing his hands, and smiling; immediately near him, from the newly-turned earth, protruded the legs and arms of the dead, who had been hastily interred after the combat of yesterday.

I ASKED one of the orderlies if he had seen a lady pass that way?

THE man laughed in my face, "A lady!" said he. "No; I have seen no lady; what should she do here? There are no ladies on this field but such as deal in old clothes, false teeth, and young hair." I went frantically forward. I cannot tell you what I saw, or among whom I passed, it was all so new, so horrid, and so strange to me. I soon came nigh to ground where troops were before me, advancing and fighting, and where cannon-balls struck and ploughed the earth near me. I felt no fear—I had lost selfishness—I was absorbed in fear and anxiety for another, for a tender timid female, whom I had known from a child. My recollection is but a confused recollection of naked corpses, and pale and bleeding men, that sat upon the ground, and cried for "water," and called aloud on "Christ"—*the Prince of Peace*. Dismounted guns, and broken wheels, the fragments of exploded powder-waggon, and the sulphureous smell, and horses slain, stiff, or rolling and kicking in their dying agonies!—Heavens, what a scene! I ran on—on. At last I came upon some muddy and trampled ground near Rossthal—I went forward—I came upon a spot covered with killed and wounded. They were principally cuirassiers and dragoons, and their dead horses, and many Austrian infantry among them slain with the sword: the horsemen had died of gunshot and musketry. None of these were stripped: the horsemen lay in their massive boots, and stained cuirasses; their helmets a

few paces off, or yet hanging by the net-scales. Here, in the very midst, in her robe of white, drenched with the pouring rain, lay a female form upon her face, the hands stretched above her naked head. It was Maria: she was quite dead—no wound—not a sprinkle of blood upon her garments; how or of what she died none may tell—but he that wove the tissue of her tender heart. The silver chord of her sweet life had snapped amid the scene of violence and desolation. There lay immediately by her side the corpse of an officer, so disfigured in face as not to be recognisable, but in form and dress resembling the figure of Altenberg. I had not strength of mind or frame at the moment to do more than to seat me by her side, and watch the precious body till I could find means to remove it.

I TREMBLE as I look back upon the arrival of Altenberg. His brigade, having suffered heavily, had been ordered back into the city, to remain in quarters and refresh. He had learned at his home whither Maria was gone; and he came up to the ground near Rossthal at a swift gallop. I see him in his long white cloak and gleamy helmet, with his pale face of woe, and his fearful gaze, when he alighted and took the body in his arms. “You should not have suffered her to do this,” he said to me reproachfully. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth—I could not answer him. He placed the body on his horse—mounted—and held it before him—one of its arms thrown over

his shoulder, and the body pressed close to his heart ; and so he rode back at a mournful pace from the city. I walked sad and silent by his side.

I REMEMBER, as we passed the redoubt on our return, Napoleon stood by the road-side with Berthier. He recognised the uniform of Altenberg's corps as we passed ; and as it rained heavily, and Altenberg held his precious burden beneath his ample cloak, he did not observe by what he was incumbered, and thought him wounded. " Not wounded, brave officer, I hope," said he. " The regiments Zastrow and Altenberg have covered themselves with glory : I shall not forget to recommend you to your king. It is the Colonel Altenberg, is it not ?" he added, rather impatient at no reply.

" It was the Colonel Altenberg, sire ; but he is too badly wounded to render you or his king more service."

HE rode on ;—Napoleon took a pinch of snuff ; but when Altenberg had passed I mentioned his misfortune. The conqueror started, drummed his fingers on the lid of his snuff box with some emotion, called hastily for his horse and turned away.

IT may seem strange to you, added the narrator, when he closed, that I did not speak to Altenberg this morning, in passing ; but though we are true friends, and our friendship is cemented by the one only-abiding principle—a love to the Redeemer, the Prince of Peace—though we correspond, and occasionally meet, yet to

this hour, the sight of me greatly affects him ; and as I could not stop, and was at the moment in a public vehicle with strangers, I withdrew myself from his regard. Upon the whole, Altenberg has grieved down this blow wonderfully. He has applied to the right Physician—he has found the right balsam ;—he is an instrument of blessing to many around him ;—he is a Christian—a quietist—and loves peace.

FORGET THEE?

BY THE REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

“ Forget thee ?”—If to dream by night, and muse on
thee by day !

If all the worship deep and wild a poet’s heart can
pay,

If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to heaven’s
protecting power,

If winged thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in an
hour,

If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot,

If this thou call’st “ forgetting,” thou, indeed, shalt be
forgot !

“ Forget thee ?”—Bid the forest birds forget their
sweetest tune !

“ Forget thee ?”—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath
the moon ;

Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew ;

Thyself forget thine " own dear land," and its mountains wild and blue ;

Forget each old familiar face, each long remembered spot :

When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot !

Keep if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy-free ;

For, God forbid ! thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me ;

Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh, bid mine not to rove,

But let it muse its humble faith, and uncomplaining love ;

If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not,
Forget me then ;—but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot !

THE NOVICIATE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY TEALE.

“ When the root dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too.”

MOORE.

A gloom o'erhangs the Convent's aisle,
And all is sadly still the while :—
The stifled breath—the full-fix'd gaze
And parted lip of each betrays
That expectation holds the soul,
And one deep thought pervades the whole.—

Lo ! where yon Abbess leads along
A lovely Novice fair and young,
Who, weak with passion's wildest feeling,
Sinks to earth, and, softly kneeling,
Breathes her warm and virgin prayer
To the blest Saint that's hallow'd there !

And who, unmov'd, may view that form,
That free-will offering to distress ;
Or know, unpain'd, Care's cankerworm
Will prey upon such loveliness ?
Ah me ! indeed, 'tis sad to think
That one, thus innocent, should shrink
From every bliss that earth can raise
Love's rosy dreams, youth, beauty, praise
And all the joys that ever rise
From life's delicious sympathies :—
For all in life that most is cherish'd,
Or to its pangs a balm may bring,
To her in that sad moment perish'd,
And left each fresh hope withering.

Yet did no tear bedim her eye,
No shriek betray an agony,
Which, buried in her bosom deep,
Scorn'd alike to sigh or weep :
Or, if a tear that cheek might wet,
Its hues out-vied the coronet
Of rose and lily on her head,
With sacred lavings moistened !

But while her tresses shade a brow
As chaste—as cold, as mountain snow ;

And while her white and flowing vest
But half conceal'd a whiter breast,
Each wept to think that looks so fair
Should cradle woe, and veil despair :—
Aye ! had they known her bosom's woe,
Then well, in sooth, their tears might flow ;
Then had they pray'd each sense might lave
In some deep oblivious wave,
And from its sombre waters press
Grief's mildest balm—forgetfulness.

Oh ! Love, altho' we know thou art
The idol of each mortal heart ;
Altho' thy very tears excite
The bliss of exquisite delight :
And tho' thy cheering ray appears
Brightest amid the gloom of fears :—
For oh ! thy sigh-born presence brings
Elysian sweets upon its wings.
How could'st thou blight yon bud so fair
That kneeling, droops and withers there !

The Novice rose—hark ! now arise
Sweet strains of holy symphonies :—
If aught of sweet may ever be
In fading Beauty's minstrelsy !

'Tis o'er ; and from her pale lip flows
The three,* the last, the falt'ring vows :—
Oh ! yes, she sware, rash oath, to sever
From all Life's charities—for ever !

Ah ! could her lover now but view
Those peerless eyes of darkest hue,
Whose rays, tho' sullied, still were far
Brighter than Even's brightest star ;
Or press again those hands more white
Than ever beam'd the pale moonlight :—
It may not be—Love's syren breath
Ne'er brake the frozen sleep of Death !

'Tis past—no flowers breathe from her brow ;
A dark vest shrouds her beauty now :
And with yon throng behold her mix,
She who in gayest scenes had stood,
Clasping the sacred Crucifix,
Amid her new-made Sisterhood !

• Poverty, Obedience, Chastity.

*Chapelton, near Leeds,
30th. August, 1831.*

AN ALLEGORY,

BY THE REV. R. W. HAMILTON.

I wandered a fugitive Dove,
 Impatient the waters to roam !
I fluttered their surface above
 Far, far from a refuge and home.
The billows heav'd sullen and dark,
 And loud swept the tempest's wild din :
Ah where was the Covenant-Ark ?
 Where he who might draw me within ?

Still onward the terrible surge
 Over barrier mountains was driven ;
Not a peak yet begun to emerge,—
 One ocean reflecting one heaven.
How trembled and ruffled my breast !
 I fled on deserted and lone :
The sole of my foot had no rest,
 And echo derided my moan.

Then heavily faltered my wing,
And I drooped from my once buoyant flight ;
I struggled a poor lifeless thing
While mine eye floated darkling in night.
But when yielding up to my fate,
I saw with the look of despair,
The dread world of waters abate,
And the spray of the olive was there !

Sweet pledge of the Waters' decrease,
How gladly I gathered thy buds,
And bore them, the emblems of peace,
As I glanced o'er the quick ebbing floods.
My pinions their freedom regained,
I returned to the safe gliding nest ;—
There found I relief for each pain
On the bosom of Mercy carest.

As a star rising out of the wave
That Refuge as lovely appeared,
The weary and trembling to save
Thro' the tumult it only careered :
My plainings are murmurs of joy !
Rays of heaven illumine my head !
My quiet no storm can destroy,—
The Dove to his window has fled.

And now other regions I hail,
New earth and new heaven there glow :
That verdure, that azure ne'er fail,
Nor are marr'd by the storms of below.
I shall bask in the sunlight's broad ray,
I shall shine in the rainbow's pure vest :
Oh could I e'en now flee away
And then be for ever at rest !

THE PICTURE.

With work in hand, perchance some fairy cap,
To deck the little stranger yet to come ;
One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap—
The eldest studious, with a book or map ;
Her timid girl beside, with a faint bloom,
Conning some tale—while, with no gentle tap,
Yon chubby urchin beats his mimic drum,
Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume.
So sits the mother ! with her fondest smile
Regarding her sweet little ones the while.
And he, the happy man ! to whom belong
These treasures, feels their living charm beguile
All mortal cares, and eyes the prattling throng
With rapture-rising heart, and a thanksgiving tongue !

SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

X

THE SERENADE.

BY MISS M. WANTAGE.

Softly the moonlight
Is shed on the lake,
Cool is the Summer night—
Wake ! O awake !
Faintly the curfew
Is heard from afar,
List ye ! O list !
To the lively guitar.

Trees cast a mellow shade
Over the vale,
Sweetly the serenade
Breathes in the gale,
Softly and tenderly
Over the lake,
Gaily and cheerily—
Wake ! O awake !

See the light pinnace
 Draws nigh to the shore,
Swiftly it glides
 At the heave of the oar,
Cheerily plays
 On its buoyant car,
Nearer and nearer
 The lively guitar.

Now the wind rises
 And ruffles the pine,
Ripples foam-crested
 Like diamonds shine,
They flash, where the waters
 The white pebbles lave,
In the wake of the moon,
 As it crosses the wave.

Bounding from billow
 To billow, the boat
Like a wild swan is seen,
 On the waters to float ;
And the light dipping oars
 Bear it smoothly along
In time to the air
 Of the Gondolier's song.

And high on the stern
 Stands the young and the brave,
As love-led he crosses
 The star-spangled wave,
And blends with the murmur
 Of water and grove
The tones of the night,
 That are sacred to love.

His gold-hilted sword
 At his bright belt is hung,
His mantle of silk
 On his shoulder is flung,
And high waves the feather,
 That dances and plays
On his cap where the buckle
 And rosary blaze.

The maid from her lattice
 Looks down on the lake,
To see the foam sparkle,
 The bright billow break,
And to hear in his boat,
 Where he shines like a star,
Her lover so tenderly touch his guitar.

She opens her lattice,
And sits in the glow
Of the moonlight, and starlight,
A statue of snow :
And she sings in a voice,
That is broken with sighs,
As she darts on her lover
The light of her eyes.

His love-speaking pantomime
Tells her his soul—
How wild in that sunny clime
Hearts and eyes roll..
She waves with her white hand
Her white fazzolet,
And her burning thoughts flash
From her eye's living jet.

The moonlight is hid
In a vapour of snow ;
Her voice and his rebeck
Alternately flow ;
Re-echoed they swell
From the rock on the hill ;
They sing their farewell
And the music is still.

THE LAST CHORD.

To a Lady deprived of her Harp.

BY WM. HENRY BROOKFIELD.

And have they torn from thee apart
That friend the tried and true,
Still in whose murmurings thine heart
A kindred music knew !
Whose jocund echoes ever caught
Thy bosom's bounding glee ;
Or if it heav'd with sorrow fraught,
Wept not thine Harp with thee ?

How was it with thee in that hour
When fondly lingering hung
Upon thine ear the thrilling pow'r
So soon to be unstrung ;

When one by one and faltering fell
Each finger on its string,
As fain to eke the dying spell
Of that last uttering ?

Methinks I see thee as away
The parting cadence died ;
I see one fair hand slowly stray
Unheeded to thy side ;
The other its long grown embrace
Untaught to sever yet,
While the dark eyes' upfixedness
Tells of entranc'd regret.

Such were the forms in sorrow bent
By Babel's haughty flow,
Such the bright raven tresses blent
With the hush'd strings below,
Where the sad maids of Judah's line
Deplor'd their mighty lute,
Whose chords, albeit so long divine,
Were hymnless now and mute.

For, centered in that farewell strain,
Soft as the summer breeze,
Came not o'er thee a thronging train
Of far off melodies,

Like those mysterious and deep
Æolian whisperings,
Where the fragmental memories creep
Of old familiar things !

Of waving wood and fountain bright,
Of insect-peopled glade
Where childhood learn'd its wanderings light
And wild flower chaplets made ;
Oh came not freshly o'er thee still
The long lost garland's hue !
Of singing bee and tinkling rill
Came not the voice anew !

But came not with a mightier sweep
The memory of the dead ;
Of eyes that Harp had taught to weep,
Of silvery laughter fled !
Visions of each young sunny brow
Chill'd in its early bloom,
Fresh as the purple flowers that now
Blush o'er the lov'd one's tomb !

Soothly of memories such a throng
Thine Harp's last Chord might bear ;
For buried Love and Voice and Song
Each had its record there ;

Each its regret, its smile or tear
Cell'd in those thrilling strings ;
And have they hush'd that chronicler
Of lost and lovely things !

Sheffield.

REMEMBRANCE.

I've found for thee an emblem
Of what hath fallen on me.

For pledges of affection
I'll give thee faded flowers ;
And thou shalt send me wither'd leaves
From Autumn's naked bowers.

The tears of untold bitterness
I'll drink instead of wine,
Carousing to thy broken peace—
Do thou as much for mine.

THE LYRE OF LOVE.

BY M. WILKINSON.

O Love, where rests thine ancient lute
With time-worn, broken, voiceless strings ?
Why should it now be basely mute,
And sleep among inglorious things ?

Oh is not woman's eye as bright,
As when the Leian sung her praise ?
Does on her cheek the purple light
Play faintlier than in Sappho's days ?

Her dark bright locks, her bosom's swell,
Her form, her features, and her soul,
Lyrist of Rome, could those excel
Whose praises in thy numbers roll ?

No ! tune that lyre again—for see,
The fault is yours, ye bards, who sing
Of war, and glory, and the free,
But leave untouched the noblest string.

Then tune that lyre—our native isle
In beauty can all lands outvie :
The Bard that's mute when maidens smile
Live unbeloved and dirgeless die.

My theme be love, and beauty's praise,
And sparkling eyes and arched brows ;
While casements oped receive my lays,
And flowery arbours hear my vows.

In blissful hours of soft delight,
'Mid chaste endearments, tender sighs,
The nymph shall all my cares requite,
With gladness beaming in her eyes.

Then tune that lyre—for love is still
Earth's sovereign pleasure, born above :
Let seasons alter as they will,
But strike, oh, strike the Lyre of Love.

Leeds.

BURIAL OF THE MINISINK.

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell ;
And when the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse, came down,
The glory that the wood receives
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward, in the mellow light,
Rose the blue hills—one cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone
In the warm blush of evening shone :
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard,
Where the soft breath of evening stir'd

The tall gray forest—and a band
Of stern in heart and strong in hand,
Came winding down, beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sung—that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head :
But as the Summer fruit decays—
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin,
Covered the warrior—and within
Its heavy folds, the weapons made
For the hard toils of war were laid :—
The cuirass of woven plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-hair'd virgin train
Chaunted the death-dirge of the slain :
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men, and chiefs of fame—
With heavy hearts—and eyes of grief—
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stript of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless—
With darting eye, and nostril spread—
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came—and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief—they freed
Beside the grave, his battle steed—
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart :—One piercing neigh
Arose—and on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

H. W. L.

THE ESMERALDA.

“ The brilliant exploit on which the following story is founded, was performed in the early part of the revolution in Peru. San Martin, after freeing Chilli from the Spanish yoke, had pushed his army to the very gates of Lima ; and with the co-operation of Lord Cochrane by sea, took possession of the ancient capital of Peru soon after the occurrences here detailed.”

It was on a bright and sunny summer evening, that a curious cavalcade was seen issuing from the gate of Lima, and taking the road to Callao. It was composed of the “ liberty men”* of the American frigate Macedonian, then lying in the harbour. A crowd of Peruvian boys followed it; and the very sentinels forgot their military gravity, and indulged in the irrepressible laughter which it excited. First came some half-dozen sailors, arm in arm, whom a tiny midshipman in vain strove to keep in order. Then followed some dozen mules, each carrying two drunken sailors

* Sailors on shore with leave.

slung like panniers, amid-ships, and guided by a stout Peruvian lad, seated "en croupe." Two or three midshipmen, with some twenty steady fellows of the crew, brought up the rear. The pinioned tars had no idea of the propriety of their mode of conveyance, and vented all their tipsy rage on the "after-guard," as they styled the driver.

BUT once on shore during a three years' cruize, the sailors had gone from the extreme of temperance and abstinence, to the extreme of excess; and having spent their last dollar, were now literally carried back to their vessel. Those in front, as they passed the soldiers, cocked their eyes, thrust their tongues into their cheeks, and throwing out their legs horizontally, performed the mock military to perfection: then bursting into a roar of laughter at their own wit, trod on each other's heels, kicked each other's shins, shouted "heads up, ye lubbers," and set order at complete defiance. The living panniers were less noisy, and groaned and hiccuped their discontent at being "triced up" to such heavy sailers as they termed the mules; kicked the sides of the animals, aimed ineffectual blows at the "after-guard," and ran desperate risk of life, as some restive beast throwing his heels in the air, threatened to dislodge them. The rear, exhilarated, but not tipsy, with just enough aboard to show off the sailor to perfection, cracked their jokes, trolled their songs, practised their manual fun upon the drunkards, and moved

most merrily along. By dint of driving and swearing, the procession was urged over the seven miles from Lima to the sea, and reached Calloa just as the sun flashed his last rays upon the Chilian brig, which was cruising, hull down, in the offing. The wharf or quay, alongside of which the frigate's boats were lying in readiness to receive the "liberty men," was crowded with people. Sailors, soldiers, guarda-costas, Indians, and idlers of all descriptions, were collected there. The clattering of the oars of newly arrived boats, the roll and splash of those leaving the landing, the voice of command, the English and American "d——n" the Spanish "Caramba," the French "Sacre," and the Dutch "Der teufel," were all heard, were all mingled in the general clamour and hurry at the close of day. These sounds were dying away as the Americans approached the quay; and by the time that the "liberty men" were tumbled aboard the two cutters and pinnace, nobody remained to witness their departure but a few guarda-costas, whose duty detained them along the shore.

It was a beautiful and tranquil bay across which the Macedonian's boats now pulled. On the right lay the castles of Calloa, the long line of ramparts serried with the bayonets of the Spanish soldiers. On the left, anchored head and stern, were the frigates Macedonian and Esmeralda; the latter a new ship, fully armed, provisioned, manned and equipped for a six

month's cruise ; and a little farther out lay the British frigate Hyperion ; all three within half gun-shot of the castles. Within the men of war the merchantmen were securely moored. A few black whale ships dotted the bay ; and far off in the shadow of the island of San Lorenzo, lay the patriot blockading squadron of Lord Cochrane.

THE stern sheets of the Pinnacle were occupied by two midshipmen. At home, by his own fire-side on the Roanoke, the youngest would have been called a boy : but here in the Pacific, the officer of a Yankee frigate, it would have been sword and pistol work to have rated him any thing but a man. There was an air too of command about him, which sustained his pretensions to the character ; and the sailors at the oars regarded him with that respectful kindness and ready obedience that showed he was a favourite among the crew. In place of a chapeau bras, like that worn by his companion, the large straw sombrero of the Peruvians lay beside him, while a black handkerchief twisted around his head, shielded it from the damp air which already began to float over the water. " In the name of sense, Hal," said his companion, taking up the sombrero, and measuring its immense brim against the sky, " where did you get this upper rigging ? and what boot did you give in exchanging a chapeau ?" " It is too long a yarn to spin now," said the Virginian, evidently willing to avoid the subject ; put the broad

brim down, and mind the yoke ropes. Here we are athwart the hawse of a merchantman." The sudden shock which threw the oars out of the rowlocks, created a confusion on board the Pinnacle which effectually interrupted the conversation. The hail from the merchantman was answered. The commands "back water;" "steady;" "pull your starboard oars;" "altogether now;" "give way boys," followed in quick succession; and the Pinnacle shot by the obstacle which had momentarily checked its progress. All the vessels which the boat had hitherto passed, had hailed it at the usual distance, and it was now directly under the bows of the Esmeralda. "Strange that the Spanish frigate does not hail," said the Virginian. "So fine a ship should have a livelier watch on board. A sleepy dog that, whose bayonet I see just abaft the main-mast." "They're deep in a frolic," replied his companion; "I met a crowd of Spanish gentlemen going aboard to dine, as I came ashore this morning, and the guarda-costa at the landing told me that they had not returned at sun-down." "The more fools they," answered the other, "to blow it out with Cochrane at two gun shots of them." "He is not the man to interrupt them," was the reply, "he lies so idly under the island that his men will soon not know brace from buntline." "I don't know," continued the Virginian, "his vessels shewed their teeth pretty plainly as we made the land here, and his flag ship walked across

our fore foot in as gallant a style as I have seen this many a day." "Nothing but show," said the other. "The commodore did not think so, however, or else all hands would not have beat to quarters, the ship cleared for action, bulk heads down, decks sanded, and matches smoking. No, no—Cochrane will be alongside the Esmeralda yet, and that before long. It may be superstition, Will, but for a commodore's broad pennant I would not sling my hammock to-night to the best battens on board of her. In my eye she looks like a doomed ship. Her sails bent, her guns run out, and yet so still. Not a living soul to speak to us from her decks; no sound about her but the rippling of the tide against her hawse." The farther remarks of the Virginian were interrupted by the loud hail from the Macedonian. It was promptly answered, and in a short time the sailors and their officers stood upon the deck of the frigate.

THE bustle occasioned by the arrival of the boats was soon over. The sailors betook themselves to the forecastle, and became listeners to an interminable love song, which a sentimental blue jacket was droning forth to his companions. The officers, after reporting themselves on the quarter deck, either turned in for the night, or joined the different groups that were lounging about the after part of the ship. Seated on the breech of a gun, with his sombrero on his knee, and surrounded by a crowd of reefers, was the Virginian. The

Peruvian hat had already been tried on the heads of all around, and made the subject of sailor jests; and assuming all the dignity of one who was aware of the interest attached to his story; its owner commenced his account of the manner in which he obtained it, and the cause of his wearing it.

“ You see, reefers, the purser and I having come to a reckoning, I determined to have a regular blow out in Lima: not a tipsy spree, you understand, but something to recall the Roanoke and old Virginia. So off I started in the cutter; and having reached the shore, I hired the horse of a guarda-costa, to carry me to town, and engaged its master to serve me as a guide. I took the sheep skins, and he trudged it on foot. It was sunset when we left the wharf, and before we had proceeded half way the mist came rolling over from the sea, and concealed from our view even the trees which lined the sides of the road. We were the only travellers. Some loaded mules passed us, but, with the exception of these, we were the solitary occupants of the King’s highway. I possessed Spanish sufficient to maintain a broken conversation with the guarda-costa, and we chatted cosily enough, until we heard the clatter of a horse’s hoofs upon the road behind us. In another moment, a horseman, nobly mounted, but dressed in the poncho and sombrero of the country, dashed by us at full speed. He came and he was gone. Here and away. Lightning could scarcely have been quicker.

But still, as on he galloped, I was struck with his appearance. I noticed that he rode with civilized stirrups, and not the wooden shoes of the Peruvians. I thought too that he had holsters, and I would swear to the long straight sword which clinked against the stirrup iron. Small time for an observation you say. Well, so it was ; but time enough for all. The guarda-costa saw every thing that I did. "Bravo" he said, as the stranger, unmoved in his saddle, bore the wide leap which his startled horse made in passing. "Bueno Caballero, that fellow sits well, Signor." "Like a hero," replied I, equally pleased with the dexterity of the horseman ; but before the words had passed my lips he had disappeared, and we again moved solitarily along. When we had proceeded about a mile farther, to our great surprise, the single horseman again dashed by us at his utmost speed. But this time he came in the direction of Lima, and rode so furiously as almost to capsize the guarda-costa. After passing us he turned at right angles to the road, and continued his way far to our left. He had scarcely vanished in the mist before a vidette of Spanish cavalry came on us, with almost equal speed. The officer commanding it reined his horse upon its haunches beside me, and asked imperatively the direction taken by the single horseman, whose appearance and dress he described. I, however, had no idea of turning informer, so I pretended not to understand him, and talked as fast in English as he

did in Spanish. He cursed big and large, and then repeated his questions to the guarda-costa. I was afraid that all would be blown now, and was consoling myself by calculating the advantage the delay had given to the fugitive, when I heard my guide log a deliberate lie, in assuring the Spaniard that "Cabullero" had pushed on to Calloa; and in a moment more, the vidette were, as they supposed, pushing after him. We now continued our way. The Peruvian chuckled, and did not pretend to conceal his satisfaction at having crossed the trail of the vidette. "Santa Maria! how he rode," said the guarda-costa, as if thinking aloud; "and those cursed Spaniards to think to overtake him." "You speak roughly of your friends," said I. "Friends," repeated the man, in as fiendish a tone as I ever heard. He laid his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, threw back the broad brim of his straw hat, and rose many inches in height, as he darted his quick keen eyes full in my face, to read in the deep gloom the expression of my countenance. For a moment he looked cautiously around, and then rapidly whispered—"I, Signor, am a Peruvian, but not a free-born man. Who made me? who made the Incas slaves? the Spaniards." The guarda-costa paused, then, pointing first in the direction of San Martin's camp, and then towards the Chilian fleet, he continued in the same energetic tone. "No, Signor, there are our friends." I scarcely recognised the stupid custom-

house drudge in the man who now addressed me. His extended arm—his bold carriage—his upright figure, which loomed large in the evening mist, belonged, I thought, to another being. But the change was momentary. The soldier turned slowly away, and before I could reply he was again as when I hired him.

“IN the mean time we approached the city. The guarda-costa appeared to have struck upon a train of thought which was far from pleasing, for he strode rapidly along, and occasionally muttered discontented sounds, as thought came unwittingly to his tongue. I tried to catch his meaning, without success. His sullen answers prevented conversation, and we proceeded most unsociably, until challenged by the sentinel at the gate. “Que viva?” sounded hoarsely from beneath the old archway. “San Martin,” fiercely replied my guide. In a moment the musket of the Spanish soldier on guard rattled in his hands. I heard the sharp click as he cocked it. Another second, and the guarda-costa had been a dead man. I sprung from my horse in time to strike up the levelled weapon, and shouted “viva le Rey,” in tones that brought the whole guard to the spot. My guide was more alarmed than I was. San Martin was uppermost in his thoughts, and the name of the patriot chief, at which the Lima-nians trembled, was pronounced, instead of the usual reply to the hail of the Spanish sentinel. We were now overhauled by the officers on duty; and after some

impertinent examination I was suffered to proceed. My guide, however, was detained. This was unlucky enough. I knew nothing of Lima, and none of those whom the bustle of the gate had collected, seemed at all disposed to assist me. Recollecting that Frank Lindesay's horse, in old Virginia, and I rode it often enough to know, stópped at all the grog shops, I threw the reins on the neck of my steed, hoping that he would carry me to the place where his master usually put up. The animal's intentions may have been good, but I soon saw that the crowd were determined to thwart them. To make a long story short, I was in the centre of a Lima mob, led on by a little contemptible looking rascal, who persuaded the people that I was the head spy of San Martin's army. At first I pretended not to understand what was said, but my valour at last got the better of my discretion, and I could not resist the temptation of putting my fist between the eyes of a villain who was grinning his impudence in my face. This brought things to a crisis: "A la muerte" was the cry, and the last thing I can recollect was a blow on the temple, which brought me to the ground.

"How long I remained insensible, I cannot exactly say. When I recovered, I found that I had been laid at the door of a huge church; under the idea, I suppose, that I was dead. I felt miserably stiff and cold, and for some minutes did not attempt to move; at last after one or two efforts, I got upon my feet, and

ascertained that my limbs were unbroken, and that my doubloons were still at the bottom of my fob. Some Peruvian gentleman had taken a fancy to my watch, and to a new chapeau, mounted for the occasion. He might have spared them, as they were borrowed articles. No matter, however, the watch never had any insides, and the hat must have suffered pretty severely in the scuffle. The first thing I did, on turning around, was to peep in at the door of the church, which stood conveniently ajar. As I peeped in, some one from the interior peeped out ; for I thrust my nose into the pale face of a tall, monkish-looking person, who was about leaving the building. Both of us were sadly scared, and starting back, we stood staring at each other in the star-light, until, recovering the first from the panic produced by the unexpected rencontre, I turned and ran with the best speed my stiff limbs would admit of. After going a considerable distance, I stopped to listen. No sounds came from the direction of the church, but from the opposite quarter, I heard the steps and clattering arms of a relief of soldiers. I stood by a low garden wall, and in a moment I was on the other side of it. The relief passed by, and the noise it made was soon lost in the turnings of the streets. I was now in a large and handsome garden. The smooth walks, the fountain which tossed its waters so coolly on the night, the broad grass-plats, the rows of spicy flowers, the neat geranium hedges, amused me for some time ; and

resolving to await here the return of light, I threw myself upon a garden bench, and summoned all the recollections of past pleasures, to assist the slow progress of time. But time, notwithstanding, took his own way and jogged most lazily on. I got up—I drank at the fountain—I walked about, and at last, attracted by the sound of music, set myself to discover whence it proceeded. After losing it, and recovering it several times, I found myself under the verandah of the house to which the garden was attached, and which some lines of tall myrtle edges had at first prevented me from seeing. Curiosity brought me to the house; curiosity led me into the verandah; and curiosity placed me snugly enough at the window of the very room in which the musician was. Of course I went on tiptoes, and scarcely daring to breathe, ventured to peep into the apartment; intending, if all things permitted, to discover myself and ask for a night's lodging, and a hat of some sort or other. The room was a large one, lighted by a shaded lamp, which hung from the ceiling, and made every thing appear soft and moonshiny. Next to the window at which I sat, was the door leading to the verandah, directly opposite to which was another door, and in the right hand wall a third, of a much smaller size, which might have led to a sleeping apartment. A table covered with a crimson cloth stood in the centre, and upon a sofa, beside it, and opposite to the small door, was reclining the minstrel of the hour.

The guitar which had attracted me was lying on the table, and the lady who had touched it was reading what appeared to me to be a letter. I'll tell you what, reefers, she was worth looking at; I could not see her eyes, but then her exquisite figure, and the prettiest little foot you ever beheld, seen to such advantage on the dark covering of the sofa, her jet black hair, beautiful mouth and

“ Smooth cheeks beneath a cloud of raven curls,
And lips like moistened coral casing pearls.”

—she was a glorious craft, such as I have not seen since I left old Virginia.

“ THINKS I, she can't be hard-hearted enough to refuse me shelter; and I was on the point of giving an introductory “ hem ! ” when, “ tap, tap, tap,” on the opposite door, announced a visitor. Not at all alarmed, the lady put away the letter, and answering the summons, introduced a tall, strapping fellow, dressed in the common apparel of a guarda-costa. Matters looked promising, I thought, for another adventure, and drawing myself a little farther from the window, I awaited it. The guarda-costa sat down without much ceremony, and had not uttered twenty words before I ascertained the whole secret of the matter, and heard some of the finest love speeches that were ever made to mortal woman, so far as my knowledge of Spanish enabled me to comprehend them.

"LET us have them, Hal, do," said the listeners, crowding even closer round the orator. He shook his head, and proceeded.

SUCH things always lose in the telling, and are, in fact, arrant nonsense to all but the parties interested. The Peruvian took off his straw hat, and showed a noble countenance, and a head of thick and curling hair. He threw the poncho over his shoulder, and I saw plainly enough, the uniform of one of San Martin's officers; another glance, and I became convinced that this was the stranger whose horsemanship had excited my admiration on my way from Callao. It was not very fair to be a listener, I allow, but I considered the Peruvian as a friend, having seen him before, and curiosity to see a real love affair, after one or two twinges, overcame all scruples of conscience. From what I could gather, the lady was the daughter of a Spanish royalist, and the officer was a lover of unprecedented constancy. Duty to his country had made him join the patriots; duty to her father had retained the lady in Lima; while her lover was conquering with San Martin and approaching the capital of Peru. Arrived at last in its neighbourhood, and fearing for her safety if the place was entered by force, he had obtained admission to the town in disguise, appointed the present hour, in the letter which I had seen her reading, for an interview, and now urged her rapid and immediate flight with him to Valparasio, in a vessel lying in the harbour.

She spoke of her father, his hatred of the patriot cause, and his consequent inveteracy against her lover; she urged her duty, and the danger of flight. To all this my friend pleaded like a hero, as I have no doubt he is. He rose from the seat which he had occupied beside her, and paced the room with impatient steps; and, at last, stepping before her, with his back turned towards the smaller door, began to repeat his arguments for flight. Suddenly her eye became fixed, the colour fled from her face; she looked as if she would have screamed but could not. Her lover bent forward with anxious eagerness, and vainly solicited the cause of her visible alarm. I saw it, and one moment more found me involved in difficulty and adventure. While the impetuous lover was detailing his plans, the smaller door had been pushed gently open, and a person, whom I can swear was the father, followed by two others, all well armed, entered the room and sprung towards the Peruvian. I shrieked aloud, however, before they reached him, and he turned in time for defence. In a moment the broad straight sword was gleaming over the head of the companion of the old man, and would have descended fatally had it not struck against and extinguished the only light in the chamber, which hung from the ceiling. All was shrieking and screaming for a moment, when some one jumped from the open window, overturned me, and darted into the garden. I was now very seriously

bruised, and, when lights were brought, was discovered lying in the verandah. But the Peruvian was gone, and the lady was nowhere to be found. The broken glass of the lamp, and an immense straw hat were all that remained in evidence of the occurrence.

“THE old don swore at me until he was exhausted, and shut me up for the night in the cellar, as an accomplice of the Peruvian. In the morning, he carried me before a magistrate, who would have committed me to prison, had I not been recognized by a Spanish gentleman who had seen me in the frigate. By his exertions I was released, and with the sombrero of the runaway lover to pay me for bruises and broken bones, I joined the liberty boys; and here I am, spinning long yarns to a parcel of sleepy reefers.”

THE attention of many of the listeners had, during the latter portion of the Virginian's story, been diverted by the crowd which had collected on the quarter-deck, who were leaning over the larboard side of the ship, and the Virginian now joined a group of them himself, with the question, “Well, reefers, what's the go now? Is this the first time you have seen a whaler's boat towing his casks to the watering place, after eight bells?” “Devilish big casks those the leading boat has in tow,” said a sailor, who had ascended a few feet in the main shrouds. “Casks!” repeated a midshipman, dropping a night-glass at the same time into his left hand. “If those black-looking things are not boats filled with men,

and coming on with a long and steady pull, this glass is not worth a rotten rope-yarn." Every eye was now exerted to its utmost powers of vision; the glass was passed from hand to hand, and in a few minutes all on deck were satisfied that a long line of barges, each crowded with men, was pulling up directly astern of the Macedonian. "The Scotchman is on the waters to-night," whispered the Virginian; "what did I tell you in the boat? My life for it, Cochrane is in the foremost barge; and see how he keeps us between him and the Esmeralda." His companion made no reply, but turned to look at the tall masts and taper spars of the Spanish frigate, and then again upon the advancing boats. By this time the word which had been passed below, had brought the whole of the ship's crew upon deck, every man of which watched with almost breathless interest the approach of the barges. The topmen stole silently aloft, and most of the sailors and officers instinctively placed themselves in the neighbourhood of their respective posts. Not a wave was upon the waters, and the night breeze, as it passed fore and aft the ship, was scarcely felt against the cheek. The Chilians came on with muffled oars, and their long steady strokes soon brought them under the stern of the Macedonian. So silently did they move, that, as they passed along-side, no sound of voice or oar could be distinguished, and, clad as they were in white, they seemed like a band of spirits, rather than mortal men,

moving on the deep. No hail was given by the American ship. Officers, quartermasters, sailors, were spell-bound with intense interest, and the very sentinels seemed to forget their existence, as they gazed on the Chilians, whose approach undiscovered by the Spaniards became every moment more doubtful. Already had they passed, and breaking off alternately to the larboard and starboard of the Esmeralda, clasped the fated vessel in their embrace. Instead of following in the line, the last of Cochrane's boats pulled under the cabin windows of the Macedonian, and held on the rudder chains. The officer commanding begged, entreated, threatened his crew. They would not proceed. In sullen cowardice they concealed themselves during the combat which followed. In vain did the officers of the Macedonian order them to let go, and urge them to avoid disgrace; the chaplain even joined his entreaties; they made no answer, but kept their place, the only cowards of that eventful night. When the fight was over, they pulled silently to the Esmeralda, and, preserving the secret of their baseness, participated in the honours of the occasion.

IN the mean time one of the barges glided to a gun-boat under the bows of the American. The clash of sabre upon steel, the words "silencio ò muerte," a hum of voices, a dead stillness, and the gun-boat had changed masters. This broke the spell on board the Macedonian. A kedge was carried out, the gib hauled up, the chain slipped, and as the head fell off from the

wind, a cloud of canvass-dropped from her spars and solicited the breeze. Long ere these preparations were completed the Esmeralda was the scene of conflict. The first man who boarded from the main-chains, after cutting down the sentinel at the gangway, was shot by the sentinel at the forecastle. Cochrane was the next, and in a few moments the deck was crowded with his followers. The Spaniards were sleeping on their arms, and as they struggled from below the contest became fierce and doubtful. There was but one pause only in which the assailants ceased to slay, as they watched with intense anxiety the effect of the wind upon the gib. Had the head fallen towards the shore, the Esmeralda must have been deserted and burnt by the Chilians; but fate decreed it otherwise, and there was one loud "huzza" as the bows gently turned towards the island of San Lorenzo. The Chilian sailors on the mast soon clothed the vessel with her canvass. From royals to courses every sail was set, and falling astern of the Macedonian the Esmeralda followed her slowly from the shore. The fight continued while the vessel got under way, and "Jesu" "Santa Maria," "Caramba," joined with English oaths and exclamations, came loud through the din of battle. At one time the voice of Lord Cochrane was heard encouraging his men, and ordering more sail to be packed upon the spars. Then came a volley of fire arms, which drowned all sounds besides, and illuminating

the deck, showed the rapid gleam of descending sabres. Then there would be a momentary pause, as one party or the other gained a temporary advantage and then again the wild uproar swelled with redoubled fury. At last the Chilians collecting in a dense mass upon the quarter deck, made a quick and fierce charge upon their opponents. It was met, and for an instant met successfully; but the strength of the Spaniards was broken, and the next moment they were heard dropping into the sea, as their pursuers forced them over the bows. The spar-deck was now still, but below all was confusion. A gun-brig, which had repelled its assailants, fired its single piece of artillery directly under the cabin windows of the *Esmeralda*, and the indiscriminate slaughter of friend and foe was the consequence. This, however, produced no effect upon the combatants, and the victory on the gun-deck was still doubtful, when Cochrane, with his successful followers, rushed down the gangway, and quickly decided the fate of the Spaniards. The wave was their only refuge: and springing from the ports, some gained the shore by swimming, others found their graves where they fell.

THE Virginian, and his companion in the cutter, had watched the progress of the fight from their station in the foretop of the *Macedonian*, and were still gazing on the deck of the *Esmeralda*, when a flash from the shore, the howl of a ball passing between the masts,

and the dull report of a cannon drew their attention to another quarter. Lights were seen hurrying along the ramparts of the fortress of Callao, and the sound of drums came faintly from them. Flash after flash succeeded the first in quick succession, until one continued stream of fire gushed from the long line of batteries. To the eyes of the young officers, every gun seemed intended especially for them. "What! not a spar gone yet? and only one hole through the maintopsail?" said the Virginian at last, after coolly casting his eyes upwards upon the canvass of the ship. "It can't be so long, however; the light duck scarcely draws, and the courses and topsails hang like lead. There goes the cross-jack-yard," he continued, as the crash of splintered wood was heard upon the quarter-deck. "The lanterns at the peak and gibboom end would have distinguished us from the Esmeralda, if Cochrane had not hoisted them as soon as we did." "By heavens! though, there goes his peak light," cried his companion, as a shot severed the rope. The lantern fell over into the sea, floated a moment, and was extinguished.

A BETTER aim on the part of the Spanish gunners, or the gradual approach of the vessel within the range of some of the cannon of the fortress, made the situation of the ship more perilous than it had yet been, and three or four balls almost grazed the heads of the foretopmen. Still both spar and sail were uninjured, and

the only effect of the shot was to hush the whispered conversation which had been hitherto maintained.

THE silence was at last interrupted by an interjectional whistle from the Virginian, as a shot went through the sail immediately above him. "This firing will deaden the wind until canvass nor duck will hold it: and the Scotchman hangs on our quarter, determined that if he sinks so shall we." "Don't whistle for the wind Mister ——" said an old sailor in a superstitious tone; it never comes when it is called, and we want it too much to anger it." "That whistle brought it, though," cried the other. "The Esmeralda's courses draw, and our heavy sails begin to feel it; we'll walk yet if the puff holds." The communication was accompanied with a visible change in the spirits of the seamen, as the sail, after one or two heaves, swelled steadily before the wind. The progress of the vessel, however, was still slow, although the danger every moment decreased, and it was upwards of an hour before the shot of the fortress fell short. Daylight by this time began to dawn, and showed the sullen batteries, surmounted by a heavy dun cloud, and frowning over a bay which they had so fruitlessly attempted to guard. The Macedonian cast anchor far beyond their reach, and the Esmeralda, uninjured, and in gallant style, moved towards the island of San Lorenzo.

DURING this eventful night, the Captain of the American frigate had been detained in Lima, and at

sunrise of the second day after the fight, the launch and gig were ordered down to Chorillos to meet him, and to receive on board such Americans as feared the consequences of remaining in the city, during the first moments of excitement which would follow the intelligence of the capture of the Esmeralda. The gig was commanded by our friend the Virginian, and after a long and heavy pull, he found himself beneath the high and rugged cliffs of Chorillos. Here the boats remained without the surf, while the Indians, wading through it, brought the passengers on board. "All aboard," had been already cried, and the oars were in the rowlocks to return, when the appearance of a troop of San Martin's cavalry on shore, and then loud shouts and earnest beckonings, delayed their departure. As the sailors rested on their oars, an officer, who appeared to be the commander of the soldiers, came hurrying to the beach, bearing on his arm a female, whose horse he had been seen to guide as his troops came full gallop up. He gave her to the Indian who offered his assistance, and followed him into the surf. A short and low conversation was held between San Martin's officer and the American commander. The former then returned to the shore, and the latter gave his rapid orders to proceed to Calloa. By evening the party were again in their frigate, and a knot was soon seen to assemble round the young Virginian, as on the preceding evening. He seemed to be urging a doubtful point with

peculiar energy. "How did I know them? why didn't I see him plain enough in the room, and didn't I hear his plan of getting her to Valparasio? The captain ordered me to the launch, but not before I saw her face. No, reefers, no! True love got the weathergage of the old don, her father, in Lima, and kept it at Chorillos."

THE CHERUB BOY.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

On yonder mead that like a windless lake
Shines in the glow of heaven, a cherub boy
Is bounding, playful as the breeze new born,
Light as the beam that dances by his side.
Phantom of beauty ! with his trepid locks
Gleaming like water wreaths,—a flower of life,
To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one huge delight !
Joy shaped his brow, and pleasure rolls his eye,
While innocence from out the budding lip
Darts her young smiles along his rounded cheek.
Grief hath not dimmed the brightness of his form,
Love and affection o'er him spread their wings,
And Nature, like a nurse, attends him with
Her sweetest looks. The humming bee will bound
From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand ;
The birds sing to him from the sunny tree,

And suppliantly the fierce-eyed mastiff fawn
Beneath his feet, to court the playful touch.
To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And like the sky-bird hail the bright cheeked morn
With gleeful song, then o'er the bladed mead
To chase the blue-winged butterfly, or play
With curly streams ; or, led by watchful love,
To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
When the young breezes laugh them into life !
Or listen to the mimic ocean roar
Within the womb of spiry sea-shell wove ;
From sight and sound to catch intense delight,
And infant gladness from each happy face.
These are the guileless duties of the day ;
And when at length reposing evening comes,
Joy-worn, he nestles in the welcome couch,
With kisses warm upon his cheek, to dream
Of heaven, till morning wakes him to the world.

The scene hath changed into a curtained room,
Where mournful glimmers of a yellow sun
Lie dreaming on the walls. Dim-eyed and sad,
And dumb with agony, two parents bend
O'er a pale image in the coffin laid,
Their infant once, the laughing leaping boy,
The paragon and nursling of their souls !
Death touched him, and the life-glow fled away,

Swift as a gay hour's fancy ; fresh and cold
As winter's shadow, with his eyelids sealed,
Like violet lips at eve, he lies enrobed
An offering to the grave ! but pure as when
It winged from heaven, his spirit hath returned,
To lisp its hallelujahs with the choirs
Of sinless babes, imparadised above.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

I ask not for the meed of fame,
The wreath above my rest to twine,—
Enough for me to leave my name
Within this hallow'd shrine ;—

To think that o'er these lines thine eye
May wander in some future year,
And Memory breathe a passing sigh
For him who traced them here.

J. M.

ITALIAN BOAT SONG.

BY C L. BULWER.

The moon shines bright,
And the bark bounds light,
As the stag bounds over the lea ;
We love the strife
Of the sailor's life,
And we love our dark blue sea.

Now high, now low,
To the depths we go,
Now rise on the surge again ;
We make a track
O'er the ocean's back,
And play with his hoary mane.

Fearless we face
The storm in its chase,
When the dark clouds fly before it ;
And meet the shock
Of the fierce Siroc,
Though death breathes hotly o'er it.

The landsman may quail
At the shout of the gale,
Peril's the sailor's joy ;
Wild as the waves
Which his vessel braves,
Is the lot of the sailor boy.

THE RURAL FESTIVAL.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

If we would see the fruits of charity,
Look at that village group, and paint the scene.
Surrounded by a clear and silent stream,
Where the swift trout shoots from the sudden ray,
A rural mansion, on the level lawn,
Uplifts its ancient gables, whose slant shade
Is drawn, as with a line, from roof to porch,
Whilst all the rest is sunshine. O'er the trees
In front, the village-church, with pinnacles,
And light grey tower, appears ; while to the right,
An amphitheatre of oaks extends
Its sweep, till, more abrupt, a wooded knoll,
Where once a castle frown'd, closes the scene.
And see, an infant troop, with flags and drum,
Are marching o'er that bridge, beneath the woods,
On—to the table spread upon the lawn,

Raising their little hands when grace is said ;
Whilst she, who taught them to lift up their hearts
In prayer, and to ' remember, in their youth,'
God, ' their Creator ;'—mistress of the scene
(Whom I remember once, as young,) looks on,
Blessing them in the silence of her heart.
And we too bless them.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

Beside her babe, who sweetly slept,
A Widow'd Mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by ;
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,
She murmur'd her dead husband's name'
'Mid that sad lullaby.

While thus she sat, a sunbeam broke
Into the room : the babe awoke
And from his cradle smil'd !
Ah me ! what kindling smiles met there !
I knew not whether was more fair,
The Mother or the child !

STANZAS.

BY WM. HENRY TEALE.

Go, where Pleasure's hues invite thee—
 'Mid the great, the gay, the free ;
Go, where others may delight thee :
 Go—but oh ! remember me !

When the crescent moon is beaming
 O'er the still and yellow sea,
Think on one—on thee that's dreaming—
 Dearest, then remember me ;

When Night's sacred hour shall find thee
 Prostrate on thy maiden knee,
Oh ! may Mem'ry then remind thee,
 Dearest, to remember me !

Should'st thou find thy love departed,
And should each fond feeling flee ;
Think on one—that's broken-hearted—
Think, oh ! Dearest, think on me.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY E. DICKENSON.

Who ever said, 'tis New Year's Day,
With unmixed care or glee ?
For Hope still paints the future gay,
And Memory o'er the past will stray,
With sorrowing constancy.

'Tis New Year's Day ! the coming year
All blank before us lies ;
Oh ! may no blot or stain appear,
To mar its history written here,
When published in the skies !

SONNET STANZAS.

To the Stream in Peak Cavern, Derbyshire.

BY W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Methought I should have found some sluggish deep
—Where all things else seem Chaos—such as lay
On the void earth, ere yet the mighty Day
Broke into light her ancient, dreamless sleep.
I deem'd I should have seen thee slimed o'er
With jellies dead and hueless, such as wore
The face o' the waters ere the brooding Wings
Fann'd them to glad and pastime-taking things.
And much I marvel, gentle riverling,
To gaze thy pure though darken'd course,—to hear
Thy babbling voice amid the rocks that fling
Their envious arms athwart thy path, or rear
Their joyless crests to quell so meek a thing,
And check that feeble chime, nathless distinct and
clear.

A A

What is it cheers thy sunless, starless way
Amid the gloomed awe that well might quail
And quench thy life, keeping for aye the veil
That mocks thy yearning for the outward day ?
No bending willows thy young wave caress,
Nor odour'd winds their dimpling kisses press ;
Nor mild informing radiance illumines,
Save when, as now, some gentle Maiden comes
Bearing above the pale and winking light,
Whose reflex, like a crescent in the sea,
Parting shall leave thee to a rayless night,
Long though her form a treasur'd memory be.
Darkness again thy spirit essays to blight ;
What then upbears thee onward, unappall'd and free ?

Methinks I hear thy rippling make reply :—

“ No present joyance lends its ruthless hand
“ To baffle cold Obstruction's gloomy band,
“ But vision's bright of Hope that cannot die :
“ It is not long till I shall bound away
“ Through mirth-clad meadows in the golden day ;
“ Mirror'd in me the blosmy slopes shall shine,
“ And warbling birds their voices blend with mine :
“ Perchance that Maid shall cull my brink-fed bloom,
“ And smile to see me still her image keep ;

“ And I shall feel as Spirits feel when come
“ The lost and found to Paradise ; and leap
“ Onward exulting to my boundless home,
“ Whence oozing first I sprang, the everlasting Deep.”

E'en while I gaze, some mystic sympathy
Deep and unutterable bids me feel
A permeating essence clearly steal
Through my dull form such as indwelleth thee ;
Striving to pierce the dim cavernal night
That cloudeth yet its deathless being bright,
Clogg'd with this mortal body—meet repast
For the pale Hunger it shall feed at last !
Like thine, too, not all unillum'd hath been
This mild, unconquer'd spirit's onward way ;
Faith, Hope, and Love have lit their lamp serene,
Their triple branched lamp, whose silver ray,
Albeit, to filmed vision, palely seen,
Hath lent no cheerless earnest of the perfect Day.

This cavern's site the Years away shall sweep
When thou art laughing in the summer noon :
And well I know the worm shall batten soon
Upon these cumb'ring limbs my spirit that keep.

But Death that mars the rotting bondage, brings
Sunlight and franchise to the fetter'd wings;
Like a freed chrysalis, the Soul shall soar
Where darkness, sin, and sorrow are no more.
The groaning travail done, that made it fain
The turtle's pinion to its rest to crave,
Issuing, as thou, in light, it shall disdain
The mired path where it so heavily drave,
And rise the golden heritage to gain,
Smile on the stingless Death, and spurn the van-
quish'd Grave.

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

Orphan hours, the Year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep !
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.
See it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corpse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold year to day ;
Solemn hours ! wail aloud
For your Mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year :—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours, she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January grey is here,
Like a sexton by her grave ;
February bears the bier,
March, with grief, doth howl and rave ;
And April weeps—but, O, ye hours
Follow with May's fairest flowers !

THE END.

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THE HARP OF JUDAH,

BY C. F. EDGAR.

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